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ART. I.—*Sir Roger de Coverley, by the Spectator.* With Notes and Illustrations by W. Henry Wills. pp. 144. 1851.\*

IT was a good idea to collect and illustrate the famous papers on Sir Roger de Coverley, which are widely scattered through the volumes of 'The Spectator.' They are read with two-fold pleasure in their consecutive form; and the annotation, rendered desirable by the changes of time, has on the whole been creditably supplied by Mr. Wills. Horace Walpole considered that since Falstaff there was nothing in literature to rival Sir Roger. The likeness is in the artistic merit alone; for no two personages can be more dissimilar than the city rake and the provincial worthy. Each supplies, though in different measure, food for mirth; but the one is witty, and the other eccentric. Both are first-rate specimens of their authors, and, as a necessary consequence, Sir John surpasses Sir Roger in about the same degree that Shakespeare was superior to Addison. But if there were more dazzling sallies at The Boar in East Cheap, there is no lack of matter for thought nor yet for merriment at Coverley Hall and The Club. Sir Roger is a portrait painted by a master rarely equalled for the fidelity of his drawing and the delicacy of his touch:—a portrait just sufficiently softened (it would be too much to say flattered) to perpetuate the impression which would have prevailed of the good knight when his foibles were buried with him, and his virtues looked as green as the grass upon his grave.

Except in his capacity of critic or politician, Addison is always a censor of morals and manners. He scarce puts pen to paper without the deliberate design to laugh the world out of their follies, or reason them out of their crimes. He has kept to his purpose in Sir Roger de Coverley. He felt that the owner of an estate inherited with it the obligation to consult the welfare of every dependant of the soil. To the ordinary virtues of a man

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\* There are two impressions—one in 8vo, with engravings; the other smaller and undecorated, forming No. 4 of Messrs. Longmans' 'Travellers' Library.'

were to be added the duties which spring from the privileges of the squire, and he wished Sir Roger to be

‘ Knight of the shire, and represent them all.’

But instead of delineating a smooth specimen of insipid perfection, his model is a thorough-bred country gentleman, whose head would have led him astray unless his heart had kept him right,—a man imbued with the prejudices, the simplicity, and harmless vanities of a class who would even have applauded his ludicrous traits, which were serious opinions among themselves. Whether the sketch had any effect in improving the landlords of the day, is impossible to be known, but a sure and lasting result is, to have enriched our literature with a racy character, perfectly original, and yet true to life in its minutest lineaments. Addison and his generation have been gathered to their fathers, but Sir Roger de Coverley lives.

The first draught of the character appears in the second number of the *Spectator*, which contains the description of The Club—a select body of companions designed to be the mouth-pieces of the several orders of society. No scheme can be more inviting to the fancy;—hitherto, however, it has always proved unmanageable in execution—and was merely glanced at occasionally in the subsequent conduct of the *Spectator*. This Essay, which is included among the contributions of Steele, was certainly concocted in conjunction with Addison. Addison, who wrote the opening number, in which the Club is announced—Addison, who was a Club in himself—the pillar that was to support the edifice, while his coadjutors were little more than the flutings on the column—Addison must, at the very least, have had a vote in electing the members. In addition to the probabilities of the case, No. II. bears many unmistakable marks of the corrections of his chaste and classic pen, and in none of the later papers, in which Sir Richard has meddled with Sir Roger, are the traits so natural.

At the suggestion of Swift they took advantage of a popular name, and derived the Knight's descent from the inventor of the celebrated country-dance, who tripped in armour with a lighter, though probably less fantastic toe, than his great-grandson in silk and velvet. The modern Sir Roger is represented as tinged with many singularities, which proceed from a resolution to contradict the world where he thinks the world in the wrong. Steele attempted afterwards to improve on the idea, and ascribed these oddities to his unsuccessful courtship of an incurable coquette; but far from heightening the colouring, he blotted the canvass. None of Sir Roger's oddities have the faintest resemblance

blance to the those of a mind disordered by disappointment. They are similar in kind, and many of them identical with what we remember ourselves in the rural patriarchs of a past generation, who being each the king of his neighbourhood, and rarely mixing in general society, their peculiarities were permitted an unchecked growth, till they proudly imagined themselves the truest specimens of the British oak, and would have scorned to bend before the breath of fashion. Addison, in one of the *Spectators*, describes a gentleman who, regardless of customs, resolved to regulate every action by reason, and who became so rational in all he did, that he was declared a lunatic, and deprived of the management of his affairs. Sir Roger and his brethren had never dreamt of a philosophical system. They were what circumstances made them, and believed in their hearts that nothing better could be made.

The Knight, on his next appearance, is under the conduct of Addison, who has gone to stay a month with him at Coverley Hall. The *Spectator* is a lion in the country, and the surrounding squires would fain hear him roar; but, in deference to his retiring and meditative disposition, Sir Roger only ventures to show him at a distance. Mr. *Spectator* observes them stealing a sight of him over the hedge, and hears the cautions of the Knight to be careful that they are not seen. It is easy to divine the pride with which Sir Roger pointed to the oracle of literature, and thought of himself as his intimate companion and exclusive possessor. Though the squires were only suffered to see Addison in the distance, it is evident that Addison had seen the squires very near.

After Sir Roger, the principal personage at the Hall is its venerable chaplain. The Knight, afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, had stipulated for a clergyman with little learning, but, if possible, with some slight knowledge of backgammon. The determination of Sir Roger to incur no risk of being knocked down with a weapon he was unable to wield, is admirably characteristic. Nothing can exceed his mildness and his condescension, but he would be the last to tolerate a brother near the throne. When he attends the Assizes he whispers his congratulations in the ear of the judge on the fine weather that has accompanied his lordship in his circuit, that by an appearance of familiarity he may keep up his credit with the county; and with the same patriotic design he, in the middle of a trial, interjects a speech, which is nothing to the purpose. His purpose, however, is gained, and the common people gaze with respectful wonder at the magistrate who is not afraid to speak to a judge. The rule of Sir Roger is paternal, but then



he is ambitious, in return, to maintain among his dependents the submission of children.

The chaplain is a scholar notwithstanding, but he is also a gentleman, and has not the ill-bred vanity to parade his erudition before the ignorant. It is to pay rather too dear for the character of a pedant to forfeit a character for sense, and to be voted vulgar, conceited, and a bore. The chaplain, we may suppose, had learnt to flavour his conversation with the juice of the grape without thrusting upon the company the stalks and husks. Addison's notions of a pastor come out in the description. The parson is the arbiter of all the disputes of his parishioners, and lawsuits have been unknown for the thirty years he has lived among them; but it is upon the sermons that the Spectator lays the principal stress. The advice of Paley to his pupils to make one and steal three, is improved on by the chaplain, who composes none at all, but, with the concurrence of his patron, has digested those of our burning and shining lights into a connected system of practical divinity. Accordingly, when Sir Roger inquires who preaches to-morrow, he is answered, 'The Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon.' Addison heartily wishes that more of the clergy would follow his example, and study to pronounce effectively the masterpieces of the pulpit, instead of wasting their spirits in abortive efforts of their own. The duty of cultivating the art of reading is much dwelt upon by Addison, and it is to be feared that the accomplishment is still very rare. As the best music, badly played, makes indifferent melody, so false elocution degrades the finest composition to a level with the worst. The coldness with which Dryden spoke his plays at a rehearsal, destroyed any spirit his genius had infused; but Nat Lee delivered inferior dramas with a force which induced a performer to throw aside his part, in despair of acting up to the recital of the author. While the best discourses of our Church of England divines were heard with apathy, because the clergy read so much worse than they wrote, Benjamin Franklin, no methodist or enthusiast, found a charm in listening to Whitefield's sermons, however uninteresting the matter, for the sake of the exquisite modulations of voice which gave to every word its appropriate accent.

The recommendation to Smith and Thompson to preach South and Tillotson is of more doubtful expediency. Every cultivated mind must prefer the finished compositions of genius to the vapid commonplaces of ordinary men; but the practice has never been countenanced by the public, and the clergyman who avowed the system of the Coverley chaplain would lose the consideration of the bulk of his hearers, or, if he keeps his own  
secret,

secret, it is discovered at last, and he is brought in guilty of the double crime of incapacity and deceit. Franklin, who agreed with Addison, was unable to save a friend from utter desertion after it had once oozed out that his long-applauded eloquence was a happy memory for the writings of others. Several instances of the inconvenience which attends the proceeding have occurred within the limits of our personal knowledge. A large-acred man, irritated to find that his Sunday volume was in regular course of delivery from the pulpit, invited the curate to dine, and laid the book open on the drawing-room table. A surviving friend having published a selection of sermons by an admired preacher—who, if there was truth in ghosts, would have risen up to scare the printer from his task—-an enemy forthwith blazoned the sad fact that they were so many reduced copies of famous originals. Another popular favourite was plagued to print a particular specimen, and, weakly consenting, the true author reclaimed his thunder. A still more painful predicament was that of a certain respectable rector who—in an evil and indolent hour—got a friend to assist him, and heard one afternoon his own morning discourse, paragraph after paragraph, declaimed above his head with torturing emphasis. The orator, in all the bliss of ignorance, spared neither voice nor gesture, while his unhappy precursor, to whom every syllable was like a sentence of death, sat a suffering spectacle to pews and gallery. A short time since a printed sermon was sent to the entire body of the clergy, with an intimation that, upon order, a regular supply would be kept up at a shilling a piece. Like the answer of Shakespeare's clown, which fitted all questions, the piece was suited to every text; and the author enclosed a list, with a letter of the alphabet attached to each, and recommended the preacher to be guided in his choice by the initial of his parish. The device was, to prevent a coincidence of texts between neighbouring pastors, which might have led to detection. Anxious to accommodate the meshes of his net to all kinds of fish, he was careful not to offend any party in the Church; so that, what with the universality of his subject, and the universality of his creed, he was in a continual strait. But the clergyman is in a worse, who, in the midst of the riches of our English divinity, buys a paltry shilling's worth of an obscure scribe. Since to copy is prohibited, the wisest course is to imitate, and, by sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, to grow qualified to stand in Gamaliel's place. Our best discourses could not anyhow be delivered to country congregations in their present form. They were expressly penned for an enlightened audience, and, without numerous alterations to adapt them to rustics, would fly above their heads instead of reaching their hearts.

Luther

Luther knew a priest who preached to an almshouse of ancient widows on the duties of marriage, and admonished them not to be negligent in the performance thereof. The inapplicable and the incomprehensible are all one in the result.

Addison, in a couple of sentences, conveys a vivid idea of the domestic establishment: 'His servants are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor.' The staid respectability of Sir Roger is reflected in his train, and the easy nature of his government in their long service and placid contentment. Steele enlarged upon the hint, and employed the following paper in turning Addison's wine into negus. Beyond the benevolence of the design, which was to enjoin kindness upon masters, there is little merit in the Essay. He hit, however, upon a characteristic trait in the earliest sketch, where Sir Roger is represented as calling the servants of his acquaintances by name, and holding a conversation with them, when he paid a visit, all the way to the reception-room. The account of the Coverley portraits, which is also by Steele, is extremely flat, with the exception of one bit of lively satire which will never want originals. They have been looking at a picture of Sir Humphrey de Coverley, and Sir Roger relates to his glory that he was near being killed in the civil wars: 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the field, upon a private message, only the day before the battle of Worcester.' Thousands of people are hourly boasting of such hair-breadth escapes—ambitious to unite the comfort of life with the credit of death.

Coverley Hall, in common with all the ancient rural mansions in the land, had the reputation of being haunted. Every room was locked up in which a death had occurred, and Sir Roger, finding that the ghosts had got possession of his house to the exclusion of himself, resolves on an action of ejectment, and sets his reverend friend to sleep in the long-eschewed apartments. The notion that the clergy had power over spirits was propagated by the church in Roman Catholic times; and since none but the priests were acquainted with Latin, they started the wise corollary that ghosts must be addressed in a learned tongue. Credulity has an enormous swallow, or the pretence that people who understood no word of any language but English when they were living would be deaf to everything but Latin when they were dead, must have stuck in her throat. The monopoly of exorcism had grown in Addison's day to be more unpleasant than profitable. A chamber from which air had been excluded for years only differed in  
size

size from the proper tenement of the churchyard guest, and, though safe from ghosts, the divine was in imminent danger from damp. He became, for the occasion, a sort of warming-pan to the family, seasoned the atmosphere for the laity, and had the first-fruits of the vault-like feel and musty smell.

When the snoring of the chaplain had frightened away the spectres from Coverley Hall, they took refuge in the ruins of an adjoining abbey, which is finely described by Addison. The butler warns him, with a serious countenance, not to walk there after sunset, and backs his advice with the alarming fact that the milkmaid, a month before, had heard such a rustling in the bushes that she dropped her pail from her head. The hazardous process of putting a clergyman to sleep in the possessed chambers, reclaimed lost accommodation indoors without arresting the evil. Addison aimed at a more sweeping reform. He hoped to lay all the ghosts in the country. In its ordinary form, no superstition could be more unreflecting. The spirit, foul or gracious, scratched behind the wainscot, banged a door, or uttered an unusual sound. If he thought proper to show himself, he glided noiselessly in a sheet, without offering to molest either man or beast. A supernatural visitant from a mysterious world, his highest deeds were to play the freaks of a mouse or a mischievous schoolboy. These impotent shadows diffused a general dread, from the soldier who had looked undaunted upon the armies of Louis XIV., down to the sleek butlers and timid milkmaids who hurried about in the dusk with their hearts in their shoes. Addison was fond of the subject; he has admirably painted a scene—which all must have witnessed—of a family circle telling ghost-stories. One goblin raises another, till the company, wrought into a frenzy of alarm, go quaking to bed, and listen fearfully at the noise of their own tread, or to their breathing, made audible by their terror-stricken stillness. Each infects his neighbour; as Partridge, who bore up boastfully upon the entrance of the ghost in Hamlet, catches the contagion from well-feigning Garrick, and parallels the heroic awe of the stage by the perfection of vulgar fright in the pit. For many nights after, he spent two or three hours in a cold perspiration before closing an eyelid, and often started from his sleep to cry ‘Lord have mercy upon me—there it is!’

Addison’s own most elaborate satire upon the popular delusion was connected with the stage, for a ghost is the groundwork of his agreeable comedy ‘The Drummer.’ Pantagruel was astonished to hear the roar of battle on a deserted field—but Panurge informed him that the action was fought in winter, when the frost locked up the sounds, which were then getting liberated by the rays  
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of the sun. This has been the history of numerous dramas, and of *The Drummer* among the rest. Addison allowed it to be acted at the solicitation of Steele, but, anxious for his reputation, denied it the advantage of his name. The reception was chilling, and the play remained ice-bound during the life of the author ; but it was revived after his death, and, being declared to be his, met with loud applause. Sir George Truman, taken prisoner in one of Marlborough's campaigns, is supposed to be killed. His Widow is besieged with suitors for her jointure, and appears to favour Tinsel, a free-thinker and a fop. Abigail, the lady's-maid, is induced by the promise of a thousand pounds to support the claims of Fantome, who personates the ghost of Sir George, beating a drum, that he may scare away Tinsel. At this crisis Sir George returns home, and by the aid of Vellum, his steward, gets admission into his mansion in the capacity of a conjuror who undertakes to lay the ghost. No sooner has the counterfeit Sir George terrified Tinsel out of his wits and the house, than the true Sir George appears to Fantome, who, believing him a spirit, is taken in a trap exactly similar to the one he had been setting, and follows in the footsteps of his runaway rival. The plot is slight, but novel, and on the whole skilful ; the characters are common, but the dialogue lively and the situations amusing. Vellum indeed is an original—and one more tedious than diverting, for his methodical reasons on every trivial occasion are nearly as trying to the audience as to his friends. The case and nature of the author are a pleasing contrast to the artificial comedy which prevailed at the period, when every speech revealed too plainly that it had been written with effort and learnt by heart. Raillery without a moral was held by Addison to be useless, and *The Drummer* had nearly as many morals as acts. He claimed for *The Spectator* the credit of having turned ridicule, from religion, upon faults ; and he brought Tinsel upon the stage to direct the laugh against atheistical coxcombs, who were wont to have it all on their own side. Tinsel asks Abigail why she is his enemy ? and she smartly replies, ' Because I'm a friend to my lady.' Addison was the enemy of the Tinsels because he was a friend to mankind. He gives the character to the life ; endowing him with a little frothy vivacity and a great deal of shallow presumption. His infidelity and courage alike desert him the instant he sets eyes on the ghost ; and in a paroxysm of terror he asks pardon on his knees for having talked against his conscience to show his parts.

Another end, avowed in the epilogue, is to break through the practice of jeering at marriage, and show Sir George and his lady devoted to each other ; but this part of the plot is clumsily conducted.

ducted. Lady Truman, to reconcile her attachment to her husband with her encouragement to her lovers, makes the gracious avowal that the diversion is indispensable for the relief of her sorrow. The widow who finds consolation in playing at making love, is not very far from completing the job by a second marriage. Addison is in his element in the portions which relate to the ghost. Mirth and truth go hand in hand in the conversation of the servants—a literal transcript from nature. The coachman has heard a noise in the tiles, the gardener in the bed-post, and the butler contributes his quota to the evidence by announcing that while he was counting his spoons in the pantry the dog looked as if he saw something.

We must never be astonished at the shortcomings and human trepidations of the wisest. With all his banter of the weakly timid, Addison asserts that it is more rational to believe in ghosts than to pronounce them utterly fabulous. He yielded to the argument which kept the mind of Johnson in suspense—that the notion had been universal for five thousand years. To our thinking this very circumstance tells the other way: for if ghosts had existed by the side of man since the creation of the world, we should not now be able to aver that, apart from the miracles recorded in Scripture, there has never been one undoubted instance of a supernatural appearance. The collective evidence looks imposing enough, but unbind the faggot, and try the strength of each separate stick, and it snaps at the touch. Addison, indeed, thinks fit to add, that, were he to reject the general testimony, he must yield to the relations of individual friends whom he could not distrust in other matters of fact. But though no subject has been more fruitful of imposture, the inquiry is less often whether the witnesses were deceivers than whether they were themselves deceived. The whole of the reputed proofs are what we might expect—if the belief were *false*. Ghosts appear at night, when the mind is disposed to conjure up terrors, and when imperfect eyesight aids the play of imagination. They appear in places which are of a nature to suggest the vision, in churches and burying-grounds, in ruined tenements and lonely woods, on the field of battle or the scene of a murder. They appear to solitary persons only—and such as are the likeliest to be the dupes of fancy—the cowardly and credulous—the melancholic augurers of misfortune—the overburdened slaves of an evil conscience. They appear with the vagueness of an illusion, and disappear with its rapidity; they show themselves and vanish, and do not submit to be interrogated while they stay. They appear capriciously, and for objects unworthy of the agency—or rather they appear for no object whatever. And when we add that the insane mistake  
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the morbid creations of their minds for substantial things; that lighter grades of disease produce proportionate effects; that in what are called 'the vapours' phantastical objects pass before our closed eyes with the vividness of fact; that from the same cause it is nearly as common to hear fictitious sounds as to see fictitious sights; that many of the most striking ghost-stories have been proved to be lies, or the cunningly devised machinery of a clever cheat; that hundreds of the remaining anecdotes are hearsay reports, or depend on authorities of uncertain credit;—when these circumstances are put together, the sprites that survive the ordeal might readily, in accordance with the doctrine of the butler in *The Drummer*, dance a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle, or whisk through a keyhole without disturbing the wards.

It is Sunday, and we are to accompany Sir Roger to church. *The Essay* is a gem, and so exactly true, that if Addison had been living twenty years ago we could have sworn that we knew the estimable squire from whom he copied every trait. Most of the particulars were probably derived from his native village, of which his father was the rector. Sir Roger was heard to declare, on the eve of his death, that the church should have a steeple before a couple of years were past, and the church at Milston is still without that appendage. There was once, Mr. Wills informs us, a painted window over the altar, which was bartered away by a greedy incumbent, and the same worshipper of genius and the arts tore out the leaf which contained the registry of Addison's birth, and gave, or possibly sold it, to a collector. His name ought to be printed in every account of our author, that Addison's fame may perpetuate his infamy.

The tool may rust from inaction or be defiled by use, and Sunday, says Mr. Spectator, wipes away the spots and stains of the week. He enumerates among its advantages that, the parish politics being discussed by the groups in the churchyard, a peasant may distinguish himself in this humble arena as much as a citizen does upon 'change. Addison was before his own time, and is behind ours. We have grown more reverential, and the ambitious ploughman who selected Sunday and the churchyard to debate secular affairs would obtain a distinction of an unenviable kind. Practices lingered within the recollection of living men which would now-a-days cause a parochial rebellion. While, for example, the transition from licence to order was in progress, a certain rector had sown an unoccupied strip of the burial-ground with turnips. The Arch-deacon at his visitation admonished this gentleman not to let him see turnips when he came there next year. The rebuked incumbent could so little comprehend these decorous scruples that he supposed

supposed Mr. Archdeacon to be inspired by a zeal for agriculture and the due rotation of crops. ‘Certainly not, Sir,’ said he, ‘’twill be *barley* next year.’

Sir Roger is a good churchman, and his method of showing it would be no bad receipt for bringing the people to church. He beautifies the edifice, which gives them a pride in it; he presents them each with a prayer-book and hassock, which adds the charm of a property in the structure; and he has them taught to sing, which raises them from listeners to performers, and makes them feel that they are essential to the service as well as the service to them. When the sheep have been attracted within the fold, it is mostly the fault of the shepherd if the majority again stray away from his voice. Sir Roger has a check upon truants. He stands up in his pew, when all else are upon their knees, to mark who is missing, and on going out of church inquires for the absentee of a relative or neighbour, which is understood to be a reprimand. By virtue of his absolute power he assumes the office of beadle or sexton, and keeps the congregation in order. When surprised into a nap his first thought on waking is to look for fellow-offenders, which answers the double end of dissipating his drowsiness and averting suspicion from himself. He astonishes his great guest by calling to John Matthews to mind what he is about—but the parishioners see nothing ridiculous in the behaviour, and profit by his vigilance. The patriarchal autocrat of our acquaintance was much addicted to these extra-rubrical expostulations, which interrupted the service as little as the schoolmaster’s cry of ‘Silence’ does the studies of his boys, and was heard, at any rate, with equal awe. The custom, it will of course be pronounced, is more honoured in the breach than the observance, and the squire better employed in keeping to his own devotions than in superintending those of his neighbours. But however unpromising the theory may sound, the plan, we can testify, worked well in practice.

Addison comments on the happy effects which result from the good understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and compares Coverley with the adjoining village, where a tithe-war had broken the bonds between the parson and his parishioners, and between both and their Maker. The clergyman uses his pulpit to fulminate against the squire, and the squire, in retaliation, declines to go to church to hear anathemas against himself—nay more, he declines to pray in private, and persuades his tenants to be of no religion at all, in order that they may not be of the religion of the enemy. Such feuds, says Addison, are not less frequent than fatal. If either the landowner or incumbent was grasping, the sole resource was to take the tithe in kind, which was so inconvenient to both that each hated the other as  
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the cause of the annoyance. The comfort and privacy of property were gone. The squire was unable to cut a lock of hay, milk his cow, or eat a cherry from his garden, without summoning the clergyman to receive his tenth. The clergyman found himself suddenly converted into a miscellaneous dealer in all sorts of produce ;—now it was a little pig, now a few potatoes, and now a pint of gooseberries. There was an ‘embarras des richesses,’ and, for want of a ready market, a prospect of poverty into the bargain. The object being to irritate, it was common to send him a tenth of the bads as well as of the goods, and on opening his hall-door he trod on a blind puppy or a string of dead rats. Not unfrequently a dissenter was invited into the parish, and the pastor by law established was left to preach to his clerk and the pews. It was on some such occasion that the rival minister attended a funeral to the churchyard. The rector had been struggling during the service to restrain his wrath, and when he closed the book he could contain himself no longer. ‘Sir!’—he exclaimed impetuously—‘Sir, you are a thief.’ ‘What have I stolen?’ fiercely roared the dissenter. ‘My congrégation,’ retorted the incumbent, and stalked indignantly away. An arrangement which gave birth to the bitterest passions was inevitably fertile in all sorts of scandal; and since those who provoked a contest were the least likely to preserve their temper when they were in it, it is not to be wondered that disputes about tithes should have been the rupture of every social and religious tie. Addison’s leaning to the clergy is apparent throughout, from which we must infer that on the whole they had justice on their side; though, perhaps, some may suggest that his clerical descent had made and kept him partial to their order.

The early amorous misadventure is related by the secondary Essayist in a vein which is not in keeping with the Knight of his superior. Addison had worked with the nicest chisel of a sculptor, and his good temper or his modesty must have been surpassingly great to allow Steele to follow him upon the same block with the tools of a mason. The lady of Sir Roger’s love was a beautiful widow, whose pride lay in bringing admirers to her feet and spurning them when they got there. At the period of his rejection he was a fine gentleman about town. The discomfiture of the swain was the making of the squire. He retired mortified to his estate, gave up gaiety and dandyism, and ever after wore his clothes of the cut that was then in vogue, which he used to say had been in and out a dozen times in the interval. The female fashions are also satirised by Addison in connection with Coverley Hall. The equestrian costume of the fair was a coat and a hat, and a tenant of Sir Roger, who is looking at the upper half  
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of the dress, calls a sight-seeing visitant 'Sir,' till on an inquiry whether the knight is a married man, a shrewd suspicion carries his eye to the petticoat, and he answers 'No, Madam.' The revolution of the circle has brought us already back to the jacket, and aspiring America threatens to abolish the remaining distinction. Look high or low, and Sir Roger's tenant would be puzzled to decide whether he had got before him an effeminate beau or a masculine belle. Addison, deeming even the coat immodest, says that he deems it of the last importance to maintain inviolate the distinction between the sexes, and that he will resist to the utmost the least attempt to cross the boundary. He adds, that the universal key to these unwomanly freaks is an expectation that the novelty will prove winning to men, and he begs them to consider whether we are likely to admire in a lady our duplicate or our opposite. They may answer the question by reflecting whether men would seem more bewitching in a bonnet and gown. The Yankeyesses who urge the convenience of a manly garb must be meditating an accompaniment of suitable movements, and have got rid of their skirts that they may dispense henceforth with the foibles of grace and gentleness.

Though the widow repulses Sir Roger, she is won to acknowledge 'that he is the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country.' The observation occurs in the paper of Steele, but it is worthy of Addison. The knight ascribes his defeat to a female confidante—and in a second essay of Sir Richard, otherwise poor, there is the good remark that weak and humble associates pretend to the merit of the better company they keep. The familiar of a duke is haughty, of a genius oracular, of a banker ostentatious. The great man himself may be free from assumption, but the little men have the airs which they conceive to be proper to their patron's gifts. They might have observed that it requires a shining surface to reflect borrowed light.

Sir Roger proposes in his twenty-third year, and we are introduced to him in his fifty-sixth. But it is his peculiarity to talk of the widow as if she had remained at the point where he left her—as if the bloom still lived on her cheek and the fire in her eye, and she were as busy as ever in winning and wounding hearts. When her May of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, when time must have ploughed furrows on her brow, and her locks, if any were left, must have been gray, Sir Roger, hearing that his political rival, Sir David Dundrum, had paid her a visit, exclaims with alarm, 'I can never think she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.' The knight dilates upon his disappointment and the perversity of widows—but the wound has healed, the scar is become

become a trophy, and his complaints are only the soft besoothments of a tender recollection. A view of the case which strikes the looker on at a glance has never broke upon the mind of the amiable hero who plays the game. He has overlooked that the imperious widow would have been an imperious wife—and that, having condemned him to cold water before marriage, she would have kept him afterwards in hot. She would have adopted Tinsel's scheme for disposing of Lady Truman's family plate—turned the old-fashioned gold caudle-cup, with the saint on its lid, into a diamond buckle, the silver cooler into a coach, and the salvers into coach-horses. Where would have been the venerable chaplain, where the staid domestics whose proudest livery was their hoary hair—the sober plenty of Coverley Hall—the substantial tenantry and contented villagers? Coverley would have seen another sight with the widow for its mistress than with the knight for its master—the broad acres would have been mortgaged, the farmers needy, the peasantry paupers—and the owner—(with perhaps small right to that title)—instead of a cheerful conscience and a radiant countenance, would have walked dejected about a place where nothing shone except gilded beggary. The widow judged better for Sir Roger than Sir Roger for himself.

A country-gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne is, of course, a fox-hunter. Many were nothing else—Squire Westerns, whose grossness would get an ill name for a Leicestershire stable-boy of the present day. Often their estates were eaten up by their horses and dogs, and a different hunt commenced, in which the bailiffs were the hounds and the blank-faced creditors cried Stole away! Mr. Spectator declared that the curse which Goliath intended for David, 'I will give thee to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field,' had lighted upon the heads of these infatuated Nimrods. But the silent sage is as far from that divine's opinion of the chace, who said it was 'the world, the flesh, and the devil on horseback.' He commends it where it is made a healthy recreation, and not a debasing employment. When Sir Roger's love-fever was at its height, his hunting-fever rose with it. As often as he was foiled in running down the widow, he tried to ride away care, and ran down a fox. The noses, according to usage, are nailed to his stable-door, and serve rather to remind him how victorious was the sportsman than how unfortunate the suitor. Similar trophies decorate the panels of his hall, and in a prominent situation is a large stuffed otter, placed there by his mother 'because—it seems—he was but nine years old when his *dog* killed it.' It is not thus, we may be sure, that the feat was related in the Coverley circle. There it was said that the otter was killed by *Sir Roger*, and the introduction of  
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the dog is the artful satire of Addison. A particular nose has the honour to be fastened with a brass nail, for that gallant Reynard had cost Sir Roger two fine geldings, half a pack of hounds, and a ride of fifteen hours. Now, such is the pace of horses and dogs from improvements in the breed, that a run of an hour's duration and of twelve miles length is an unusual occurrence, and double the space would be death to the stoutest animal in the field! The Coverley huntsman even is not mounted. The circuitous route of the horses, from their inability to rival modern leaps, and the deliberate amble at which the hounds went, threw the advantage to the side of the followers on foot. The date of the paper, July 13th, and the summer's day that a chase of fifteen hours requires, point to another diversity. The hunting season then was coeval with the year. The squire fostered the foxes to the destruction of the farmer's poultry, and killed them to the destruction of his wheat. Sir Andrew Freeport, in his discussion with Sir Roger on the comparative merit of the landed and mercantile interests, accuses the country gentlemen of passing like a blast over the fields of corn. According to Mr. Wills's note (p. 125) the complaint is reiterated for the last time in the novel of Sandford and Merton. An early act of George III. put a stop to the evil, and gave harvest time to end before hunting begins.

The Coverley papers remind us, at every page, of the passion for improvement. Though animal organization is beyond the constructive skill of man, he takes the elements existing in nature and by new combinations gets new power. He keeps adding to the qualities of his noblest coursers, his fleetest dogs, and his goodliest bees. He year by year develops the resources of the soil—reclaims the marsh from wild fowl, the heath from rabbits, and the flinty hillside from briars and thistles. He goes on multiplying the blades of grass and grains of corn, and compels an equal area to yield a twofold increase. He discovers in his raw materials unsuspected properties, until soda and sand are converted into a Crystal Palace, and water, coal, and stony ore into a train which rushes with the might of an earthquake and the velocity of the wind. He devises fresh applications of machinery, and in the creations of his ingenuity finds a servant and a master. The broad result to England is quickly told. Fifty years have doubled the population, and employment and subsistence have been doubled likewise. An engine is contrived which economizes labour, and threatens starvation to the labourer; but the issue proves that the work it makes is more than it saves. Annihilate all the cranks and wheels constructed in the interval, and return our counties, with  
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their present population, to the condition in which they were when the century began, and there would be nothing but famine in the land. A government wiser than man's has provided, in the constant exertion of talent, for the increase of our race, and maintains a proportion between our wants and our progress. Every round we rise in the ladder leads to a higher, but our step is limited, or we should outstrip our needs by too prodigious a stride, and encroach on the rights of a future age.

A sportsman of a race in many features extinct is introduced by Addison among the figures of Coverley Hall. Will Wimble is a younger son, who hunts his brother the baronet's hounds, and superintends his game. He is an adept in his art and in the handicrafts connected with it—and manufactures whips, nets, flies, and fishing-rods ; but his predominant trait is an overflowing liberality with regard to the toys which occupy his existence. He presents his knick-knackeries far and wide, is at everybody's service, and is the agent to carry a tulip-root or a puppy between friends who live at the opposite sides of the county. His cheerfulness, his kindness, and his descent, win him general favour, and Mr. Wimble is the most popular of the triflers who do the work of a mechanic with the air of a gentleman. All the while they are eating a pike at Sir Roger's table, Will is detailing the manner of its capture, and the introduction of a dish of wild ducks merely diverts him from the history of the fish to that of the fowl. He springs a pheasant, and entertains Mr. Spectator with the adventure, whose game being character, he is not less pleased to have sprung Mr. Wimble. The silent man looks upon him with a benevolence which is the counterpart of his own, but regrets that his humanity should be of so little benefit to others and his industry of so little service to himself. Yet he was an important item in many a little circle ; his generosity conveyed pleasure, and his courtesies promoted the minor charities of life. His goodnature elevates him above his occupation. One swallow will not make a summer out of doors ; but one face invariably cheerful, one temper never ruffled, one heart always affectionate, makes summer in a house. Addison wrote his delightful paper with the excellent motive of persuading the gentry that trade and affluence are preferable to pride and beggary. He presumes Mr. Wimble to have tried the learned professions without success, but conceives that he was precisely adapted for commerce. In another paper he admonishes the elder brothers who fancy that an estate is a substitute for education—and shows, or tries to show them that money does *not* make the man.

It is on the road to the assizes that they overtake Tom Touchy,  
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who never fails to have work for the court. Men's passions cause more litigation than their interests, and Tom is of a temperament to sacrifice the latter altogether to the former, for he has sold a field to pay for a suit about the fence. Will Wimble's fiddle has but a single string, and he begins to tell of his fishing in a particular hole. Tom breaks in upon the tune with his own harsher though equally monotonous notes, and maintains that Will was liable to an action for trespass. They refer the difference to Sir Roger, who deliberates upon the case, and replies with magisterial authority that much might be said on both sides. The decision answers the purpose of them all—of the disputants because it puts neither in the wrong, and of the arbiter because he incurs no risk to his legal reputation. Lawyers, more learned than Sir Roger, employ their ingenuity every day, to couch in specious language the same ambiguous reply. Falstaff ridicules the artifice, when he speaks in the name of the wise woman of Brentford:—

*Simple.*—The things were about Mistress Anne Page, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

*Falstaff.*—'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

*Simple.*—What, Sir?

*Falstaff.*—To have her or no: go, say the woman told me so.

*Simple.*—I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tidings.'

Simple did wisely to be glad with the tidings, for it is usually all the comfort that can be got. An apothecary, who saw as far into a case as he did into a millstone, always addressed the friends of the patient to this effect:—'He may recover, and he mayn't, and that's the truth.' Set off by an important air and emphasis, the speech to the class among whom he practised had an oracular sound, and all the recoveries were ascribed to the doctor—all the deaths to the disease. The inexorable creditor knocked at last at our doctor's own door. A brother Æsculapius, to evade troublesome inquiries, repeated in jocular tones the wonted saying of his dying friend. But what was meat for the man was not meat for the master. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'let's have no folly now; *this* is a very serious thing.' Alas for his patients!—he had never discovered it before. Mr. Spectator too turned Sir Roger's speech upon himself. An innkeeper on the estate hung up his head for a sign. The Knight, fully alive to the disgrace of the compliment, had the portrait converted into a Saracen's head, which, frowning grimly, retained a comical look of the placid original. He is anxious to learn from his literary guest whether the likeness is visible, and is answered that much may be said on both sides. Modern politicians have

felt so deeply the force of the maxim that it seems to have become their rule to take both sides by turns;—nor is there any lack of sympathising and applauding critics and *historians*.

In one of his walks with Sir Roger, Addison meets Moll White, witch for the time being to the parish of Coverley. An account follows of the superstition, as it then existed in England, and the argumentative humour of the description must have gone far to dissipate a delusion which had sunk into its last and lowest form. To hear the villagers talk, it might have been supposed that without Moll White there would have been no such thing as evil. If a donkey strayed, or a pony tumbled, the mischief was laid upon the crooked back of the old woman. Why supernatural dominion was attributed to persons whom infirmity of body and imbecility of mind had deprived of even human power, was evidently for the reason indicated by Shakespeare—

‘They look not like th’ inhabitants o’ th’ earth,  
And yet are on’t.’

It was an inevitable consequence that their agency should be considered of a malignant nature. A hag toothless and palsied, muttering unintelligible gibberish to herself, had not the appearance of an angelic minister. The adjuncts which completed the character of an English witch had no other appropriateness than that they were usually met together in an antiquated pauper. It required small observation to discover that there was no necessity for a compact with Satan to produce a beard upon the chin of an octogenarian female. They might have reflected that the broom-stick upon which their crippled beldames rode through the air, would have been a mere incumbrance, since the woman must have carried the stick, instead of the stick the woman. The cat had the discredit of being an accomplice, for no better reason than that a decrepit wretch, forsaken by her fellows of the race of Adam, finds solace in the companionship of a domestic animal. Nothing so innocent but it became of evil omen when viewed in connexion with anile dotage. The post was never vacant. When one unfortunate being yielded up her little remaining breath, the parishioners immediately elected a successor to her uneasy throne. The office went by seniority.

‘Sir,’ says the coachman in *The Drummer* to Sir George Truman, in his capacity of conjurer, ‘I would know whether poor Dobbin is bewitched by goody Crouch or goody Flye?’

*Sir George.*—By neither.

*Coachman.*—Then it must be by goody Gurton, for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.’

Sir Roger is half credulous, half sceptical. He rejects many  
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of the tales which are told to Mother White's disadvantage, but he advises her, when they enter her hovel, to abjure communication with the devil, and not to injure her neighbours' cattle. He protects her from the rough injustice of the village mob, but would have committed her for regular trial—except for the interposition of his chaplain. He acquits her of any concern in the wind which blew down his barn a month after her death, but betrays by his manner a lurking suspicion that she brewed the blast. Addison himself is not very logical. He gives conclusive reasons why the home superstition is unworthy of credit, but still believes that there is such a thing as witchcraft, because foreign nations had been no wiser than our own ancestors. On the same principle, that which was seen to be a pollarded tree by those who stood at the foot, looked a ghost in the distance. He was not the only person who despised the allegations he could investigate and appealed to the vague traditions he could not. Richard Baxter, writing in 1651, based his conviction on the fact that scores of persons had in sober England been put to death for the crime:—it never occurred to him that a foregone conclusion might determine a verdict. The error has died out before advancing knowledge; for, like the moon, it was only lustrous by night. Addison lived when the morning was breaking—when, with light pouring forth in streams from the east, the shadows of rebuked darkness flickered for a brief space longer over the scene. Just before Mr. Spectator commenced his publication two women were tried and executed for witchcraft at Northampton; and in 1716—five years after the appearance of the number for July 14th, 1711—a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter met the same fate at Huntingdon for 'selling their souls to the devil, making their neighbours vomit pins, and raising a storm by which a certain ship was *almost* lost.' (Note, p. 126.) The famous Act of the British Solomon, under which so many atrocities had been solemnly perpetrated, was at length repealed by the 10th Geo. II., 1736;—but still the superstition lingered on among the common people, and so late as 1751 an old woman expired under the established test of being immersed in a pond. The bellman cried the coming event in several market-towns of Hertfordshire, and the ringleader—ultimately hanged for the murder—collected money from the crowd for what they conceived to be a praiseworthy deed.

From witchcraft to fortune-telling is a natural transition. They overtake a troop of gipsies, and Sir Roger, who jeers at the butler for his annual consultation of some swarthy Sibyl, though he is sure every time to miss a fork or a spoon from his pantry, is himself tempted into a parley with the queen of the crew.



The art of telling fortunes consists in divining the applicant's wishes, and Sir Roger's weakness was not hid under a bushel. The oracle therefore detects in the lines of his hand that 'he had a widow in his line of life.' 'Go, go,' says the enraptured Knight, 'you are an idle baggage'—and the idle baggage proceeds to intimate that the widow returned his love and would yet some day or other be Lady de Coverley. 'As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary.' Here a beggar accosts the Knight, and he, putting his hand into his pocket, discovers that it had just been picked—which rather damps his hilarity. The information he thought supernatural was parallel to the case of the coachman consulting his disguised master in the Drummer:—

*Coachman.*—Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

*Sir George.*—Ask it.

*Coachman.*—I have a poor horse in the stable that 's bewitched.

*Sir George.*—A bay gelding.

*Coachman.*—How could he know that?

*Sir George.*—Bought at Banbury.

*Coachman.*—Whew!—so it was, o' my conscience.

*Sir George.*—Six years old last Lammas.

*Coachman.*—To a day!!'

But it was well for the worthy knight to nurse the fond deceit, and purchase fresh fuel for his delicious dream.

Addison touches upon many of the points which distinguished country from city manners. Party spirit was more virulent in Arcadia—for it is invariably the case that the sting in the tail of faction is worse than the tooth in its head. While the fine folks of Westminster were dining, dancing, wooing, and wedding, with little attention to Whiggery and Toryism—their cousins who differed in politics could agree in nothing, could not dine at the same table, bait at the same inn, or smoke their pipes in contemplation of the same bowling-green. The water flowed tolerably clear among the top circles of society, but there was always mud at the bottom. Country ladies and gentlemen figured in the cast-off fashions of the metropolis. Communication was then so slow and limited that by the time a pattern reached Worcester it would have been laughed at in London.\* Politeness in the provinces missed its end by destroying ease and inde-

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\* Addison introduces Sir Roger as 'a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent.' He probably paid no attention to such provincial controversies—but the honour of having produced the dancing Sir Roger is, it seems, disputed to this day by the respectable families of Calveley of Calveley in Cheshire and Calverley of Calverley in Yorkshire.

pendence. There was so much bowing and condescension that good breeding was almost a bar to good fellowship. In passing from the drawing to the dining room the civil contention to be last might have led to the suspicion that it was an enemy they were to attack instead of roast-beef and plum-pudding. As they were the days of drinking, somebody suggested that it would save trouble if the company were carried in as well as carried out. When with infinite difficulty they were seated at the table, they acted upon the opinion of Lady Macbeth that the sauce to meat is ceremony. The meat got cold while the sauce was bandied about, and it was not till the bottle began to circulate that, bounding from one extreme to the other, they dropped awkward stiffness for boisterous familiarity. It was no unusual thing for men who exchanged congées at the beginning of a feast, like a couple of dancing-masters, to end in knocking each other down. In a contemporary list of convivial rules is the recommendation to keep grasping your neighbour's fist in your fingers that you may keep it out of your eye. Mr. Spectator, who is devoid of taste for contentious hallooing and personal violence, begins to meditate a retreat. He had been gazed at on his arrival with respectful deference, but he is now the subject of impertinent speculation. His solitary walks and his silence in company are interpreted differently, but always to his disparagement. Some pronounce him haughty, some shy. Will Wimble conjectures that he has killed a man; the villagers that he is a conjuror, brought down to dissolve the spells of Moll White. It is the opinion of an opposition justice that he is a jesuit in disguise—of Sir Roger's kinsfolk that he is a designing fellow. Sir Roger tells them the simple truth, which is much too simple to gain credit, and they continue confident that the Londoner does not hold his tongue for nothing. An unsociable being is forgotten in a crowd; in the country he stands out a conspicuous mystery, and his neighbours are never weary of guessing at the riddle. The silent Spectator escapes not the common imputation. Tedious, Tattle, and Trifler, are usually agreed that the man must be wrong in his head who prefers books and nature to their exhilarating conversation, and unless he wears his disposition on his sleeve, and allows the rural public to inspect it, he must make up his mind to be thought a madman or a monster.

Addison, somewhat weary of all this misapprehensive coldness, quits the rural scene, and is after a few months followed to London by his host. Prince Eugene is here, and the good man has come up to get a sight of the great lion. There are other political allusions in the paper, and nothing can surpass the artful skill with which Addison speaks through the artless Sir Roger. They meet in Gray's  
Inn

Inn Walks, where the Knight is employing his tongue in rating a beggar and his hand (as usual) in relieving him. He brings up a budget of news. He has been keeping Christmas with old English hospitality, and makes the beautiful observation that it is fortunate that it should fall in the middle of winter, and excite the rich to cheer the poor with bounty and frolic. Mr. Wimble was the leader in the pastimes and tricks, but his mirth this season had received a check. He cut some sticks from Tom Touchy's hedge, and Tom is prosecuting him according to law. The Knight has been studying Baker's Chronicles of the Kings of England, and for the present sees everything by Baker's lantern—quotes him at the Club, and visits Westminster Abbey that he may examine the monuments with historic acumen. Before they set out he drinks a glass of Widow Trueby's bitters, and persuades Addison to drink another, who finds it medicinally nauseous. Sir Roger tells him he was aware he would dislike it, but that it is an excellent preservative against the stone or the gravel. Addison, who is apprehensive of neither, wishes that his friend had specified the nature of its virtues before he recommended the draught. Not that the Knight is threatened himself with a single symptom of the disorders, but it was his whim to stop those two holes in the sieve. A coach is called, and he asks the coachman if his axle-tree is good, as if he expected him to confess that it was bad. He inquires if he smokes, and takes his recommendation of a tobacconist. He displays a still more notable piece of simplicity at the Abbey. He has judged of the acquirements of the guide by the knowledge displayed in his parrot-repetition, and fancied himself all along in the presence of a prodigy of learning. He shakes hands with him at parting, and invites the astounded man to visit him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over Baker and the monuments at leisure. He is next carried to the theatre, where he keeps up a running comment on the characters, on the supposition that they are real. The happier he to have the snow on his head and the heart of a child in his breast. No man that night enjoyed the play like Sir Roger.

His inability to discriminate between London and Coverley customs draws on him notice and ridicule wherever he goes; and it must, we think, be allowed that here Mr. Spectator hardly keeps in mind his own initiatory statement that the Knight had *once* been a gay young fellow about town. But let that pass—we may well take the worthy as he is presented to us. His kindness to strangers tells well enough when he calls upon the silent man at his lodgings, and wins the heart of the landlady by stroking her son on his head and bidding him mind his book,

book, for gentleness is so proper to the domestic circle that it is always sure to meet a response. But when he gets into public his civility does not pass current at the Coverley computation. He salutes every one, as at home, with 'good morrow,' or 'good night,' and some youths on the Thames reply to his courtesy by inquiring of Addison what queer old Put he has got in the boat? The Knight is first shocked, then indignant, and wishes he was a Middlesex magistrate, that he might teach such vagrants that her Majesty's subjects are no more to be abused by water than by land. They are on their way to Vauxhall, whither they are pulled by a sailor who had left a leg at La Hogue, for Sir Roger will never be rowed by a waterman who has not lost a limb in the wars. He carries the principle so far that, if the world had partaken it, not a soul could have earned a sixpence unless his leg had been carved from the same plank with his oar. He bids a waiter at the Gardens carry the leavings of their repast to the veteran in the boat; but the bountiful provincial would have got abuse, and the waterman no beef, unless Addison had cut short a saucy remonstrance and enforced the command. The single-eyed old Squire has not the faintest conception that he is out of his element. Where he detects, which is seldom the case, an opposition of manners, he supposes that the eccentricity is on the side of Babylon, and shakes his head at a world that is smiling at him.

But the time was come when his benevolence was to gladden no longer, nor his oddities to divert. Addison had grown to regard the character with a fondness which could not brook interference, and when Tickle produced a paper, which contains more natural strokes than any that is not the work of King Joseph himself, he extorted a promise that his friends would let Sir Roger alone for the future. He foresaw, however, that strangers would not be so abstinent, and, to prevent a Grub-street continuation, determined that the Knight should die with the 'Spectator.' 'With a certain warmth of expression' which Mr. Alexander Chalmers translates into 'a fit of anger,' he exclaimed 'I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.' The story, which rests on the express authority of Budgell, is opposed by Chalmers on the critical score that it was expedient for 'The Spectator' to close the Club. He has not informed us why the closing of a Club imposes the obligation to kill off a member, or why Sir Roger should of necessity be selected for the victim, and Will Honeycomb, an older man and a worse constitution, be left upon the stage. It was equally natural to allow the Knight to live or to die, and Budgell's anecdote merely supplies the authentic motive which made Addison prefer to consign him with his own hands to the tomb.

Sir Roger leaves the world with the same spirit in which he had lived in it. He loses his roast-beef stomach, and nothing afterwards does him good, except a message from the widow. The old flame blazes out afresh with that gentle stirring, and what between pride at her notice, and hope of her relenting, he displays a vivacity which gives some promise of recovery. But the glimpse of hope is evanescent—the cloud darkens again. He then prepares for death with calm self-possession, and is active in benevolence up to the very brink of the grave. He bequeaths an independence to the chaplain, mourning to the parishioners, pensions to the servants, jewels to the widow, rings to the Club, kind wishes to everybody—and finally expires amid the tears of the entire neighbourhood, who never expect to look upon his like again. The letter of the butler to Addison, which contains the particulars of Sir Roger's decease, is accompanied by a book which he had destined before his sickness for Sir Andrew Freeport. It proved to be a collection of Acts of Parliament—with some passages marked, to convince the Citizen that he was wrong in an argument they had held at the club. Sir Andrew opens the parcel, casts his eye on the old Knight's writing, puts the volume in his pocket, and bursts into tears. That single incident would have stamped Addison a master of nature and pathos.

Nearly a third of the little book now before us is occupied by the editor's notes, and several of the essays he has reprinted have nothing to do with the Knight. Addison's speculations on instinct concern China as much as Coverley—except that they profess to be dated from Sir Roger's seat. An excellent paper by Steele on spendthrifts and misers, and another on a journey to London, are equally foreign to the subject. When we further subtract the diffuse descriptions of inferior pens, which do not help on the history, the whole is reduced to a narrow compass. In that short space we have learnt as much of Sir Roger as those who lived in his parish and sat at his board. Nay, we are better acquainted with him than were most of his neighbours, for we see him with Addison's piercing eye. We know him with his narrow mind and large heart, with his sense and simplicity, with his feudal consequence and kindly condescension. He appears to us as plainly as he did to his clerk, a magistrate impressed with the fullest sense of his official dignity, yet better versed in natural justice than in statutory law; always exerting his power on the side of humanity, and a terror to none but evil-doers. He stands before us a 'fine old English gentleman'—an earnest partisan of *Church and Queen*, of sports and good cheer, not deeply read in men, and scarce at all in books, which, when he chances to

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to study them, he receives for oracles. But not all the cultivation in the world could have made him a better landlord and master, more hospitable to his neighbours, more considerate of the poor. He is a genial, hearty squire, the centre of the parochial circle, and discharging his duties none the worse because his vision is bounded by that limited horizon. But it is not Sir Roger alone that finds a place in the Coverley papers. Addison has grouped around him much of the country life and characters of the time. Coverley church would not be more familiar to us if we had attended many a service there; nor the modest and intelligent chaplain if we had walked with him fifty times under his favourite avenue of elms; nor the light-hearted gentleman-gamekeeper if we had partaken of his jack, and heard him narrate all the incidents of the sport, from the throwing in the line to the landing of the prize. This combination of distinctness and brevity is due to the skill with which Addison selects the particular circumstance that tells the tale. No delineator has surpassed him here. He picks out a trifling incident, a casual observation—but they are chosen with such adroitness that the imagination instantly completes the portrait. His truth is wonderful. He walks on the same level with Nature herself, and is never tempted to exaggerate her proportions. He does not even meddle with man in his intellectual strength, or in the excitement of passion. He takes him in his homeliest moods and commonest occupations, and would be tame if he were not so delightfully arch and so tersely graphic. Addison, recorded by Swift as quite unrivalled in a *tête-à-tête*, was reserved in companies that were not composed of his intimate friends—and it is amusing to picture his silent scrutiny, unnoticed itself and noticing everything. Caution slept in his presence, and little dreamed that his quiet eyes were gathering up foibles for a ‘Tatler’ or ‘Spectator.’

His humour is the most tranquil of any in literature. He has no sparkling repartees, no grotesque situations, no broad flashes of wit which set the table in a roar. His art is to introduce with grave composure the point which constitutes the absurdity of the original. He neither heightens it into caricature nor polishes it into epigram. He does nothing to call attention to it, but appears an unassuming reporter, hardly conscious that he is writing in a diverting style. The smile he excites is barely sufficient to curl the lip, but it raises an inward complacent mirth more cheering than laughter. His satire is perhaps unique in its meekness. He speaks of himself as a great lover of mankind, whose tears flowed with joy at public solemnities to witness the pleasure of a holiday multitude. A tender heart  
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and a caustic pen have often gone together. With him the man was never lost in the author. There is no gall in his ink, and if it kills it is, after the manner of those perfumed poisons which were not less grateful than deadly. In its intellectual qualities the wit of Addison and the wit of Swift were not totally unlike. Both were masters of sarcastic allegory, and both excelled in humorous gravity and homely fidelity. In the temper of their satire they were the two extremes—Addison gentle, Swift stern; Addison compassionate, Swift morose. The Dean would have torn to pieces a lamb like a wolf, but his friend would have endeavoured to coax a wolf into a lamb. Swift cared less to correct than to condemn. His chief delight in a bone was the pleasure of snarling over it. His morbid body made a misanthropic mind, and the black bile of his mournful disease coloured all his writings. Addison's happy disposition looked at dark grounds through a sunny medium. He is never cynical, never malevolent; his harshest language is mild admonition and sportive raillery. Swift's wit is sometimes a bludgeon, sometimes a razor; but Addison is content to tickle with a feather.

There was probably policy as well as virtue in the moderation of Addison. He was nervously timid about public opinion, and though, to judge from his works, it appears untrue that he was willing to wound, we suspect there was foundation for the second half of Pope's antithesis, that he was afraid to strike. His disposition was unfit for personal conflict, and we should think his genius likewise. At any rate his soft and placid humour is no proof that he was possessed of the sharp tooth which leaves a mark in the flesh of a formidable adversary. Powers which are closely allied are frequently not to be found in conjunction. The keen glance which Addison cast upon life would have led us to infer that he could have exhibited man under the transports of emotion, but when he attempted tragedy the frigid dialogue plainly proved that all nature was not his province. So, with his satire, though he shot his reeds with infinite skill, we doubt if he could have forged the iron arrows that Pope directed against himself.

• Addison's general sentiments are what might be expected from the rest of his character. His maxims rarely strike us as very novel or profound. Yet in all of them there is something peculiar to himself—a justness, a good sense, and a benignant cheerfulness which produce pleasure and win assent. His allegories are apt, ingenious, and original, and the best are of the highest order of poetical beauty of which the composition seems capable. No one that has written with equal purity and grace has attained to the invariable ease of his style. It is equally removed from  
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affectation and meanness, from artifice and negligence.\* His felicities read as if they had come unsought, and are combined with sentences of so unpretending a turn that no one would suspect him of seeking a flower that did not lie in his path. We confess we agree with those who consider him deficient in condensation and force—but merits always tread closely upon defects, and his step might have lost in elasticity what it gained in firmness. No English classic is more deserving of study in the present day, for his beauties are the antidote to the reigning vices of style—the perpetual attempts to gild copper, and to dazzle with an unnatural and fatiguing brilliancy. His mild and mellow light would tone down our flaring and flimsy colours, which are not the colours that will stand. Generations to come will linger over his lucid and elegant page, when our flashy verbiage, forced conceits, German mysticism, and Dutch vivacity have all faded into a fortunate oblivion.

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ART. II.—*The Garland*. By the Hon. Horace Walpole. 1761, MS.

OUR readers may recollect that at the close of our Number for October, 1844 (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxiv. p. 416), we extracted from Horace Walpole's Autobiography, printed with the last batch of his Letters to Mann, the following passage:—

'1761, July 16th.—Wrote the *GARLAND*, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.'—(vol. iv. p. 349.)

Upon this we observed—

'We know nothing of this piece, and should be glad if it were recovered. If, as may be presumed, it was a panegyric, it would afford a curious contrast with Walpole's subsequent rancour against George III. and Lord Bute. We really have a curiosity to compare the Memoirs of George III. in 1766\* with the *Garland* of 1761.'

This piece—which, since the publication of the Memoirs, has become of historical importance—we are now enabled to lay before our readers.

It turns out that, to avoid transmitting it in his own hand, he intrusted it to Mr. Bedford, his confidential deputy in the Exchequer, to be copied. The copy, no doubt, was sent to Lady Bute, the wife of 'the Favourite,' while the original remained among Mr. Bedford's papers, where it has been recently found, and obligingly communicated to us by Mrs. Bedford, of Upper Seymour Street, the widow of the grandson of Walpole's deputy.

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\* Walpole tells us that he began to write them in 1766, but the narrative begins with the reign, and is thus contemporaneous with the '*Garland*.'



*H. Walpole to Mr. Bedford.*

‘Strawb., Sunday.’

‘DEAR SIR,—‘ I will beg you to copy the following lines for me, and bring or send them, whichever is most convenient to you, to my house in Arlington Street, on Tuesday morning. Pray don’t mention them to any body. Yours, &c. *H. W.*’

THE GARLAND.

IN private life, where *virtues* safely bloom,  
What flowers diffuse their favourite perfume?

*Devotion* first the *Garland's* front commands,  
Like some fair lily borne by angel hands.  
Next, *Filial Love* submissive warmth displays,  
Like heliotropes, that court their parent rays.  
*Friendship*, that yields its fragrance but to those  
That near approach it, like the tender rose.  
As royal amaranths, unchanging *Truth*;  
And violet-like, the bashful blush of *Youth*.  
Chaste *Purity*, by no loose heat misled,  
Like virgin snowdrops in a winter bed.

*Prudence*, the sensitive, whose leaves remove  
When hands too curious would their texture prove.  
*Bounty*, full-flush'd at once with fruit and flower,  
As citrons give and promise ev'ry hour.  
Soft *Pity* last, whose dews promiscuous fall,  
Like lavish eglantines, refreshing all.

How blest a cottage where such virtues dwell!  
To Heaven ascends the salutary smell.  
But should such virtues round imperial State  
Their cordial gales in balmy clouds dilate,  
Nations a long-lost Paradise would own,  
And Happiness reclaim her proper throne.  
Hate, Discord, War, and each foul ill would cease,  
And laurell'd Conquest only lead to Peace.

“ Ah, vain idea ! ” cries the servile bard,  
Who lies for hire, and flatters for reward :—  
“ Such I have sung of—such have never seen—  
My Kings were visions, and a dream my Queen.  
Point out the charming phantom.”—ONE there is ;  
Unnam'd, the world will own the GARLAND *His* :  
Truth so exactly wove the wreath for One,  
It must become *His* honest brow—or none.

This would be a very fulsome compliment even if addressed to a Queen ; but such a *wreath of flowers* for the brow of a *King* whom Walpole was, about the same time, libelling in secret, seems to us even more discreditable to the writer's morals than the bad taste

taste and awkward verses are to his literary character. We know not how any

servile bard,  
Who lies for hire and flatters for reward

could do worse—especially as we have no doubt that this was another of Walpole's devices to facilitate his *comfortable arrangement* of his *Sinecures*—on the failure of which he dropped the *Garland* and took to libelling. It is to be noted that there is not one of the virtues so fragrantly displayed which did not become in the contemporaneous 'Memoirs' a *special* subject of Walpole's ridicule or rancour—witness the *filial duty* to the Princess Dowager—the *friendship* for Lord Bute—the *truth*—the *purity*—the *prudence*—the *bounty*—the *pity*—all either sneered at or denied at about the very date when the *Garland* was composed.

This is sufficiently curious ; but still more so, we think, it is that a man of Walpole's taste and reading should have fallen into the same identical strain of adulation that Swift in his *Rhapsody on Poetry* anticipates as what might be expected from a rhyming sycophant:—

A Prince the moment he is crowned  
Inherits *all the virtues* round . . . .  
Then, Poet, if you mean to thrive,  
Employ your muse on *Kings alive* ;  
With prudence gathering up a cluster  
Of all the virtues you can muster,  
Which, formed into a GARLAND sweet,  
Lay *humbly at your monarch's feet* ;  
Who, as the *odours* reach his throne,  
Will smile and think them *all his own*.

Scott's *Swift*, vol. xiv. p. 315.

Our literature, we believe, cannot afford another equally remarkable instance of an author's gravely fulfilling the derisory advice of a satirist. No wonder that Walpole 'never did own it ;' but it is fortunate for the interest of historical truth, which he has so often and so seriously discoloured, that this *crowning* specimen of his insincerity should be at last discovered. It affords the best possible corroboration of all that argumentative criticism had already suggested against the trustworthiness of the *Memoirs* wherever his own private interests or personal partialities happened to come into play.

ART. III.—1. *Tagebuch des Generals Patrick Gordon, während seiner Kriegsdienste—u. s. w.—Diary of General Patrick Gordon, during his Military Services with the Swedes and Poles from 1655 to 1661, and his Residence in Russia from 1661 to 1699.* For the first time published in full by the Prince M. A. Obolenski and M. C. Posselt, Doctor in Philosophy. Vols. 1 and 2. University Press, Moscow: 1849-1851.

SCOTLAND for some years past has been the nursing-mother of associations devoted to the publication of records and monuments, hitherto unedited, of the lives, the laws, the manners, and the literature of our ancestors. Men who have neither leisure nor taste for the minuter study of the past may be disposed to draw odious comparisons between the weight and volume of the printed results and their literary value. We have heard jokes on this theme as dull as the least readable of the quartos in question. It is possible, however, even without a relish for char-tularies, or skill in monkish Latin, to entertain a high appreciation of the exertions of the Bannatyne and other Clubs, English and Irish as well as Scotch, of kindred aim and pursuit. Animated by the spirit of Sir Walter, they have spared neither toil nor expense in rescuing many real treasures from obscurity, and putting them beyond the reach of accidents. Highly, however, as we estimate the zeal of our countrymen, we doubt whether any single result of their efforts exceeds in worth the work now made accessible—to German scholars at least—by the united labours of two Russian gentlemen. Happy should we be if this notice could induce one of the Scotch clubs, or two or three of them in friendly alliance, to undertake an edition of selections from the original text. In some few instances the Bannatyne and Maitland have so co-operated. Why should they not do so in many—and why, in the present case, should not the Spalding join them? We can hardly doubt that any well-attested literary applicant could obtain without difficulty the necessary permission from the Sovereign whose countenance was so handsomely extended to British science in the person of Sir Roderick Murchison.

Having waited long for the second of these volumes, and fearing that the third may not very soon follow, we think it well to give now some brief account of the work; and in doing so we shall make a free use of the excellent *Preface* contributed by the Moscow editors.

General Patrick Gordon's career was no unimportant feature in one of those great eras of transition and development which leave their traces on the moral condition of mankind as conspicuous as any that the changes distinguished by geologists have

have imprinted on the earth's material surface. For forty years his abilities were devoted, without distraction or reserve, to the service of three Czars, during whose reigns a new order of things was prepared and partly established. Under Alexei Michailovitch and his immediate successor the talents displayed by Gordon, as well in the organization of the regular armies of the empire as in their command throughout many arduous campaigns, had raised him not only to a high degree of reputation in military circles, but to that favour at court without which he might have achieved everything for Russia, but nothing for himself. His chief eminence was however reserved, in the words of our Preface, for 'the epoch when Peter Alexeivitch commenced that marvellous course for which he was alike destined and endowed by Providence.' No slight interest must ever attach to the character and habits of the men who were his principal instruments. Among these Gordon, as the personal confidant and adviser of the young sovereign, unquestionably occupies a place of the highest rank—not inferior even to his friend Lefort. Of the many services which purchased this confidence it is sufficient here to name the suppression of the Janissaries of Russia—the Strelitz regiments—acknowledged to have been exclusively accomplished by the influence, vigour, and decision of Gordon. From that transaction to his death his personal intercourse with Peter was incessant. When, worn out with long service in council and in field, the veteran expired, his last moments of consciousness were watched by his master;—his eyes were closed by the Imperial hand;—his obsequies were conducted on the most magnificent scale of pomp, under the minute regulation, and graced by the personal attendance, of the great man.

After thus briefly establishing the claims of this Russian General to something more than the attention of mere Scottish antiquarians we open the diary which he kept from his youth to the verge of the grave—and which he himself thus introduces:—

'I am not unaware that it is considered a difficult task to write the history of one's own life, or a narrative of occurrences in which oneself has participated, just as it is difficult for an artist to paint his own portrait. Inasmuch, however, as I have prescribed to myself to confine my work strictly within the limits of a diary, without passing judgment on the actions related, or speaking of them either in praise or censure, following in this the maxim of the wise Cato—*Nec te laudâris nec te culpaveris ipse*—the task, in my opinion, loses much of its difficulty. Mere reports I have stated as such, and truth for truth. Some political transactions, but chiefly such as were connected with military affairs,

affairs, I have given in a continuous order; others are but incompletely narrated, from the want of public and official documents, but are still, for the most part, such as I personally witnessed and assisted in. In brief, I can assign no better reason for my labour than that it pleased me to undergo it; nor am I much concerned for the applause of others, being well aware that to please all hath ever by the wise been held impossible.'

These are very much the principles on which, as we conceive, Herodotus would have kept a diary; and they are adhered to with fidelity and perseverance in the text before us. The result is a narrative in which the great events of a stirring period are intermingled with many curious sketches of remote lands, and of the habits and actions of extraordinary individuals, concerning whom little is known from other sources. It is carried on through the most stormy vicissitudes of a life of military service, which in many particulars might have suggested to Schiller the *Dragoon* of the Prologue to *Wallenstein*, or to Scott that equally felicitous and more finished creation of genius—the inimitable *Dalgetty*. Wounds and captivity scarcely occasion any interruption to its progress; it is sure in the evening after the hottest conflict to record the receipt of a letter on private affairs and the precise hour of the answer. The Russian editors remark that it contains perhaps the only information now extant on a subject which cannot be deficient in interest to sundry Scottish families of the present day, in the shape of notices of many of that numerous body—the Scotch gentlemen who in Gordon's time, like him, found employment and gained honour in the service of Russia. The names Bruce, Crawford, Drummond, Dalzel, Gordons innumerable, and many others, are of frequent occurrence. It is added, that in Russia no family papers or other documentary records of these men are now known to exist. In every instance their race in that empire has died away; and even the jejune information which in other countries the tombstone or the church-register often affords is wanting there. It appears that in Moscow the sites somewhat reluctantly accorded as places of worship to Dissenting residents, Roman Catholic and Protestant, were frequently changed. In one of these changes the principal cemetery, which seems to have been common to both persuasions, suffered sweeping desecration. The famous traveller Tavernier is mentioned as one whose monument was here destroyed. Even that of the illustrious Lefort, erected by special order of his patron Peter, has perished.

General Gordon's diary is supposed in its original state to have consisted of eight or perhaps nine bulky quartos. About  
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the middle of the last century four of these had come, whether in virtue of any family connexion is not known, into the possession of a certain Gordon, an Inspector in the Admiralty at St. Petersburg. Upon his death, Count Alexander Stroganow, a distinguished promoter of science and literature, purchased them of the widow, who was unable to afford any information as to the missing volumes. The Count turned his purchase to good account, for he placed the MSS. in the hands of the learned historian of Russia, G. F. Müller. The survey of them not only impressed Müller with a sense of their value as materials for history, but brought it to his recollection that some of the missing portion had been used by a Professor Baier in the composition of a tract which Müller had himself inserted in a collection published by him in 1737. Baier had, in fact, drawn almost exclusively from this source his accounts of the two Russian campaigns of 1688 and 1689 against the Crim Tartars, and of the siege and reduction of Asow in 1696. After much fruitless search and inquiry, Müller, repairing to Moscow soon after the accession of Catherine II., had the satisfaction to discover the portion used by Baier—two large volumes—in the archives of the Foreign Affairs. Six volumes were, therefore, now in his hands, embracing the following years:—

Vol. I., from 1635 to 1659.

II., from 1659 to 1667.

III., from 1677 to 1678.

IV., from 1684 to 1690.

V., from 1690 to 1695.

VI., from 1695 to 1699.

As this is all which has been yet recovered, it will be seen that the continuity of the narrative has suffered two considerable interruptions. The first extends over ten years, from 1667 to 1677, being the time which intervened between Gordon's mission to the court of our own Charles II. and the commencement of an operation against the Turks in the Ukraine, known as the campaign of Tschigorin. The second is of some six years, 1678 to 1684, and comprises the time from the termination of the hostilities above mentioned to Gordon's return to Moscow and Kiew. A few other blanks occur, but without serious damage to the record. In what manner the two volumes used by Baier came into the archives where Müller found them, is not known. The four others, with the rest of Müller's literary collections, were purchased for the same repository on the death of that eminent man. It appears that so early as 1721 a Count Ostermann had had access to the work, and commenced a translation of it into Russian. Müller was anxious for one in German. He, however, shrunk from the labour in his own person, and de-

volved it upon an academician, T. Stritter, who had been appointed his assistant in the office of Imperial Historiographer. Stritter, in prosecuting the delegated task, went upon a principle of selection—giving a literal translation of passages of obvious curiosity, but abridging or slurring incidents sufficiently known from other sources, and many personal details which to his academical eyes appeared trivial, but of which Gordon's countrymen of the Bannatyne must with ourselves regret the absence. This version, or abstract, was never either finished or printed. It was carried on only to the year 1691; leaving untouched the greater part of the fifth and the whole of the sixth volume.

After Stritter's death his MS. fell, in separate portions, into the hands of two individuals, who have liberally furnished them for the assistance of the present editors. The greater part of the text of their first volume may, in fact, be considered as that of Stritter amplified and corrected, but retaining the substitution adopted by him of the third person for the first as it stood in Gordon's original. These accidents of alteration, mutilation, &c., however possibly unimportant in a purely historical point of view, increase our desire for a faithful impression of the Diary, or such parts of it as a judicious editor would retain, in the General's own English or Scotch. It is scarcely necessary here to follow the Preface through its specification of several works which have issued from the Russian press, and mostly in the Russian language, since the discovery of the journal, and which are founded on its contents. Five or six are named—a number which shows the interest with which it has been regarded by the literary men of Russia. One English book said to be similarly founded on the journal is mentioned as having been purchased for a Russian collector in London in 1835, but the editors have not been able to procure a sight of it.\*

The diarist was born in 1635—the second son of John Gordon of *Auchtermuchies*—a bleak possession near the coast of Aberdeenshire. The Laird—a cadet of that branch of the house of Gordon of which the Earl of Aberdeen is now the representative—was a high cavalier; and both he and his wife, an Ogilvie, were steady adherents to the Romish faith. This last circumstance prevented Patrick from partaking those educational advantages which the Marischal College afforded to the Protestant Dalgetties of the district. Means were, however, found in country schools of the neighbourhood to save him from a boyhood of mere field-sports, and to furnish at least the rudiments of the classical training which Scotchmen of gentle birth have seldom

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\* If any of our readers possess such a book, we should be obliged by a transcript of its title-page.

been willing entirely to dispense with. At the age of sixteen he was taken home ; but the position of a younger brother without prospects concurred with a hopeless attachment to make home irksome, and his parents would seem to have given every encouragement to a scheme of travel in search of adventure and advancement—no unusual or ineffectual resource for the class he belonged to. He left Aberdeen in a ship of 18 guns for Dantzic, in 1651. We have sometimes amused ourselves with speculating on the emotions with which such young northern hidalgos, in many instances suddenly conveyed in the train of a Gunn or a Mackay from still remoter and wilder districts, must have contemplated the busy and opulent cities of Germany. The stately cathedral, the quay, the market-place, and the town-hall, must have presented contrasts strange and strong to the grey tower of the Highland chief, or even the more spacious gabled and turreted mansion of the Lowland laird.

Wherever they went they carried with them the sagacity, the perseverance, and courage of their race—‘patient of labour and prodigal of blood’—and such men as Gustavus Adolphus, Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar, and Peter the Great knew well to appreciate these qualities. In none were they more conspicuously united than in Patrick Gordon.

He did not loiter in the great city, but betook himself to the completion of his classical education at the Jesuits’ college of Braunsberg. After three years’ devotion to study, particularly of Latin, becoming weary and homesick, he absconded without leave-taking, with the intention of returning to Scotland. Disappointed in his endeavours to obtain a passage from Dantzic, and then in an attempt to enter the Polish army, which cost him a fruitless journey to Warsaw, he came, after various adventures, to Ham-burgh. The town was full of Swedish officers raising recruits for a war which their youthful king, Charles X., was preparing against Poland. By one of these, a Scotchman of his own name, he was persuaded to take service in the cavalry, and he joined, in July, 1655, at Stettin, the force there collected to the amount of 17,000 men under Fieldmarshal Wittenberg. Gordon details with particularity the pretexts alleged by the Swedish King for hostilities. They were probably for the most part false—certainly all frivolous ; and the diarist favours us with his private opinion as to the real motive of the war, namely, the desire of a young sovereign, fond of soldiering, to signalize his succession to the throne of Gustavus Adolphus and Christina by a little military glory. Poland presented peculiar attractions as an antagonist. She was the only country which in the actual state of Europe afforded any pretexts, bad as they were, for a quarrel. She was



already assailed on the one side by Cossacks and Tartars, on that of Lithuania by the growing power of Russia; and all these circumstances were represented to the Swedish prince by an interested class of advisers—exiles, and fugitive nobles. Encouragement and assistance came, moreover, from a strange quarter. Two or three of the best regiments were raised with money furnished by Cromwell, whose object was to keep busy at a distance some of those ardent spirits whose activity might have been troublesome in Britain. The consequence was one of those long games ‘which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.’

The kind of discipline enforced in the armies of this day has been well illustrated in Callot’s etchings:—‘On the 2nd of August,’ says Gordon, ‘the Fieldmarshal encamped near Posen, and showed extraordinary severity. For example, a boy of fourteen was hanged for throwing a stone at a Pole who was seeking in the camp, under escort, for a horse of which he had been robbed.’ He mentions, as a fact of which he had no reason to doubt, that between Stettin and Konin, where the King joined the army, 470 persons had been executed for slight offences. Gordon calls this ‘not justice, but tyranny,’ and says the King himself expressed the same opinion—from which few will dissent. We cannot follow our diarist closely through the details of this wanton war. It was like many other campaigns of an age when war and peace depended rather on the caprices of kings, their ministers, or mistresses, than on the interests, the opinions, or even the passions of nations. The two armies avoided each other, and levied contributions on the districts they infested, in which the Jews paid double. A fort was now and then stormed, in which case the garrison, with many compliments on their courage, were put to the sword. The principal events were the reduction of Cracow, and an action near Warsaw, soon after which Gordon was taken prisoner. Having endured more than four months’ close arrest, he was at length released on the condition of taking service with his captors the Poles. He thus became a dragoon in the company of Constantine Lubomirski, the most illustrious of three brothers who all held high offices in the state.

His changes of banner were not to be few. He was shortly again taken prisoner by some Brandenburg cavalry, and carried before a Scotch General, Douglas, from whom he accepted an offer of service in a corps d’élite of his countrymen, which the General was then employed in organizing. This Douglas company, in January, 1657, received orders to move out of its quarters in order to assist an operation against Dantzic, then held by the Poles. Gordon, before he could show face in the expedition, had  
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to provide himself with two horses; and this he effected, 'in his own words, 'by means of his servant without money'—for which mode of field-equipment he makes the excuse that if he had declined to employ it he must have remained to be eat with vermin, to freeze, or to starve. Surprised on a solitary ride by a party of peasants, he was ere long carried prisoner into Dantzic. He complains bitterly of the loss on this occasion of his Thomas à Kempis. His captors, however, being mere boors, of no practice in the honourable profession of arms, had neglected to pull off his boots—in which he had concealed his money. He met here with many Scotch and Swedish fellows in captivity, as also with a distinguished namesake in the Polish army—to wit, *Gordon of the steel hand*—by whom he was recognised as a clansman, and strongly urged to take service again with Poland. Resisting, for reasons not mentioned, this offer, which many others accepted, he was shortly included in a general exchange of prisoners, and rejoined his former company. Twice again, while serving with Sweden in the course of this year, he was captured, first by some Austrians, from whom he executed a hazardous escape, and then once more by the Poles. The latter adventure brought him into contact with the greatest man of his day, John Sobieski, but it can hardly be said that this circumstance adds any interest to the diary. As Sobieski, who is characterized merely as 'a hard bargainer, though courteous,' refused to exchange him, he adopted the ready resource of accepting service with his captors. In this his second engagement with the Poles, who had business first with Sweden, then with Muscovy, he found plentiful opportunities for the display of his talents, and speedily rose to the rank of Captain-Lieutenant. The Poles, assisted by 40,000 Tartar auxiliaries, were successful against the Russians and Cossacks, who under command of a certain Wassilie Wassilievitch Scherematew—we love, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to give the whole name—endured a terrible defeat, in which they lost 115 standards, 67 guns, and some 36,000 men killed and prisoners. This battle of Sibodischtsche led in November, 1660, to the conclusion of a peace on terms, as might be expected, humiliating enough for the party so completely overthrown. The Poles are said to have suffered some loss in endeavouring to defend their prisoners from the Tartars, who were discontented with various items of the pacification. The Russians—it is certain—were plundered, and many of them dragged into slavery by these infidel allies of a Christian power. Scherematew himself was shamefully surrendered to them by the Polish commander.

Gordon, returning from the scene of this wild work to Warsaw,

saw, received intelligence of the restoration of his native monarch, Charles II. This event, suggesting to a good soldier of cavalier blood the prospect of some advancement at home, induced him to request his retirement from the Polish service. Lubomirski, however, was unwilling to part with such a follower, and before his reluctance was overcome Gordon had received letters from his family which discouraged him in his project of return. We have indeed discovered no indications of any desire on the part of his kinsfolk for his re-appearance at the honoured château of Auchlichries. He persevered, nevertheless, in requesting his discharge, and received it in July, 1661, accompanied by a flattering certificate in florid Latin from Lubomirski. His persistence in urging this dismissal could have had no better reason than the mere love of change. He seems to have quite dropped the thoughts of home, and to have been steadily intent on carrying his now proved and conspicuous talents to one of the great military markets of Europe. None perhaps at this moment could afford fairer chances to a soldier of fortune and a Roman Catholic than the one he was quitting, for this was the brightest epoch of the fortunes of that kingdom. Gordon, however, had decided to quit the Polack, and only hesitated between Austria and Russia. After much pondering, his intimacy with several officers of the latter power, and among them some countrymen of his own, who, taken prisoners at the battle of Sibodis ~~Sersche~~, had been placed under his custody, decided his choice. With two of these, a Colonel Crawford and a Captain Menzies, he journeyed to Moscow, arriving there in September. He was well received by Czar Alexis, a sovereign of more than average virtue and ability, who confirmed an appointment promised him by Crawford as major in that friend's own regiment. We find him almost immediately repenting his choice, and busy with various attempts and schemes for disengaging himself. These all proving hopeless, he applied himself with such diligence to the duties of his position, that he soon rose into favour. He continued, however, so little satisfied with Muscovy and the Muscovites, that nothing but the press of his daily occupations saved him from sickness. Many inevitable incidents of the life of a stranger, without connexions, in a semi-civilized country, would sufficiently account for depression of spirits. In addition to the difficulties to be encountered from rude superiors, he had troublesome subjects to deal with in those under his own command. One of many instances which he records is equally characteristic of his energy as an officer and of his fidelity as a journalist. A Russian captain in his regiment had encroached in various particulars upon Major Gordon's authority.

Colonel

Colonel Crawford declining to listen to complaint on this subject, Gordon took it, in every sense of the word, into his own hands. Inveigling the Captain into his quarters without witnesses, he knocked him down and caned him till he could hardly rise. Called to account before Crawford, Gordon met the charge with a cool and imperturbable denial of the entire transaction—and this full equivalent to an Old Bailey alibi he repeated, on appeal to their General, with such cool skill, that the Captain, refused all redress, was fain to leave a regiment which boasted a Scottish Major.

In 1662 the Major obtained a colonelcy. The routine of professional duty, though probably now pretty amply varied by gentle exercise of the above description, was still insufficient to dispel the melancholy which weighed upon his mind. He betook himself to the most dangerous resource which Moscow afforded, in the cultivation for the first time in his life, if we except the boyish romance, of female society. In the houses of the resident foreigners, which he principally frequented, he found himself beset at all hands by the snares of contending beauty. Foreigners at this period were not allowed to marry native Russians, even on condition of conversion to the Greek Church. The younger strangers in the Czar's service were therefore considered by the daughters of the older as a game preserve of their own, and hunted down without mercy. It required all the caution of Gordon's country and county to preserve him from these harpies; and to escape a disadvantageous alliance it became almost necessary to contract an eligible one. Not run away with by his feelings, but partly in self-defence, and partly on a calculation in which the advantages overbalanced scruples well weighed and doubts long entertained, he determined to marry. In sickness, in absence upon duty or travel, a wife presented herself to his speculative eye as a useful nurse or steward. In the matter of expense he found reason to suspect that an unmarried man keeping house might be apt to suffer more waste than would suffice for the keep of a wife. While lying in bed on a Saturday morning all these considerations passed through the Aberdonian mind, and, 'after earnest prayer for guidance,' the last seems to have decided the struggle. The next task was that of passing in review the candidates for the honour which on some one he was at last resolved to confer. It fell on the daughter of a Brandenburg Colonel, Albert Bockhoven, well educated, of the Roman Catholic faith, and of good blood by the father's side. The latter was a prisoner in the hands of the Poles—a circumstance which did not prevent the engagement, but which delayed the marriage till 1664, when the Brandenburger's release by exchange

exchange was effected, principally through the intercession of his destined son-in-law.

In the course of this year, 1664, Colonel Gordon, hearing of the death of his elder brother, requested leave for a journey to Scotland, which was peremptorily refused him. The next year, however, circumstances led to his visiting Britain in a semi-official character. The unsuccessful mission of Lord Carlisle to Moscow had led to differences between the courts, which had only been aggravated by that of an envoy equally touchy and punctilious, Daschkow, to Whitehall. That delicate hyperborean had returned with impressions and reports of the barbarism of England in matters of etiquette, and of the high prices of her commodities, which made his countrymen at the court of Moscow reluctant to undertake a similar office. The Czar determined to make Gordon, without an ostensible mission, the bearer of a letter to Charles II. Our Colonel, with a caution which the event justified, endeavoured to decline a service the difficulties of which were more certain than either its success or its remuneration. Alexis, however, was now as peremptory in enforcing a furlough as before in refusing it. War between England and Holland increased the troubles of the long and arduous route, which occupied the Colonel from June 29 to the 1st of October. He remained in London till February of the following year, enjoying, without the rank of ambassador, all privileges of access to the gay king and his ministers. For reasons not clearly stated he was ungraciously received on his return to Muscovy, and the royal displeasure was shown in the withholding the repayment of his outlay, an account which was not settled until the next reign.

Ere long, however, he was restored to the command of his former regiment. In 1670 we see him in high command in the Ukraine—employed in reducing to submission the rebellious Zaporagian Cossacks. In this distant warfare he was detained, probably because his talents were found indispensable, till 1677, when he was summoned to Moscow to answer charges preferred against him by one of his superiors. These he managed triumphantly, though at the expense of much bribery and intrigue, to confute; and returning to the Ukraine he conducted the defence of the capital, Tschigrin, against a combined attack of the Turks and Tartars, in a manner which entitled him to the highest rank among the Russian reputations of that day.

The Colonel now renewed his endeavours to obtain his manumission from the service, but these, though supported by the intercession of the English envoy, had no better success than before. The Czar Fedor, who succeeded his father Alexis in  
1676,

1676, had the acuteness to appreciate Gordon, and the year 1678 found him again employed in repelling a renewed assault upon Tschigrin. For a month his unwearied activity and engineering skill kept Turk and Tartar at bay, and no thought of surrender had suggested itself, when a sudden and imperative order from Moscow compelled him to abandon the place. He was the last man to retire, and he fired with his own hand the train of the principal magazine, by the subsequent explosion of which 4000 Turks were sent to the paradise of the faithful. Escaping with great risk, and hotly pursued, he was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Major-General.

The first volume here closes. At this point also of the Diary occurs the second interruption of five years—which however is practically remedied by the service-lists preserved in the appendix. From these we find that in 1683 Gordon was made a Lieutenant-General. This, it must be remembered, was a critical period for the Empire. The Czar Fedor had died in 1682, without issue and without designating his successor. Of his two brothers, Ivan and Peter, the first was imbecile and the second but ten years old. The regency devolved on their sister Sophia. Gordon was now very anxious to effect a change from the provincial quarters of Kiew to the seat of government; and with this view he made in 1684 a journey to Moscow. By the Regent and her able and all powerful favourite, Golitzin, he was graciously received, but studiously repulsed in all his endeavours both towards the object above-mentioned, and the more important point of his discharge, which he was still pressing. He was complimented, confidentially advised with on some knotty questions, and peremptorily ordered back to Kiew. It was there that, while devoting his leisure to the improvement of the defences of the town, he formed the acquaintance and gained the enduring friendship of a kindred spirit and adventurer, the engineer Lefort, destined like himself to exercise a powerful and salutary influence over the illustrious man who in due time vindicated his right to the throne and eclipsed the fame of all its former occupants.

In 1685 intelligence of the accession of James II. induced our staunch Romanist to renew his entreaties for leave of absence. It was at last granted, but only on a stipulation of speedy return, for which security was taken in the detention of his wife and children as hostages at Kiew. He effected his journey, and on this occasion visited Scotland. Returning in August, 1686, he brought with him a letter from the English King in support of his application for discharge. The proceeding was highly ill advised. A semi-barbarous government was sensi-  
tively

tively jealous of such foreign interference, and it drew down upon Gordon a storm of resentment from the wayward and selfish Regent and her minister. He was threatened with degradation to the ranks, and obliged to petition for pardon in the style of a grave offender and contrite penitent. While this petition was awaiting its answer, behold there arrived another epistle from James II. announcing Gordon's appointment as English ambassador extraordinary at Moscow. Hereupon a council was held—and it speedily arrived at the following decision—‘The General Patrick Gordon cannot become English ambassador, because his presence is required with the great army in the approaching campaign against the Turks and Tartars.’ Nothing could be more logical; and we find the Diarist, in 1687, on the Dnieper, serving as second to the General-in-chief Golitzin. That commander, after leading his men into the steppe, could devise no better plan of strategy than to lead them out again and abandon the campaign. The troops were therefore dismissed to their quarters, but not without signal marks of the favour and the liberality of the government. Gordon himself was promoted to the rank of General.

The year 1688 was passed in Moscow. The regiments called the Buterkisch were at this time under his special command, and appear to have been regarded as a sort of model for the rest of the army. The corps formed at least a seminary for drummers and fifiers, who when duly accomplished were drafted off to Kolowenski, the residence at this period of young Peter. This circumstance appears to have led to communications between Gordon and the Czar, and to have laid the foundation of their future familiarity. Gordon was at this time consulted by the Regency on many matters of moment. A plan of his for the establishment of a new city in the Samara was approved and carried out; another for military lines of defence on the Dnieper was equally approved, but the execution of it was postponed. He was also called upon to take the command of a fresh operation against the Crimea, but when the army had advanced as far as Perekop the attempt was considered too arduous, and abandoned. Gordon returned to Moscow, where events of greater importance to his own fortunes and those of Russia awaited him.

The young Czar at first showed no great favour to the troops, and manifested opposition to the system of liberal reward by which now as on former occasions the Regency endeavoured to win the attachment of a force which was evidently assuming the character of a Prætorian guard. This policy, whatever its motive or its explanation, did not produce the consequences which might have been expected from it, for, at the crisis which  
shortly

shortly ensued of the struggle for power between the Czar and the Regency, Gordon and his regiments threw themselves into the party of the former, and by marching, contrary to the orders of the latter, to Troitza, decided the issue and placed Peter on the throne. Gordon was immediately admitted within the precincts of the fortified convent, while the other commanders with their soldiers were encamped without its walls. He was henceforth busily occupied in exercising the troops under the immediate inspection of majesty, and younger men might have found their strength insufficient for such occupation, varied as it was by the boisterous orgies in which Peter's favourites were called to take part. Of all the particulars of this remarkable intimacy, which continued through the few remaining years of Gordon's life, we are promised ample details in the sequel of the diary. In 1694 he accompanied Peter on his second journey to Archangel. In the following year he mainly contributed to the establishment of an offensive alliance against the Turks with Austria, the policy of which he had at previous periods strongly advocated; and he conducted, in the war which resulted, under the eye of Peter, the great operation of the siege of Asow. The Russian preparations, however, were insufficient for the reduction of that strong place in one campaign; and it was not till the year following that it fell before Gordon's able assault. On the occasion of the triumphal entry of the victorious army into Moscow he received from the Czar a medal worth 6 ducats, a gold cup, a costly suit of furs, and some ninety peasants. Many instances are mentioned in the Diary of these Homeric donations of live stock. One is connected with an amusing incident. When the Turks in 1677 retired from before Tschigrin, the welcome news was forwarded to Moscow by two captains. A colonel who was also despatched somewhat later to that city, finding the party with their horses sleeping in a meadow, contrived unperceived to cut the girths and stirrup leathers, and then, pursuing his own journey, was the first to bring the intelligence to the Czar. He was rewarded with fifty peasants; the others, who arrived the same evening, got little but thanks.

In the year 1697 took place the memorable journey of the Czar to Holland—on which occasion Gordon was left as second to the General-in-chief Schein in the administration of the military affairs of the empire. In this high capacity he visited Asow, to superintend the restoration and extension of its defences, which he had lately done his best to ruin; and for similar purposes he proceeded to Taganrok, since made famous by the melancholy end of one of the most fortunate, in the world's estimation, but not in his own, of Peter's successors. His presence  
dissipated



dissipated a commenced invasion of the Tartars, and he returned to Moscow to perform the yet more signal service already alluded to in the quelling of the revolt of the Strelitz regiments. The short remainder of his life was passed in the full enjoyment of the favour which this, the greatest of his exploits, had raised to the highest pitch. The Czar had scarcely recovered the shock of the decease of his other foreign favourite, Lefort, when he was called upon to attend the death-bed of Gordon, who expired in his arms on the 29th of November, 1699.

We have already expressed our hope that the principal parts of the narrative of a career so eventful as Gordon's may yet be furnished to English readers in the original form. A close comparison of the German text now before us with that original is not necessary for the detection of some excusable errors in the translator. 'We are unwilling to swell our present notice either by any reference to these, or by extracts which could not convey the precise expression of the gallant old diarist. But for this we might be tempted by such passages as one which describes his escape from the ruins of Tschigrin, when, deserted by the last adherents of his undisciplined and demoralized garrison, he crosses alone, with his sword in one hand and pistol in the other, the bridge swarming with Turks—all carrying in their left hands, instead of the pistol, the heads of slaughtered Christians. The narrative of the defence of this place against some 100,000 Turks, a defence which lasted a month, and but for him would not have lasted an hour, is worthy of Drinkwater. But for the deficiency in interest which attaches to the wars of comparative savages, the defence of Tschigrin would rank as an exhibition of courage, resource, and endurance, with that of Vienna. To count the wounds with which the person of the iron veteran was scored in his various campaigns, is a task which has baffled our patience. On one perilous day we find him emerging from an ambuscade with the loss of his sword, hat, and a quantity of hair left in Polish hands, and with the gain of three arrows sticking in his hide or his jerkin. Occasional attacks of the plague he baffles by doses of *Venice treacle*, and other remedies stranger and more nauseous even than that famous compound of adder's fat with other poisons. Under a different species of difficulty his resources never fail him. We have already admired the imperturbable denial with which he met the complaint of the Muscovite captain to whom he had administered the bastinado. He had engaged himself to the Baron d'Isola, for service under the Holy Roman Emperor, when circumstances induced him to prefer that of Russia. Quitting Warsaw, he leaves behind him with a friend two letters, the one dated as if from Thorn, for the day previous  
to

to that stipulated for his return, in which he announces that he is seized with a burning fever. The other, dated fourteen days later, admits some improvement, but describes the attack as having degenerated into a quotidian—which deprives him of all hope of presenting his respects to the Imperial Majesty of Vienna. The interesting invalid was meanwhile with two Scottish companions riding fast to Moscow. He does not omit an opportunity which many years afterwards presents itself in England, of claiming acquaintance with the Austrian Baron.

The diary affords but scanty indications that his residence at Braunsberg had left with Gordon a taste for literary occupation. We noticed, however, his discomposure at the loss of his Thomas à Kempis—which may remind the readers of Waverley of the Titus Livius of the Baron of Bradwardine:—and we find him on his first journey to England acquiring of a Mr. Clayhills, in exchange for a sable fur and twelve dollars, a sorrel horse fully accoutred—with a copy of Camden's *Britannia* thrown into the bargain. The death of an infant son in 1684 elicits from the paternal pen a Latin epitaph in six hexameters and pentameters, which, alas for the credit of the Jesuit fathers of Braunsberg, contain four false quantities. Some time after he entered the Russian service he disclaims any skill in engineering; nor does he tell us much of the means by which he acquired that high proficiency in it which he exhibited on repeated occasions, but most especially in the defence of Tschigrin and the reduction of Asow. The diary makes mention now and then of his sending orders for works of repute *de arte fortificatoriâ*; but the enemy seems to have been his best teacher. The Turk was in those days the most formidable assailant of fortified places. He brought to this department of warfare not only the fanatical courage of his predestinarian faith, and a lavish expenditure of labour, but great scientific skill, and singular expertness with the spade and shovel. Christian officers drew lessons from the maze of curved parallels, overlapping each other like the scales of a fish, with which the Mahometan made his cautious yet rapid approach towards his destined prey, and the mine with all its devices was a favourite engine of his further operations. The resources of the defender were taxed on such occasions to the utmost.

The diary of his residence in Moscow contains an incident which shows that the system of espionage is no novelty in Russia—and on which, we rather think, a little French *vaudeville* was afterwards founded. A Lithuanian prisoner of distinction falling ill obtained permission to consult an Italian physician. Their intercourse was watched, and the quick ear of the attendant caught,

caught, or seemed to catch, the suspicious words *Crim Tartary* frequently repeated. Both the Italian and his patient narrowly escaped being tortured and hanged for a conspiracy to levy war against the Czar in that region. It turned out that the doctor had been recommending an admixture of cream of tartar in the diet of the dyspeptic captive.

We are forced to confess that the second volume is less interesting than the first—its details are often most wearisome, and we really admire the perseverance of the translators. There occur nevertheless some incidents of capital importance as respects the fate of the great Czar, and many amusing enough anecdotes of Gordon's own adventurous history.

Turning to his Second English Expedition in 1686—upon his arrival in London, where he took up his lodging at the Mitre tavern in Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, he gives some particulars of his expenditure on personal equipment for his court campaign, which show that at the then value of money and scale of fortunes the externals of a gentleman were not all cheap in this quarter. His wig costs him 7*l.*, his hat 2*l.* 10*s.* His dinner 5*s.* 6*d.* His barber charges him a shilling for shaving, which we think scandalous; shoes at 4*s.* the pair seem decidedly cheap; silk stockings 1*2s.*, not unreasonable; three swords cost 14*s.*—which seems very moderate indeed. He was as kindly received at the Court of James as he had been at that of Charles. The King relished his conversation, and questioned him with intelligence as to the habits and manners of the country of his adoption. Gordon, on taking leave at Windsor after a long audience of the King, bestowed an harangue, first in Dutch and then in English, on Prince George of Denmark, to which that uncolloquial personage returned no answer. The General's journey to Scotland and visit to the house of his fathers afford little more than a record of civilities interchanged with the principal nobility at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and of some thorny discussions with a brother and an uncle as to the administration, accounts, and proceeds of the paternal property. These at length settled, a trading vessel once more conveys from Aberdeen our Cæsar and the fortunes which valour and sagacity had so far exalted since he left the same port, an obscure adventurer, five and thirty years ago.

The diary for September 1689 supplies rich details of a crisis already alluded to in our references to the prefatory sketch. It was now that the mutual jealousies between the young Czar Peter and his able and intriguing sister, the Regent Sophia, came to a point. Peter fled from Moscow to the fortified convent of Troitza, and a struggle ensued on his part to gain over the military, on hers to retain

retain their fidelity. Her eloquence, but especially her gracious assiduity in pouring out glasses of brandy to officers and men, for some time held the scales in suspense. Gordon's part was a difficult one, and any false calculation of the strength or immediate preponderance of either party might have sent him to the block—or at least to Siberia. A certain Colonel Retschaew, who had been bold enough to become the bearer of an unpalatable letter to the Regent from Troitza, only saved his head by the fortuitous and highly irregular absence of the Court executioner. Reflection, however, appeased the wrath or awoke the prudence of the Princess. He was pardoned, and received his glass of brandy from the royal hand. Gordon, in his important office as Commander of the foreign troops, the Swiss regiments of that period, played his game with no rash hand. It was not till the Strelitz corps had shown clear symptoms of disaffection to the Regent, and after a very distinct order had reached Moscow, that, summoning all the foreign officers to Troitza, he ventured on his part to issue the cautious intimation that all who chose to be of the party might join him at a certain place and hour. The march commenced after dark, apparently under considerable apprehension of interruption, but was completed without difficulty. The Princess, deserted by the Strelitz soldiery, was compelled to abandon the contest without conditions and to surrender her favourites and advisers to the vengeance of her brother. The principal of these, her minister Golitzin, was spared at the powerful intercession of his cousin, Peter's prime favourite, Boris Golitzin. The second in rank and influence, Schaklowitoi, was tortured, and, after an ample confession, obtained from Peter's humanity, to the great disgust of the courtiers, the favour of being executed without a repetition of the knout and rack. Many others followed him to the scaffold. Gordon asserts that the Czar himself was at this time averse to bloodshed, a weakness to which in his maturer age he was quite superior—witness especially the Strelitz revolt. It was found necessary to employ the intervention of the Patriarch to overcome his present reluctance. The holy man succeeded in the discharge of this Christian office. Reward and punishment were dealt out with equal liberality, and blood and brandy flowed with Russian profusion at Troitza.

The journal of the voyage in Peter's suite to Archangel is little more than a string of dates and names of villages and confluents of the Dwina, down which the Imperial fleet floated from Wologda to the port discovered by Chancellor, and to shores frequented by the Lapp and the Samoyede. Archangel and its roadstead became the scene of more than midnight carousals, in which Gordon and Lefort had to play their part on unequal terms

terms with the physical as well as intellectual giant whom they served. Gordon, however, did not accompany the Czar on his principal excursions into the White Sea. During one of these our author was feasted on board an English trader, Captain Blaize, assisted by a brother navigator, Captain Shroud. Blaize and Shroud did all honour to their guest. Six successive healths were each saluted with twenty guns. The Czar himself afterwards visited these English vessels, to the further great consumption of powder and strong drink.

The siege of Asow in 1695 restores animation to the soldier's pages. Even in our own time, and under the energetic rule of Nicholas, the sieges of Turkish fortresses have not added to the reputation of the Russian arms. In Peter's day the Russians had everything to learn, and the lesson of this year was a severe one, though subsequently turned to good account. The Russian troops, especially the Strelitzes, though serving under the eye of their sovereign assisted by such men as Lefort and Gordon, showed little patience or zeal in the trenches and little courage in assault. The Turk behind his wall and the Tartar in the plain were more than a match as yet for such adversaries. Heavy loss in unsuccessful attacks and a somewhat disastrous retreat were the consequences. We gather from the Diary that torture was occasionally applied both to soldiers for cowardice in action and to prisoners at war as a means of extracting information. With this untoward business the second volume terminates. If it were only for the full details we expect of the grand Strelitz catastrophe, we should be anxious for the arrival of the third.

In quitting our hero for the present we may observe that, like John Sobieski, and most other great men, he appears to have bequeathed no legacy of his higher qualities. \*Of his three sons none rose from obscurity, and two gave him much trouble by their dissolute and rebellious misbehaviour. Of their two sisters, one married a relation of her own, Alexander Gordon, who also became a General in the Russian service:—a man of much military distinction, and who, among other experiences, had been made prisoner by Charles XII. at Narva. This eminent officer returned with his wife to Scotland in 1711—indited, at leisure, a Biography of Peter the Great in two volumes—well thumbed by ourselves in early days—and died at his family seat of Achintoul in 1752. His race is extinct. The other daughter of old Patrick *Ivanovitch*—(as he was called among the Muscovites)—though twice married, died childless; and it is believed that no lineal posterity now remains of the suppressor of the Strelitzes and conqueror of Asow.

- ART. IV.—1. *Alfred: an Heroic Poem, in Twenty-four Books.* By Joseph Cottle, Author of *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*. Fourth edition. 1850.
2. *King Alfred: a Poem.* By John Fitchett. Edited by Robert Roscoe. 2 vols. 8vo. 1841.
3. *Napoleon: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Cantos.* By William Richard Harris. 4to. 1845.
4. *Sacred Incidents, doctrinally considered and poetically described; or, the Harmony subsisting between the Book of Revelation and the Volume of Nature: setting forth the operations of the antagonistic powers of Good and Evil, as portrayed in Creation, in the History of Mankind, in Redemption, and the Resurrection.* By Psychologist. Vol. 1 embracing a period from the creation of the Universe to the banishment of Cain. • Vol. 2 including a period from the death of Abel to the crossing of the Red Sea. 8vo. 1850.
5. *Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation.* By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A., Author of *The Omnipresence of the Deity, Satan, &c.* Third edition. 12mo. • 1843.
6. *Jesus: a Poem in Six Books.* By Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S. 1851.
7. *The Wars of Jehovah, in Heaven, Earth, and Hell: in Nine Books.* By Thomas Hawkins, Esq.—with eleven highly finished engravings by John Martin, Esq., K.L. 4to. 1844.

‘I SHOULD not,’ says Coleridge, ‘think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem. Ten years to collect materials, and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable mathematician. I would thoroughly understand mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, and astronomy; botany, metallurgy, fossilism, chemistry, geology, anatomy, medicine; then the Mind of Man; then the Minds of Men in all Travels, Voyages, and Histories. So I would spend ten years; the next five in the composition of the poem, and the five last in the correction of it. So would I write—haply not unhearing of that divine and nightly-whispering voice which speaks to mighty minds of predestinated garlands, starry and unwithering.’

To frame schemes was Paradise for the ‘noticeable man with large grey eyes’—to execute them Purgatory. His visions resemble the gorgeous palaces of architectural students, who give scope to their fancies because they are never to be realized. A serious attempt to master twelve physical sciences in ten years, with the slight supplement of the *Mind of Man* and of *all travels, voyages, and histories*, would certainly have sufficed to dissipate the dream. Yet few would have performed better the preliminary process. He would have read, he would have thought, he would have declaimed. He would have uttered a dozen epics in prose over his

wine or his tea. The greedy listeners of Highgate would have asked if such was the flavour of the immature fruit what must be the nectar from the mellow vintage? Fame would have kept in front of him instead of following in the rear—would have been a forward and not a backward shadow. But when the head had apparently done everything, the hand would have refused its part. With the mould prepared and the metal bubbling in the furnace, he would never have run off the one into the other.

The majority of the Homeridæ seem to begin where this splendid projector designed to end—with the composition of the immortal work. Dr. South maintained that an epigram was as difficult a performance as an epic. The latter, to judge from the number and nature of its cultivators, should be reckoned among the easiest departments of literature. The course of these stars of the first magnitude (we class them by size) is seldom observed, or the world would be astonished at the host which keep rising in mist to set in darkness. Mediocrity is only more common than success; utter absurdity is the ordinary characteristic—for few would attempt the task except a great genius or a great fool. Pope said of his Alcander, completed at the age of fifteen, that it was the child of self-love begot upon innocence. This is the parentage of many heroic poems, for the innocence is of a species which often survives the growth of the beard. Pope was an unfledged eaglet essaying to fly too soon; the most are well-feathered birds of a smaller species. Those who mistake ambition for power are seldom disabused of their delusion by neglect. They believe with Trissotin that if the world did them justice they would ride through the streets in gilded coaches, and they console themselves with the reflection that the age is unpoetical. Many among the public have, it is true, the same opinion of poetry which Lord Bacon ascribes to Savil—that it is the best kind of writing *next* to prose; but whenever there is an Ænus to make a rope of hay that answers Bottom's conditions—*good hay, sweet hay*—there are abundance of cattle who will eat as fast as the most diligent can twist. In one respect the times have changed. The author of a folio is no longer held entitled, as in the days of Jacob Tonson, to take precedence of the author of a quarto, or the quarto man to look down on the octavo. Even one spirited ballad may be set above whole regiments of epic poems in twenty-four books. We are converts to the Spanish proverb that the crumb of a king is better than the loaf of a peasant.

Though the vital epics of all countries and all ages may be counted upon the fingers of a single hand, there are some who conceive that the vein is wrought out. Coleridge considered  
that

that the Destruction of Jerusalem was the only subject left. But it is part of the poet's genius to adapt the subject to his purpose—and he alone can divine the capabilities of an untried one. To no other mind would the stories upon which Shakspeare has founded his dramas have suggested his finished conception—nor would the writers for the stage in the present day have felt richer in resources if he had not been before them with *Othello* and *Macbeth*. Walsh told Pope that there was but one way open—to be more correct than his predecessors. How many poets have risen up to prove that there were worlds beyond Mr. Walsh's vision!

Cowper was fifty when he began *The Task*. The subject was suggested by Lady Austen, and he probably commenced it without a definite plan. But *The Sofa* was associated with his domestic life, and into that channel the current of his thoughts forthwith began to run. He was a religious recluse, who loved his tea and his fireside, his newspaper and his book, his garden and his walk. These homely materials made the staple of his verse. In describing his own tastes he had given utterance to the sentiments of thousands—their hearts vibrated in unison with the chord he had struck, and every man who loved nature, and home, and goodness, loved to contemplate the picture in *The Task*. If he had racked his brain to contrive a great and original poem, he would have sought a more lofty and swelling theme, but, led by a happy chance to an apparently flat and unpromising one, he became great and original by portraying with a poet's power the every-day experience of his sequestered abode.

Scott has told, in his too brief Autobiography, his youthful passion for Border-raid ballads and chivalrous romances—how he fastened like a tiger upon every collection which chance threw in his way, and how, when he first read Percy's *Reliques*, the summer day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, he forgot his dinner, and was found entranced beneath a huge platanus-tree in his intellectual banquet. Contemporaneous with his enthusiasm for legendary lore was his feeling for the landscape around him. He soon effected a union between the two, and peopled his haunts with their ancient heroes. His imagination created a present out of the shadowy past, and in this enchanting—because fictitious—world he lived, and moved, and had his being. The education of the schoolboy advanced rather slowly, but that of the poet and novelist with gigantic strides. The age of thirty-two found him collecting the Minstrelsy, and imitating these much-loved strains—uncertain still where his strength lay, and how to display his genius to the world. The Countess of Dalkeith



begged a ballad on the tradition of Gilpin Horner. Sir John Stoddart repeated to him the *Christabel* of Coleridge, as yet unpublished. The varied harmony of the changing metre struck him as exactly suited to a goblin extravaganza, which was all he meditated. A friend suggested the division of the story into cantos, with poetical mottoes at their head, as shadows to image faintly the coming events. From this slight hint grew the exquisite conception of the aged harper, who was to render the prologues he spoke in his own person as dramatic and picturesque as the tale which ensued. Already by a single wave of the wand the simple ballad was in process of transformation into a species of rich romance 'unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.' He was one of the volunteers in training to resist the French, and the sight of military preparations prompted a further extension of the canvas. He would introduce a border fray—he would blend the martial and superstitious ballad, the ardour of the one and the mysterious awe of the other. The whole was to be a tribute to the beautiful lady who bespoke the piece, and many of the most graceful passages of *The Lay* may be said to have been inspired by this living muse. Thus easily he reconstructed, out of the ruins of a somewhat rude and almost obsolete description of verse, a splendid edifice of more diversified design, of nobler proportions, of richer tracery, of more finished execution. Two ages met together in Scott. In boyhood, when fiction has the reality of fact, he had feasted his fancy upon the half-lawless, half-chivalrous doings of sterner days; in manhood, his appetite having grown by what it fed on, he invested these primitive passions with the refinement and courtesy of modern times—arranged the incidents with artifice, breathed over them a purer vein of tender and generous sentiments, and heightened them with a luxury of language, images, and sound. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was the natural development of the blind impulses of the child—though none but a magician could have made a new and brighter stream burst forth from the dry and mouldering fountain.

- Scott was at his meridian when another luminary appeared on the horizon. Byron began with a prelude of no particular promise. His *Hours of Idleness* were mostly imitative, and announced little more than the commonplace aspiration of a clever boy. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, though a vigorous piece, would not have entitled him to rank with Horace, Boileau, and Pope. So far from having framed any grand plan for an eternal work when he began *Childe Harold*, after finishing two cantos he was ignorant of its value, and held it cheap in comparison with the *Hints from Horace*! While he ransacked the works of his predecessors

predecessors for his subjects and style he was often feeble, and never first-rate, but when he took his topics from the paths he was treading he became, at once, the most popular poet of his time. His Tales were even a more curious instance that a transcript from the actual world is sufficient to give originality. They were palpably suggested by the performances that had so recently been deemed unsurpassable—and it was with Sir Walter's shears that he cropped Sir Walter's laurels. But though the tune was old, the notes were—as Sir Walter himself with frankness acknowledged—in a new and more impassioned key. The fire which warmed the breast of that good as well as great man scorched the heart of Byron; and his characters commanded the deep sympathy of the world simply because they gave utterance to the vehement emotions which from childhood had kept up a fever in his own soul.

Crabbe was a student in the school of Pope. In the structure of his verse he had the mannerism of his master, without in general attaining to his melody and finish. The earlier pieces of the author of *The Village*, which are much the most polished, have many feeble and prosaic lines interspersed between passages of harmony and force. If he had borrowed the subjects along with the style, he would have been the faint echo of a vigorous voice. But with the true instinct of genius, instead of mimicking what he had read he narrated what he had seen. He was born and grew up in a fishing-village, with coarseness and poverty on every side, the sea in front of him, and slimy marshes and sandy flats at his back. His origin was sufficiently humble to permit him to be the companion of fishermen and rustics, and, unchecked by the restraints which the presence of superiors imposes, the whole of their existence lay naked before him. He fearlessly daguerretyped both the scenes and the persons, and, in spite of the many unpoetic elements, their distinctness and fidelity arrest and fix the most refined. Though there is a monotony of colouring, his poems exhibit within his own range a great variety of incident and character, and he reveals the springs of conduct with no less felicity than he paints external appearances. The gloom of his pictures has been often overstated—but certainly it is here that he was most at home, and when he forsakes the sterner scenes he is apt to leave his mantle behind him also. It was no misanthropy that guided his pen. He was a benevolent man, full of the milk of human kindness; and his sympathy with sorrow, and his pity for guilt, are apparent throughout. But his youthful experience was of brutal passions, low vices, and squalid misery; and, faithful to his recollections, he reproduced the originals with every wart, scar, and seam. The tone grew less  
sombre

sombre when his knowledge of better characters increased—his first manner, however, retaining a predominance to the last; and while the wretchedness occasioned by neglect, want, and sin, is portrayed in all its muscular energy, the softer emotions demanded a gayer fancy, more graceful ornaments, and a lighter touch. Thus it was with Crabbe as with Cowper, Scott, and Byron—and thus it is that nature, by varying the temperaments and situations of mankind, is for ever bringing new phases of feeling and existence to light. Invention might be exhausted if it depended upon the arbitrary creations evolved by thought; but since every man is placed in a world of his own, his experience becomes the ‘minister to his imagination, and to be original he has only to copy with judgment. To discriminate the circumstances which are proper for the purpose, to adapt, modify, and give them expression, is the province of genius—and while the world lasts there is never likely to be a lack of materials, or of minds to shape them.

It is a narrow criticism which would measure poets the most dissimilar upon a single private Procrustean bed. This has been charged on Dr. Johnson by writers who had a far less catholic spirit than his. They abused him for praising faintly some of their favourites, and forgot that he applauded where they condemned. Wordsworth, who was one of his reprovers, wished to eject every bird from the nest who did not sing like himself. A great deal of his poetic criticism was only saying in substance that John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Thomas Gray, were not William Wordsworths. It is fortunate they were not. Our literature, by losing its variety, would lose much of its beauty and most of its use. Eager youth is prone to fancy that the surest way to get upon a pedestal is to push somebody else down. But there is room for all who are at all worthy of conspicuousness. Out of the cloud of arrows that are shot at the mark two or three go to the central point, a few alight in the outer rings, and the rest miss the target. They are miserable archers that have long an opportunity to complain of the umpires.

The crowd of epical aspirants make no pretence to the excellence of originality. Every sun that appears in the firmament is quickly followed by a moon that takes up the wondrous tale; but because ‘the word Miltonic means sublime’ the penny poets blow most of their penny trumpets in mimicry of one grand and solemn blast. The nightly-whispering voice, of which Coleridge *dreamt*, speaks to them doubtless of predestinated garlands starry and unwithering; but Bow-bells have told many apprentices besides Whittington that they were to be mayors of London. Swift in his Panegyric on Self-conceit says that, if all men were to have  
the

the opinion of themselves that others have of them, there would not be, out of shame, above two sermons a Sunday in this large city. However it might have fared with the sermons, self-knowledge would unquestionably be fatal to epics. But it is time that we should open the pie of blackbirds, and allow them to sing.

There flourished at the commencement of this nineteenth century two brothers—Joseph and Amos Cottle—who will be immortal in a couplet of Canning's. Abundant, indeed, was the matter devised out of these Shallows to keep the world in laughter. Byron too delighted to gird at them, and attacked Amos in particular for what he could not help—the crime of his god-fathers and godmothers:—‘Oh! Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name!’ And though this was his misfortune and not his fault, it certainly recalls on the title-page of an epic poem the feelings of Mr. Shandy at the ill-starred name of Tristram—‘Melancholy dissyllable of sound, which to his ears was unison to *nincompoop*!’

The two Dromios were not more difficult to distinguish than these brothers in blood and poetry. Lord Byron was too impetuous to make the effort. His business was to manufacture the fool's-cap, and he left the public to place it on the right head. ‘Mr. Cottle,’ he says, ‘Amos, Joseph—I don't know which—but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of epics—*Alfred and the Fall of Cambria*.’ Upon the parentage, birth, and death (life there was none to speak of) of the Fall of Cambria we can give no information; but of the other we are able to affirm that Lord Byron all but assigned to Tweedle-dum what belonged to Tweedle-dee. ‘Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos,’ is the real celebrator of King Alfred.

The question may be thought to belong to the department of the antiquarian. Alfred Fitz-Joseph was a rickety child—died in infancy—and had long been forgotten. But at the interval of half a century this defunct, to our astonishment, has risen from the grave, and promises to compensate by the number for the brevity of his lives. Poetry fifty years since was in a languishing condition. Though there could be nothing worse than Mr. Cottle's there was little better. The eagle has since renewed his youth and taken noble flights; we have witnessed the soaring of the Byrons and Scotts, and whatever creeps along the ground must at least be possessed of the charm of novelty to attract attention. The revival in 1850 of the ‘Alfred’ of 1800 would have been an inscrutable mystery, except for the candid confession of the parent, that, the mountain refusing to come to Mahomet, Mahomet had resolved to go to the mountain.

Alfred

Alfred the First was in a third edition—bookseller bards can easily multiply *editions*—when he was dethroned for his feebleness, and perished from neglect. He now acknowledges the justice of that fate, but assures us that in every essential particular he may be considered Alfred the Second. In the plain language of his Preface, Mr. Joseph has been reading his epic with ‘rigid impartiality, mature judgment, and a more fastidious taste;’ and having arrived at the conclusion ‘that the basis of the poem was sufficiently firm to admit of a reconstruction,’ he has built a new edifice out of the old materials. Having passed the limits assigned to man by the Psalmist, he is still ‘all song and sentiment,’ and has not a whit less faith in the merits of this child of his age because he had found himself mistaken as to the effort of his youth.

The purchaser of the new-old Alfred will have more for his money than the title-page promises. A lengthy pamphlet, called ‘The Heresiarch Church of Rome,’ is bound up with the poem. What the Church of Rome has to do with that poem, which has never been inserted in the index of prohibited works, is a question he expects to be asked, and in vain attempts to answer. The real motive for the proceeding was, we suspect, the irresistible temptation to avail himself of an opportunity for introducing to the world a production undoubtedly fresh. He would, however, have done better for his interests if he had reversed the order—advertised a treatise on the Church of Rome, and slipped in King Alfred under the gaberdine of the Pope.

Cottle does not strike the lyre with greater frenzy than he strikes a papist; but no energy of arm can impart to chaff the force of a mace. The language is violent and inflated, but mean and uncouth—the tone ludicrously pompous—the matter beyond precedent scanty and commonplace. Never had good cause more confident champion. He found the Church of Rome arrayed in robes as scarlet as the fire—he is persuaded that he leaves her as black as the chimney. He rises in the last page to the dignity of a prophet, and concludes with the assurance that, before a number of specified events have happened, ‘England, the flower of nations, shall have relapsed into barbarism, and the sun have ceased to shine!’ Without a sun in the firmament ‘it is difficult to imagine how we could manage to maintain even a barbarous existence, but we are aware that there are more things in Cottle’s philosophy than are dreamt of in ours. One of his sentiments will meet with cordial concurrence; he says that ‘folly is an article infinitely varied, and with which the world abounds.’

Not content with a preface of eighteen pages, a controversial pamphlet of a hundred, and another onset upon the Catholics in a supplement

supplement of twenty, he inflicts a fourth prologue of thirty more in the shape of a preliminary *Book*, which he considerably forewarns us is an excrescence on the poem. The excrescence is retained because it was 'the sport of a youthful fancy';—a bad beginning, when the inducement to try him again is his assurance that he has cast his skin. Though redundancy is inexcusable in so uncompromising an opponent of supererogatory works, the most effectual remedy for the fault is to overlook it, and commence reading where Cottle commenced 'Alfred'—at the second book. There we are introduced to Sigbert, Abbot of Wilton, whose language begets a suspicion that he himself is the author:

Whether these limbs be mang'led, this weak head  
Put on by clumsy artisan, and made  
To dance thus wonderful, I cannot say.—p. 39.

The mangled limbs (a metaphorical expression to denote the fate of literary productions dear to him as a leg or an arm), the weak head, and the wonderful dance it has kept up, are strong facts to prove the guilt of the abbot. But what most contributes to establish the identity of Sigbert with the framer of the lay is an invocation addressed to its hero:—

Dig thou a pit  
Immeasurably deep, 'neath yon huge hill,  
For thee and for thy subjects.—I will stand  
At the dark mouth, and yell a withering tune,  
A tune about the Danes and their mad deeds,  
That shall put all to flight, save imps of hell.—p. 40.

That the imps read 'Alfred' is more than we can assert of our own knowledge. We merely remark that there have been four editions of the poem, that four copies were never seen in circulation by mortal man, and that the remaining three thousand nine hundred and ninety-six must certainly have gone somewhere. But except the audience selected by the artist, and the poor wretches in the pit who cannot get out, not a soul, we fear, has withstood the withering influence of the tune. The opening of the yell was quite sufficient for ourselves.

The name of Alfred acts like a magnet upon ambitions of the first class. He was sung by Blackmore—who indeed sang everybody; he next fell into the hands of Pye, who did nothing for the king's reputation or his own; and Mr. Cottle, we have seen, has twice volunteered his vigour to raise the degraded sovereign from the mire. To these achievements we have now to add 'King Alfred by John Fitchett.' Mr. Fitchett was an attorney at Warrington, and for forty years he laboured by stealth at the composition of a fourth or fifth 'Alfred,' which consists of fifty thousand lines—about three times the number in the *Iliad*.

This

This 'patient genius was within a stride of the goal, when death bore him from the course. His editor regrets that he should not have survived to conclude his vast performance, and usher it himself to the public. We are of a different opinion. He was happy in blowing his bubble. We can picture him mingling with his brother attorneys, humble in his deportment, but inwardly elate with a conscious superiority—in the thought that friends and neighbours would one day regard him with reverence, while the European world talked of Homer and Virgil and Milton and Fitchett. The Fates were kind to the Bard of Warrington.

Mr. Robert Roscoe was articled clerk to Mr. Fitchett, who not only initiated him into the mysteries of the profession, but intrusted him with the momentous secret of the 'Alfred.' When the senior was near his end, we have been told, he bequeathed his pupil 2000*l.* and his mantle. Dryden mentions of his three great epic poets that they were of as many different ages and nations—but here were two of the same age, the same nation, the same village, and the same calling. The survivor, having completed his master's work in the original strain, published the whole in a couple of large and closely printed volumes. Roscoe has since followed Fitchett to the tomb, and we trust it is now no distress to either of them that the locality is not in 'Poet's Corner.'

The design was encyclopædical. 'This *opus magnum* was not to be 'merely a poem—but a biography of the monarch, a history of his age, and an epitome of its antiquities, its topography, mythologies, and civil and military condition.' Besides this formidable array of earthly knowledge there is a vast amount of supernatural machinery, and the battles of the Danes and the English are in reality trials of strength between Satan and Michael. The *Arguments* prefixed to the third and fourth books will convey a faint idea of Mr. Fitchett's sublime:—

'During the night Satan assembles his powers in the air, and divulges to them a project he has formed of departing to Hell, his own world, to fetch from thence more fierce and subtle spirits, as he finds his present forces unequal to cope with the Angels. Satan arrives at his world, which he traverses. Convoking all the infernal spirits, he advises that a new legion shall return with him to Earth, who shall assume the shapes of the Pagan deities, and shall appear to the Danes, as occasion may require, in order to heighten their fury.—Satan and his host pass through a long and dangerous cave or passage, which had been wrought through Chaos by the labour of the Demons, opposite Man's Earth. They stop at its entrance, and, after a while planning their voyage, involve themselves in darkness, and in the semblance of a cloud are driven through the Universe, till they plunge amidst the Sea, within which they remain a short time. Satan immediately proceeds to execute  
his

his purpose of illusion, and appears to the whole Danish army in the shape of Odin, exciting them by his gestures to battles and devastation. The Danes are rendered ungovernably furious, which the Angels observing discover at length the deceits of Satan and his new forces.'

The solicitor's Satan is not remarkable for the wisdom of the Serpent. He fetches reinforcements to aid in a project that depends wholly on himself, and, though impotent without them, he dispenses with their assistance when they arrive. Michael, however, is alarmed by the superiority of this inactive host; and as a companion picture to Satan's journey to hell, we have the journey of the Archangel to heaven to fetch fresh recruits, who, like the demons, do nothing:

'After leaving directions to his associates for their conduct in his absence, Michael departs with a train of attendants to Heaven. The Angels, arriving in Heaven, pass first through the rural or more sequestered parts of it, then through the populous *and* more inhabited regions, whose delights and glories are *pictured to the fancy*. Michael ascends his throne, and explains the cause of his arrival, but declares that it is necessary to have the permission of the Deity — to intreat which, Michael and his powers approach the throne of the Supreme Deity, of which a faint development is *endeavour'd to be convey'd to human imagination*. The permission of the Deity is granted. Michael and a selected legion prepare to return to Earth. They see on their way the several planets within this sphere, according to our ideas of astronomy. At length perceiving the Earth with her attendant Moon, they stop awhile on the hills of the satellite, where being struck with admiration at the extent and grandeur of their journey, and the prospects they have seen, Michael breaks out into a rapture of astonishment at the omnipotence and goodness of the Deity. They then descend to Earth, and joining their other powers enter the camp of the English.'

Monkeys succeed better in their mimicry of men than bardlings in theirs of Milton's magic. Fitchett's daring did not stop here. He aimed to be the Proteus of Helicon, and levied contributions on Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, Scott, and numbers more. But, with all this attempted variety, monotonous magniloquence is his characteristic. Many of his verses are not to be read upon any system of metre with which we are acquainted, and we half suspect that his poetical works must have got mixed with his prose. Battles are his delight, and, though we have been credibly informed that he was a mild-tempered scrivener, the fury of his warriors is quite overwhelming. They are compared by turns to every monster of the forest and the deep. A Dane engages an Englishman until—

Such seem'd the fight  
As when in Indian wilds a serpent huge,

Provoked



Provoked by other roaming monster, starts  
 Aloft, and instant round the guardless foe  
 Enwreathes his spotted folds, whose stifling weight  
 Crushes with violent grasp the yielding bones.  
 Roaring in anguish then the enormous beast,  
 Lion or leopard, in his foamy jaws  
 Seizes the incumbent death. The deserts hear  
 Yells and loud hisses load the shuddering air.

—vol. i. p. 203.

The Englishman is the Boa-constrictor—the Lion or Leopard is the Dane. But no sooner is he in the ‘foamy jaws’ of the serpent than he becomes a whale.

He terrible and vast  
 Seemed to the fixed gaze—as when a whale  
 Perceives his bulk assail’d by hostile spears,  
 And downward rolls, tossing in agony  
 With stormy rage—until, ascending soon,  
 From his huge nostrils he *upsends aloft*  
 Torrents of blood, wide-reddening the green sea.—*Ib.*

Though his ‘yielding bones have been crushed with violent grasp,’ though ‘he upsends aloft torrents of blood,’ and is ‘roaring with anguish,’ this Dane is carried by his comrades from the conflict merely ‘pale and faint.’ The battle raged on; ‘swords blazed terrible flames;’ ‘barb’d arrows sang frantic for blood.’ But when Fitchett’s hero ‘rush’d to that scene of death’—

The noise of war  
 Was at his presence hush’d. Awful he came,  
 As the grim monarch of the forest wilds,  
 Who, lodged at midnight in his den, if dark  
 Hurricanes sweep along the thundering air,  
 Awakes; roll’d downward in tumultuous ruin,  
 Rocks crash, and suddenly hot lightning-fires  
 Invade the secrets of his blood-stain’d cave:  
 Then his red eyeballs glaring blaze: he stalks  
 Howling to open air, with sulphurous flames  
 Luridly bright, and with astounding roars  
 Mocks the dread thunder and defies the storm.—*Ib.* p. 209.

This must have been the very lion, admired by Scriblerus—

Who roared so loud and look’d so wondrous grim,  
 His very shadow durst not follow him.

Coleridge said that he abominated the whole tribe of lion, tiger, and boar similes, and that he would as soon meet a wolf in the open field as in a friend’s verse. That many-worded man would, to use his own expression, have ‘risen up terrible in reasoning,’  
 and

and torn the Warrington menagerie to pieces. Wild beasts make tame poetry.

Our next candidate for the epic laurel is William Richard Harris, author of 'Napoleon Portrayed.' Some people are born with a silver spoon in their mouths; Mr. Harris may be said to have been brought into the world with a golden lyre in his hand. After mentioning that the juvenile tastes of the Corsican were a sure indication of his subsequent career, he adduces these parallel examples:—

Thus Newton blew his bubble worlds around,  
Enraptured eyeing their prismatic hues;  
Thus Pope in childhood sought the forest shade;  
Lisping sweet numbers to the sighing gale;  
Thus He who now adventurous tardy pours  
Heroic lay, from *earliest infancy*  
*Courted, enamour'd, Milton's flowing strain:*  
Mute—till a *heavenly* theme his fancy fired!—p. 7.

The strains, then, whose 'forced constructions' were often obscure to Pope in his manhood, appeared 'flowing' to this infant prodigy. Other swans sing before they die: ours may have sung before he was born—at least, he calls himself elsewhere 'an embryo bard.' Napoleon, Newton, Pope, Harris!—which was the greatest man among you may admit of a doubt, but the most illustrious child was unquestionably Harris.

In spite of his cradle preference he owns at present a divided allegiance. Sudden bursts of rhyme, varying in length from a couplet to a hundred lines, attest his ambition to be Milton and Dryden in the same piece. His Battle of the Nile will afford specimens in the manner of both masters. Before the engagement begins, the VATES, apostrophising Nelson, exclaims

That severed arm shall yet its thousands slay!—p. 212.

When, where, how did this happen? Southey is silent—neither Nicolas nor Pettigrew mentions it—and unless the French fleet had encountered a more formidable enemy than the ghost of Nelson's arm, it is some French Harris that would have chanted the victory of Aboukir Bay. He then inquires of *Britannia* who it was that, 'by the fleetness of his Neptune steed, had won the post of honour?'—and *Britannia* addresses her reply, not to the musical volunteer who puts the question, but to Captain Edward Foley, R.N.—who of all officers could least have needed the information:—

Like spire of Parian marble under sail,  
Whose lofty tops the northern breeze inhale,  
Foley! thy tall *Goliath* led the van!—p. 213.

Ruler

Rule of the waves though she be, and great as has been her experience in maritime affairs, it is not to be believed that Britannia ever saw 'a spire of Parian marble under sail.' She talks, moreover, of the 'lofty tops' of the spire—which is making two spires out of one—and affirms that they, though of *Parian marble*, 'inhale the breeze.'

Captain Hood attempts to race against Captain Foley, but Foley wins:—

The rival friends advance; till at the last,  
Topgallant stunsails setting, Foley passed.  
Haste, *Guerrier*!—harness on thy coat of mail!—  
Alas! nor shield nor buckler here avail:  
Twelve awful minutes sped, his bravest slain,  
Poor *Guerrier* crippled lies, never to fight again.—p. 213.

'Poor *Guërrier*!' He was evidently an antiquarian of the old *régime*, and a strange figure he must have looked on a republican quarter-deck, pacing to and fro in his steel harness and heraldic surcoat, and attempting to stop cannon-shot with shield *and* buckler. His proud confidence in his bearings must have received an awful shock when the ball which crippled him came crashing through his *coat of mail*!

The action is continued with equal spirit through more than four hundred lines, our ships at every instant

Teaching the haughty *Peuple Souverain*  
How Britons wield the trident of the main.—p. 214.

The 'lamented Westcott fell glorious,' and has a 'hallowed urn' beneath the dome of St. Paul's:—

Go view it, Briton! and with *tearful smile*  
Exclaim, Such honour cometh of the Nile!—p. 217.

Unless that 'urn' be very unlike most of the monuments in its neighbourhood, we hope to be pardoned for smiling *sans phrase* when we next inspect it. The principal distinctions, however, are reserved of right for *the* hero of the day. Who it is that addresses him in the passage describing them is somewhat problematical—a natural guess would be Garter King at Arms—but we rather suspect it to be—in *propria personâ*—George III.:—

Horatio, Baron Nelson of the Nile!  
Henceforth these proud additions nobly bear  
On thy armorial shield:—A chief argent  
And undulated ocean waves thereon;  
Whence issuant, a disabled ship between,  
Dexter, and ruined batt'ry, sinister,  
Let stately palm-tree, *proper all*, arise!—  
Thy triumph well triumphant plume deserves:  
Wherefore the Turkish Chelengh, floating free,

Shall

Shall blaze aloft, due meed of victory.  
 Be this on Naval Crown of *or* thy crest :—  
 This motto by thy Royal Master penned—  
*Palmarum qui meruit ferat!* ever thine.  
 Whereas a sailor on its dexter side,  
 And on its sinister a lion stand  
 Thy shield supporting—henceforth *verdant* wave,  
 That sailor's hand, that lion's paws within,  
 Egyptian palm-branch, emblematical  
 And *proper* both ; while from the lion's jaws  
 The *tricolor* in vanquished folds depends. —p. 225.

The similes are a special feature in 'Napoleon Portrayed.' In the description of the blowing up of the Orient there is a long comparison between the burning vessel and a runaway savage—or *nigger*, we suppose—who is said to assault his pursuing massa just as flames plunge into *the vitals* of a three-decker! But in general he delights, like Fitchett, to draw his similitudes from beasts, birds, fishes, and insects. While, however, Fitchett supplies his museum from foreign climes, Harris is disposed to encourage our domestic breeds—patronizing the fowls at the barn-door—nay, the cobweb in the corner. The inhabitants of Mantua are compared to the wattles on the throat of a turkey-cock, and his hero, their foe, he likens to a half-starved spider :—

The sun, Aquarius leaving, from the sign  
 To youthful angler dear shines faintly forth,  
 Ere like a *famished spider from his cell*,  
 From Cairo issuing, *fierce Napoleon* sprung.—p. 232.

The resemblance would have been more complete if the Corsican had suspended himself from the wall instead of issuing through the gate ; but haste and hunger may excuse this slight deviation from the character. What is inexcusable in Harris is the repetition of his similes, when under the article entomology alone he had several thousands of specimens from which to select, and, after immortalising the spider on the ceiling, might just as well have done a good turn to the beetle on the floor. But we must take poets as we find them, and here therefore are 'fierce Napoleon' and the 'famished spider from his cell' again.

As famished spider from his cell beholds  
 A hornet tangled in his meshy folds,  
 Delighted views his terror and dismay,  
 Relentless, seizes, lops his wings away,  
 Avoids his sting, devours his crippled prey ;  
 Thus fierce Napoleon, inly gloating, spies  
 That helpless severed army : " Now—heeries—  
 " Wurmser ! thy fate as Beaulieu's quickly sealed."—  
 Scornful he smiled, and fought the battle-field.—p. 87.

Had

Had the distribution of the parts fallen to our lot, we should have made the hornet stand for Napoleon, and the spider spinning an endless web about his victim the representative of our poet.

In a printed Letter to the Editor of the *Morning Post*—which has been pasted into the noble quarto before us—

‘I call,’ says Mr. Harris, ‘upon the honourable and impartial portion of the literary and critical press to notice, and make copious extracts from, *Napoleon*. Having to the best of my ability performed my duty to my beloved country, let them do theirs.’

*Copious* is a relative term. A small modicum of nectar would be a large dose of medicine; and Mr. Harris, who drains down liquor of his own brewing with an enviable relish, may be calling for more when those accustomed to another vintage are already overdrenched. But we should be sorry that *Calliope's favourite* (for such he styles himself) should go away thirsting; and if any dislike their drink they can set down the glass while, to oblige the gentleman, we pour out a bumper of his most sparkling champagne:—

Berthier, Murât, Masséna, Augereau,  
Lannes, Soult, Davoust, Ney, Mortier, Kellermann,  
Lefebvre, Bessières, Serrurier,  
Brune, Moncey, Perignon, and Bernadotte  
Are Marshals of the Empire.—p. 289.

Such is the work of which Mr. Harris himself says in the Letter already cited that ‘there is no medium—either it is a National Epic of which England, *though never its author*, will be proud, or a worthless and abortive attempt.’ Of those individuals who have not (unlike England) received the Epic in silence, but have dared to whisper some disparaging comments on its construction, he assures the world that he has ‘*proved* them to be false as imbecile—degenerate sons of England—who, incapable of augmenting her glory one iota, take a malicious pleasure in decrying those who attempt the arduous task.’ (*Ibid.*) Under awe of such warnings, we shall only add that *Napoleon Portrayed* is highly creditable to the papermaker, the printer, and the engraver, employed by the patriotic bard, or his courageous publisher.

No poems are more deserving the title of profane than many that go by the name of sacred. There are two species of extreme presumption—to deny the truths which the Almighty has revealed, or to ascribe to him words and actions which are the petty conceits of our imperfect understandings. When the conceptions are those of a puerile imagination, when the language is low and the rhythm harsh, the burlesque becomes complete, and an intentional parody could hardly be more painful than the well-

well-meant impiety. Even Milton here has sometimes sunk below himself and his theme. Undeterred by the general acknowledgment of that fact, and by the numberless universally admitted failures of Milton's myrmidons, an author, who calls himself 'Psychologist,' has put forth—A.D. 1850—in two octavo volumes of 750 pages, under the title of 'Sacred Incidents doctrinally considered and poetically described,' a small instalment of an Epic which, when finished, will be the longest in the world—longer even than the masterpiece of Fitchett *cum* Roscoe. Each Book is divided into three Parts, each Part being longer than an ordinary Book, and there being presented regularly between these Parts a 'Musical Interlude,' or sing-song summary of the previous 'Incident.' The second volume concludes with the passage of the Red Sea;—and, if this *livraison* do not share the fate of Pharaoh's host, Psychologist proposes to 'describe poetically' all that was done, and a great deal that was not done, up to the period of the Resurrection. Furthermore, in an introductory exposition (written, for variety's sake, in unrhymed prose) Psychologist rehearses a *creed* of seventy-five pages. Every paragraph opens with 'I believe,' and a single sentence sometimes extends to a page and a half. The style proves Psychologist to be—if not, like his Warrington predecessor, an attorney—at all events, for certain, a well-trained conveyancer. For example:—

'I believe, and I am emboldened to declare, that I do not violate, nor attempt to shake, nor to cast down, one single atom of the truth of God; that none of the promises, nor the threatenings, nor the declarations, nor the histories, nor the admonitions, nor the consequences, as declared under the Old or the New dispensations, are thereby set aside, nor invaded, nor altered, nor endangered, nor weakened.'—p. lxxiii.

There was no necessity, however, to hedge himself with the same jealous surplusage of words happily vouchsafed by engrossers, for, though the evil-disposed might take advantage of an oversight to dispute Psychologist's title to his land, no one, we should think, would wish to meddle with his creed. Finally, in spite of the legal precision of this devout indenture, a suspicion crossed his mind that a cloud of mysticism hung upon his Epic, and this 'great qualm' suggested an answerable ingenuity of practice:—

'This work having been written with the intention of its being produced before the public in the form of readings or recitations, to be accompanied by a complete series of dioramic representations—and upwards of two hundred and fifty of such, to illustrate the first two volumes, being now in progress by the author—he is desirous of giving his own pictorial rendering to the *conceptions contained therein*, in

order that his meaning should be fully embodied. *He therefore makes the subjects herein imagined to be copyright with the poetry, until such restriction is removed.*

Each of these 'dioramic representations' is to occupy 'one thousand square feet' of canvass. Creed, Poem, Illustrations, are alike therefore on a colossal scale—nor indeed could the sovereign of Brobdignag use more autocratic language than what we have just had the honour to transcribe. The 'conceptions contained' in the two first volumes of *Incidents* are taken from the early parts of the Bible, and Psychologist issues a decree that no one is to paint a picture from any chapter of Scripture between the creation and the passage of the Red Sea, until he shall be pleased in the plenitude of his power to dissolve the injunction. His notions of monopoly and copyright are evidently on a par with the rest of his ideas.

At this period of affairs he issued a 'Prospectus of a grand Artistic Exhibition for 1851,' and headed it very correctly '*unprecedented combination of poetry and painting.*' It was to be a pendant to the Crystal Palace, and Psychologist 'secured a most eligible piece of ground adjoining the entrance to Hyde Park at Prince Albert's Gate, Knightsbridge.' But here a trifling difficulty occurred. Our poet had designed the two hundred and fifty pictures—and 'the most celebrated artists' were already busy in colouring them—when the work was stopped for want of a paltry five thousand pounds :—

'The author and designer was therefore induced to dispose of a portion of his interest in the said Exhibition, to enable him to bring it before the public in such a manner as should render it worthy its *great original*, and at the same time to offer to a *select few* a field for investment of no ordinary character.'

Of no ordinary character indeed—for every share of 50*l.* was to produce a certain return of 300*l.*, and a possible return of 500*l.*, 'while all loss was positively precluded,' and the Keeper of the Chinese Collection guaranteed 'the correctness of the estimate.' The promise of profits varying from six hundred to a thousand per cent., though vouched by a pig-tailed showman, savoured too much of Brobdignag to find credit with a nation accustomed to 3 per cent., and the 'select few,' which meant all persons worth fifty pounds, declined to accept the proffered boon. If the money had been forthcoming the Paxton miracle would have been a trifle to its neighbour. There was a quarter of a million of square feet of pictures to be looked at, and a creed and poem of proportionable size to be heard. These were 'to be read by an elocutionist of the greatest ability, so as to produce the effect of a dramatical recital ;'—and, allowing for the time lost in starts and grimaces, and for short episodes of creature-comfort between the

the Parts, 'a course of the recital and pictures' would have lasted three days at least. Imagine Psychologist in his rostrum and the pictures in front of him—the crowd with one eye on the painted scene, and the other on the 'author and designer' enthusiastically acting it—fancy his frenzied declamation, and the band accompanying him in the 'musical interludes'—and suppose all this to be continued for three consecutive days before the same spell-bound and enraptured audience, and it is impossible to deny that it would have been, as the Prospectus promised, 'the most novel spectacle ever presented to an English public.' The nearest approach to it—for, we believe, the famous Tragedy in 25 Acts, composed by Nat Lee in Bedlam, never reached the stage—seems to have gratified the days of Goldsmith, who paid five shillings to hear some Psychologist of Lilliput read a printed Ode, of which Johnson said that 'bolder words and more timorous meaning were never brought together.' But let Dean Cockburn decide whether any timorousness of meaning disgraces the bold words of *our* Psychologist where he announces his theory of Creation:—

'Nuclea of gaseous particles formed, which consolidate to spheres and become suns. Carbonic vapours emitted from these consolidate, and become opaque globes revolving round their parent ball of flame. The earth rolls into the foreground. A comet approaches the surface of the earth. Its central minerals, acquiring additional heat, burst up the encircling rinds. Mountains, valleys, and seas are formed, and the earth assumes the features which it *now* possesses.'—vol. i. p. 41.

His theory of the cause why our first parents were without garments is, we think, original:—

They did possess  
Arrangements wise for personal cleanliness.  
Unclad were they!—vol. i. p. 170.

Does Psychologist suppose that his clothes are, like his skin, a fixture, or, in his rabid horror of water, does he imagine that one of the consequences of the fall is an inability to wash?

Satan slyly advances to tempt our first mother amid the dulcet harmony of a Musical Interlude:—

And the Angels looked down, and they followed God's eye,  
Where directed 'twas seen—and their sight did espy,  
Stealing softly and dense, a dark Being of dread,  
Through the cave where Eve slept, to the side of her bed!

And the form it *stole* on;—and he *slid* on his way,  
Lest the sound of a *step* should to Godhead convey  
The intelligence vast—should disarm his vile snare—  
That God's plains were assailed!—Man's Deceiver was there!

vol. i. p. 206.



Here the mellifluous strain reminds us of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogene. The destruction of Pharaoh is in more spasmodic style :—

Drive on—for life !

The wild steeds lash !—Great Heaven !—this strife—  
This plunge will be my last !

For mercy sake,

One effort more, one vig'rous struggle make !  
I yet may gain the shore !—

Too far !—too late !

Here comes the wave !—Oh God !—it is my fate !—  
I pray—I cur—se— —vol. ii. p. 375.

The concluding line may require explanation. The rapid transition from praying to cursing is occasioned by a wave which dashes across the Egyptian despot's face. His majesty has barely time to thunder 'I cur—' when another wave suspends his speech. Getting momentary breath, he takes up the word where he left it off, and summons all his royal energy to cry out—'se.' But let it not be forgotten that Pharaoh is Psychologist. From these extracts a judgment may be formed of the treat he had devised for an illiberal and undiscerning public. But if it should happen that there are persons with fifty pounds who think well of his poem, his pictures, and his speculation, they will probably find that it is not yet too late—that Psychologist is still ready to receive the money, and the Mandarin over the way to undertake that it shall pay a thousand per cent.

'Thomas Hawkins, Esq.,' takes his key-note from the most questionable part of *Paradise Lost*, and with pious profanity employs his imagination in feigning 'Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell.' His Muse, the better to inspire him, has laid aside her habitual gentleness, and visits him with a treatment in keeping with his theme. On her first appearing to him 'she singed,' he says, 'his auburn locks with lightnings;'—on another occasion he exclaims :—

Thou Muse ! thyself my *tympanum* hast broke !—p. 162 ;—

and on a third, she works him up to such a pitch of propitious fury that—

from his fingers flayed  
The *pestled* plectrum falls.—p. 259.

He is delighted with the discipline, and to become a Milton is proud to be reduced to the ninth part of a man. And no wonder—for the Muse, while inflicting the injuries, assured him of 'long life and honour—if he placed the name of Queen Victoria above the sacrilegious

sacrilegious reach of Time.' An advertisement prefixed to the 4to. states that there is 'preparing for the press the History of my Life to my present thirty-third year;'—which is somewhat young to be bald, deaf, and maimed—and if 'the Muse' could restore the flesh she has stripped from Mr. Hawkins's hands, renovate the hair she has burnt from his head, and re-unite the drum of his ear, the honour and long life would be more worth having. Whatever happens to himself, he has immortalised Victoria. He cries out 'Tis done!'—reminds her that 'her predecessor had Spenser and Shakspeare,' and 'trusts that *The Wars of Jehovah* will serve as a mark for her Majesty's reign unto the latest posterity.' Queen Victoria, ejected from history, which will be principally occupied with Hawkins, will survive, however, in an episode to Hawkins's poem.—Yet this Potentate of Parnassus, who has the Sovereign of England for a subject, is on some points less magisterial than *Psychologist*. He blandly requests the courteous reader to take notice—

'First, that time is treated of throughout the whole of these Wars as Holy Scripture declareth it to exist in the apprehension of Jehovah, viz., a thousand of our years to the day. Second, that the word *Earth* hath *no relation whatever* to the globe upon which we live, but goeth for the aggregated matter of our solar system when in a state of utmost expansion, and occupying more space than all the suns astronomy tells.'

In the judgment of Mr. Hawkins the novel definition of these terms 'elevates the action and the actors far above the most exalted standard extant'—and, in fact, his notions of poetic grandeur are exclusively arithmetical. The whole of his sublime is borrowed from the multiplication table, and he manufactures a supernatural being by endowing him with a hundred legs and arms—*plus* a whole armoury of swords. Thus some of his Demons

had *octare* rows  
Of teeth—like that dread dragon Cadmus slew—  
And bit for rage great pieces out their backs  
And bellies—kindling fire or vomiting,  
Each time they vomited, an *earth quite full*  
Of solid smoke!—p. 254.

Mr. Thomas Hawkins does as the Demons. But soon they are wounded to death—not without another convulsive clearance;—

Their dying voice was like—  
Was like a dying thunder;—and their blood  
Like grumous lava, spinning, spirting forth  
Their mountain-bodies, as the geysers spout,  
Or spirt, and spue in Iceland. One when in  
His latter agonies *stroke out* behind

Full six score *jams*. A camelopard so,  
 Escap'd but wounded from a lion, fallen,  
*Sometimes* will strike. Woe to the wild wood-cats  
 Behind him!—p. 255.

Podisthinos hurls at Adramelec 'a magazine entire of welted bolts:—

All, all then went to wreck—their owner left  
 A heap of shapeless cinders. Such they find  
 After a fire, in some small entry where  
 None was suspect; they stare, and stir, and stare  
 Again, and take it for a perished cat  
 Or missing mastiff. Nor Adramelec  
 Alone;—that torrent entered to the heart  
 So sure, it blew all up. So wasps are blown,  
 Or hornets—nests and all—into the air  
 Too long infested; all their stings as well—  
 Their legs, wings, sing'd, burnt, broken!—p. 251.

Harrinthytor or Grothor, we are unable to make out which,  
 gets a blow from an axe, and—

down fell what stood  
 For ten great wings.—p. 273.

This is a slight foretaste of what immediately follows:—

Through the air a summons sped  
 At once into his brain: into his mouth,  
 Through the crushed palatals, the pulp divine,  
 Discharging then, he spitted.—  
 Yet still he breath'd, liv'd, fought, retired—or fled—  
 Reviving as he fled—the cranial sphere  
 Reintegrating—all the injur'd bones  
 Solder'd again together by the mere  
 Motion of will.—p. 274.

Bones are happily 'reintegrated;' but it makes no difference to the combatants whether they recover their brains or no. Even their bowels, though more copious, are of scarcely greater consequence. Pathriknites had just before 'withdrawn disembowelled;' yet, though a blow from a club killed not only him but Agafri-minos, and Agiphine, and several more, he was getting on without his entrails quite as well as when he had them. The malignant spirits are at last dashed to pieces—

with a crash  
 That deafen'd all the Universe, *and* all  
 The Fallen deafen'd, so thereafter they  
 Heard never any more. Even the trump  
 Of Resurrection fail'd; and now were God's

Own Throne (which is impossible) to fall,  
 And with it all Creation, they would hear  
 Nothing—their ears so *dunch*! What wonder then  
 That mine? &c. &c.—p. 451.

*Dunch* is a colloquial adjective, unknown either to Dr. Johnson or to Dr. Richardson. Both lexicographers, however, have a probably cognate substantive; and among the examples of that noun given by our learned contemporary, Mr. Hawkins will find this from *Hudibras*:—

A second Thomas, or at once  
 To name them all, another *Dunce*!

‘Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S., &c. &c.,’ produces ‘Jesus: a Poem—in six books:’—which read as if they had been originally six sermons. They are made up of a feeble and flowery paraphrase, which degrades the simplicity of the sacred narrative, and of some grotesque additions from the doctor’s imagination, which are only not matter for merriment because they are something worse. He announces in his preface that if he had been a painter he would in preference have executed a picture: so, to compensate us as the best may for missing a gorgeous canvass, his Muse has volunteered to embellish the Gospel history with ambient skies, rosy tints, sunny slopes, verdant meads, tuneful choristers, nightingales, lilies, violets, rivulets, and all the sleepy, sickly vocabulary of a rhyming school-girl. The doctor occasionally takes a step out of this beaten circle; but the result attests his wisdom in getting back to it directly. The impotence of Satan’s temptations is done in his most vigorous style:—

The healthful soul  
 Flung from itself the hated pestilence—  
 As vase of purest crystal, though it be  
 Thin as the lightest gossamer, can bear  
 Uninjured the fierce strokes and deadly aim  
 Of the enraged adder’s forked tongue.—p. 38.

The purity of the crystal has nothing to do with its power of resistance. It is a question of firm or brittle; and a brown pipkin would equally defy the adder’s tongue. Let the doctor, after washing his hand in ‘all great Neptune’s ocean,’ walk to the reptile-house in the Zoological Gardens, and present a finger to a rattlesnake who has not lately swallowed a blanket.

His description of sunrise is somewhat hackneyed in its commencement, but original in its conclusion, to which we shall confine ourselves. The dawn ‘sweeps along the plains,’ and

leaves  
 The astounded world in the embrace of day.  
 Fountains gush up and fill the vacant heart

With

With a strange fulness of delight and joy.  
Men greet each other as if each had found  
Some precious pearl or gold-mine in his field.—p. 11.

Dr. Stebbing knows best whether he is 'astounded' every morning—and it is highly probable that he calls himself the 'world'—but the world of our acquaintance are accustomed to bear it with more equanimity. Nor should we fear to prophesy that, if a gold-mine turns up in the reverend gentleman's glebe any morning, his family will detect by his manner over his muffin that the excitement has not all been produced by the re-appearance of daylight enough for him to shave by.

Elsewhere this divine poet talks of

Rich Autumn at the door  
Waiting, like some poor huckster with his wares  
Asking a home.—p. 57.

What has *rich* Autumn in common with a *poor* huckster—and since when have pedlars asked their customers to adopt them, and make them one of the family? But the commodity that the man carries may be copies of 'Jesus,' and then we admit that he might be at a pinch to pay for a night's lodging.

Another of the doctor's cloth—the Rev. Robert Montgomery—is a poet of older standing, and one with whom it demands no ordinary courage to meddle.

The preface to the third edition of his *Luther* is chiefly devoted to the critics; and great is Mr. Montgomery's indignation because

Withouten fear or favour they do him scoff and mock,  
And make him among them their common laughing-stock.

It is not to be denied that some of the brethren of our craft do in these days treat their betters with most reprehensible indecorum—but still we read with astonishment such a sweeping diatribe as this:—

'That pert and superficial prate, that vicious tone of vulgar depreciation, that hasty and headlong censure, which are the bane and blight of literature—what South calls *the imposture of language*—words without meaning, meaning without truth, and truth without application—are the essence of these execrable displays. Would it not be useful if these gentlemen, who are in their own estimation the very Popes of mental infallibility, were sometimes to remember that of all vulgar attainments in this world, the utterance of harsh language, bitter irony, and snarling depreciation, is the most so? Epithets, to be appropriate, ought to be concentrated arguments; but a blind irruption of sarcastic terms, without truth or taste, is only a proof that the man who permits this has more petulant words in his memory than discerning sense in his mind, and is in principle as unsound as he is in temper atrabilious. . . . As a mere specimen of what is meant we may refer to the obesity which a certain Weekly Review (not more distinguished

distinguished by the flippancy of its style than for the feebleness of its criticism) displayed in its attempt to be irresistibly witty over some passages of this poem. . . . There is yet another mode in which certain outcasts of literature seek to avenge their disappointment on writers whose success is perverted by jaundiced minds into a kind of satire on their own failure. In some cases, indeed, the heartless outrages which anonymous assailants are allowed to commit, surpass even the bounds of common morals and social decency; and language suited to the most ferocious development of envy, malice, and *all unrighteousness* finds its way into works where we might well have expected better things. . . . The danger is, that a Christian man, by being brought into contact with such elements of degeneracy, may be tempted into an imitation of the very acrimony he condemns. . . . A great portion of the metropolitan critiques are the peevish emanations of disappointed authors and small poets run to seed; or else of sordid minds who delight to decry what they have not the power to equal. . . . To such an extent is their absence of honourable principle carried that you may always predict with tolerable accuracy how certain authors will be handled in certain periodicals **BEFORE THEIR LAST PUBLICATION APPEARS**. The enmity and rivalry and depreciation are prepared beforehand, and all alive for their work; and, after the title-page is read, a few leaves opened, and a superficial hunt for some imperfect lines or incorrect expressions is made, the "w." is quite equipped for his achievement—can be as oracularly malevolent as his splenetic heart desires. . . . This is not the language of aggrieved temper, but the expression of simple truth.'—*Preface to Luther*, pp. xiv.-xvii.

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?* Can all this frenzy of rubbish come from a delicate bard whose principal dread is lest the evil communication of critics should corrupt his own good manners? Can this be the same man who demands that criticism should be submitted to 'a thorough Christian regeneration,' and the critic be possessed of 'that secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him, and none else?' Is this he who tells 'unprincipled empirics and heartless lampooners' that they are 'adding another item to that dread account which they must one day render before the judgment-seat of the Eternal;'—this the divine who has been commissioned by 'every spiritual man in the empire to announce their hope that the time may come when the assassin who stabs from behind an abusive print will repent before the Judge of Hearts, and turn towards the mercy-seat with the Publican's prayer.' When the Publican came into Mr. Montgomery's mind he might have remembered that there was a Pharisee also. But the logic of this Christian Thersites contests the palm with his charity. When the object is to heighten the crime of the critic he is an assassin of authors, but when the object is to decry the critic's abilities 'he cannot, with all his infamous injustice, falsehood, and acerbity, prevent intellectual merit from forcing

forcing its way.' Invectives against assassins who assassinate no one were hardly to be expected in a Preface which insists that even epithets should be 'concentrated arguments.' But angry epithets, to confess the truth, are the only arguments with which Mr. Montgomery appears to be acquainted. Not content with denouncing these vultures, which are harmless as doves, he propounds a scheme for cutting their claws. He considers a critic to be a species of Jack the Giant Killer, who owes his daring to his invisible coat. Trusting to its protection, he thrusts his sword into Mr. Montgomery and other giants of song, who are even less maddened by the anguish of the wound than by the discovery that their efforts to revenge it are spent upon the air. Take, then, from Reviewers the receipt of fern-seed, and cowardice will immediately be productive of courtesy. How effectual would be the plan may be judged from the fact that the Rev. R. Montgomery has put his name to his Preface.

The opponent of anonymous articles, with his usual consistency, makes it a charge against Mr. Macaulay that he has avowed the essays he contributed to the Edinburgh Review :—and—

'Among these oracular treasures he has the exceeding bad taste to reprint an insolent piece of mendacity which he published some ten years since against the writer of *this*, and which was suggested to him by certain rival booksellers who publish his namesake's poems, and are among the proprietors of the Scotch Journal.'—*Ibid.*, p. xvi., note.

Monstrous! Certain booksellers, who are, though rivals, both publishers of the poems of Mr. Macaulay's namesake—we never heard of him before—unite, for some mysterious reason, in soliciting Mr. Macaulay to commit an assault upon the Reverend Robert Montgomery! The author of *Luther* has good ground for complaint that rival booksellers, who agree in nothing else, should yet conspire to set a price upon his head, and that the Right Honourable hack should become the agent to perpetrate the wrong. But it is among Mr. R. Montgomery's minor misfortunes that he cannot say even what he means. The poems of *James Montgomery* are published by the proprietors of the 'Scotch Journal,' and the previous knowledge of the fact enables us to guess what the prouder bard of the clan would have expressed—if his grammar had not been neglected in his youth.

'The whole fry of our periodical literature,' we are told, 'has nibbled again and again' at Mr. R. Montgomery. There must be a general cause for a general effect—and he has discovered that the origin of all the attacks upon his fame is that same envy which keeps Harris in the shade. They two are birds of one flight, and the mousing owls can find no nobler quarry. Mr. *James Montgomery*, or his publisher on his behalf, is jealous of Mr. *Robert* ;  
the

the author of the *Lays of Rome* gnashes his teeth that he is not the author of *Satan*; and just as *Satan* was ceasing to nurse malice, *Luther* appeared to blow up the flame. This is a bad case enough; but offenders on a larger and more systematic scale are still to be noticed. Mr. R. Montgomery has been told, and entirely believes, that it is the practice of Editors to inscribe on the works they forward to their contributors, 'To be abused,' or 'To be praised.'

It is admitted that there are 'noble exceptions' to the general degradation. Mr. Alison is a noble exception—that historian having—as appears from the puff-page of *Luther*—vouched that *Satan* is a 'noble poem;' and there has been 'a series of noble criticisms' on *Luther* in America. Nor are noble readers so scarce as noble critics. '*The Omnipresence of the Deity*,' we are told by the author, 'bids fair to arrive at a twenty-second edition, has been re-published in America and various parts of the Continent, and is partially translated into the Swedish tongue.' 'Tis a pity we are not assured that Jenny Lind has sung extracts at Boston!

The character of *Luther* is too heroic, in the opinion of Mr. Montgomery, to be estimated rightly by our feeble age, but, not partaking of the feebleness of his generation, Mr. Montgomery immediately enters upon the impracticable task. No extracts, whether said or sung, could convey an adequate idea of the dreary impression which is left by three hundred pages of vapid, cloudy, or unmeaning verbiage. Ludicrous conceits, inflated language, coarse invective, irreverent dogmatism, unceasing affectation, and the severe duty put upon two or three commonplace sentiments, long since utterly worn out in the author's service, have made the reading of *Luther* one of the hardest jobs we ever undertook. The most sanguine student must have lost all hope when he reached the 9th page:—

But in this poetry and plan of worlds  
(Where all is music to the moral ear),  
Our own as *Epic* must by Faith be hailed,  
Whereon alighted, twice nine hundred years ago,  
'The filial WORD, in human flesh array'd.—  
Yet, if our Earth redeem'd God's *epic form*,  
Say, how can mortals, by corruption blind,  
That mighty Poem into words translate!

Of *that* poem which is untranslateable into words we cannot venture to frame any conception—but we defy mortals, or immortals either, to translate the words of *this* poem into sense. 'To be unintelligible, however, is in fact only to resemble all created things:—

For



For is not earth an *hieroglyphic* vast?—  
 How much of paradox to make us pause!  
 Nature herself seems *Athanasian* oft;  
 In creed as difficult, in terms as dark  
 As aught theology can preach or frame.—p. 161.

But we are told elsewhere that—

while to man all paradox and gloom  
 Creation's sad *biography* may look,  
*Darkness itself is Deity at work.*—p. 88.

Already the reader will have come to the conclusion that it is a matter of no importance whether the writer has a meaning or not. But hear him again :—

Profit and loss our sole inspirers are ;

(We should have guessed as much.)

The pining arts *prosaically* mourn ;  
 Sculpture is dead, and Poetry in tears,  
 And Science mostly for the palate reigns.  
 \* \* \*

And that Creation which, to faith sublime,  
 Or hearts by poetry made wise, appears  
 The *great encyclopædia* of our God,  
 (Whose *alphabet*, the *mountain-letters* make,  
 Whose golden *syllables* are *suns and stars*,)  
 Is all denuded of its glory bright.—p. 111.

In the same happy strain of metaphor it is said that man

*spells* God out in earth and heaven,  
 Or in the stars—those *capitals* of light—  
 Jehovah's IMPRIMATUR in the skies!—p. 162.

Still haunted by the spelling-book, he says of the Bible—

That God in *syllables* is there enshrined.—p. 61.

He celebrates

The *gamut* of successive times  
 Whose *chords* are eras.—p. 254.

He complains that

empiric vanity presumes \*  
 By *plasters*, which philosophy invents,  
 To heal our NATURE and her *wounds* repress.—p. 250.

He laments that

Many compass huge creation round  
 Who will not *round themselves* presume to sail.—p. 252.

He calls Purgatory

The priestly *Bridewell* where the *soul* is *whipp'd*.—p. 251.

The doctrine of transubstantiation is

The *Incarnation* *parodied in paste*.—p. 94 ;—

and

and he thinks it horrible that

THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT of Th' Eternal Three  
Should fall at once to *manducated flour*,  
And crumble in the crash of human teeth—  
An eaten Saviour—a digested God!—p. 95.

There are worse things behind—which a sense of what is due to solemn subjects will not permit us to transcribe. It is a trifle to add that a large part of the language is as far from English as the whole is from poetry :—

'Tis only as thy *helming* word decrees.—p. 78.  
But nature with her *typing* glass reflects.—p. 193.  
Thus the champion for his cause  
Was *meetened*—p. 75.

—such are the barbarisms which startle us in every page. His favourite resource is alliteration—

The mitred autocrat of *creed* and *cross*.—p. 244.  
Here *dust* and *deity* in clash appear—p. 10 ;—

which is elsewhere varied to 'dust and devil'—and so on *ad infinitum*. The entire volume is in the strain of the passages we have quoted, with the addition that he has heaped upon the Romish Church every contumelious term that the dictionary would supply, and many that it would not. Happy to have discovered a point in which we can agree with him, we join in his hope

that conceited Dust

Within itself may learn to look, and mourn!—p. 252.

It would have been easy to treble the list of poets who in the last few years have sung 'long and loud.' But we pause because such is the monotony of nonsense that one crow can scarcely caw more like another. The claimants of the epic wreath remind us of the citizens in Don Quixote, who had a match at braying, and did it to that perfection that each took his neighbour for the original donkey. The vanity which could inspire such performances would in many cases publish them ;—but the cruel complaisance of friends, who stimulate frogs to blow themselves out in emulation of the ox, often occasions manuscripts to be committed to the press which otherwise the decent care of executors would by and bye have committed to the flames. Robert Hall wrote to Joseph of Bristol that he had 'read *Alfred* with an interest which, instead of languishing, grew more lively every step he advanced.' Dr. Drake assured Joseph's competitor, Fitchett, that he had produced 'a splendid and everlasting work, which, had it been found in the centre of the loftiest pyramid of Egypt, might have been considered a specimen well worthy of the massive character of that land of wonders, and of the

the shrine in which it was enclosed.' Private panegyric is to be interpreted like the formal conclusion of the letter which conveys it. The world, however, eschews the sham of respect where none is felt, and they tell the mock Milton, with Doll Tear-Sheet's plainness, that they 'cannot endure such a fustian rascal.' Without the malice, the flatterer has too much of the policy of Iago to the Moor—

I'll make him thank me, love me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass :—

—but the man of smooth words does not entirely escape. The *Poet*, proud of his approbation, publishes it in a Preface, and he is exhibited in the character of a Brother Bragg or Brother Hiley, the cheerer of vile stammering and flagging nonsense. To set up the dead bodies of these forlorn adventurers, merely to knock them down again, may not, we hope, be useless. The ponderous meditators of the same flight are many—and their well-wishers ought to reflect that, according to tradition, Icarus passed for a sensible man enough so long as he kept to his feet.



- ART. V.—1. *Catalogue of the Contents of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The Preparations of the Natural History in Spirit.* 4to. 1830.
2. *Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy.* 4to. 5 vols. 1833-1840.
3. *Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Fossil Organic Remains of Mammalia and Aves.* 4to. 1845.
4. *Synopsis of the Arrangement of the Preparations in the Museum.* 8vo. 1845.
5. *Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus, with Illustrations of its external form and internal structure.* By Richard Owen, Assistant Conservator of the Museum. 4to. 1832.
6. *Description of the Skeleton of an Extinct Gigantic Sloth, with Observations on the Osteology, Natural Affinities, and probable habits of the Megatherioid Quadrupeds in general.* By R. Owen, F.R.S. 4to. 1842.
7. *Odontography; or a Treatise on the Comparative Anatomy of the Teeth; their physiological relations, mode of development, and microscopic structure in the Vertebrate Animals.* 4to. 2 vols. 1840-1845.
8. *The Fossil Mammalia collected in the Voyage of the Beagle.* 4to. 1840.
9. *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals.* By R. Owen, Hunterian Professor. 8vo. 1843.

10. *Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals.* Part I., Fishes. 1846.
11. *A History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds.* 8vo. 1846.
12. *A History of British Fossil Reptiles.* 4to. 5 Parts. 1849-1851.
13. *On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.* 8vo. 1848.
14. *On the Nature of Limbs.* 8vo. 1849.
15. *On Parthenogenesis; or the successive production of Procreating Individuals from a single Ovum.* 8vo. 1849.

JOHN HUNTER'S body rests in the church of St. Martin. His monument is in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He wanted the aids of modern science—began, it may be said, in the dark, or at least when the whole region he desired to explore was surrounded by a feeble twilight; but as he proceeded the electric brilliancy of his mind flashed light on all things within its range. Devoted to the 'beautiful science of comparative anatomy,' as Hallam justly terms it, Hunter spared neither money, time, nor health, in forming the great nucleus of one of the finest collections in Europe. Disregarding the scoffs of many contemporaries, ardent, resolved, and penetrating into the inmost secrets of his subject with an acuteness that cut through every obstacle, he may be said to have laid the broad foundation of the science so surely that it could not be removed. He is gone to receive his reward: his mantle has descended upon Owen.

The first glance at the catalogue of Mr. Owen's works induces the notion that we are contemplating the labours of an octogenarian. Happily for the world the Professor has not proceeded far beyond the 'mezzo cammin di nostra vita;' but his writings form indeed a library. Besides those enumerated above, the Transactions of our scientific societies teem with them. We must confine ourselves to the mention of a few; but many more exhibit his easy command of vast learning, his splendid felicity of illustration—the results of the most patient and accurate investigation, and of the deepest thought.

Though his name and merits are universally known, he is not one of those that delight either in talking or writing about themselves. We may therefore gratify many of our readers by a few notices of the early career of the physiologist and philosopher who is recognized throughout Europe as the Cuvier of England.

Owen, like Erskine, was very near being a sailor. He adopted the surgical profession while yet a youth, less on its own account than as the only probable way by which he could again join the  
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naval service, the calling of his choice, but in which his progress, like that of many others, had been arrested at the close of the last American war. Upon his quitting his midshipman's berth in the Tribune, he became the pupil of Mr. Baxendale, who combined with the leading practice at Lancaster, Owen's native town, the office of surgeon to the county gaol. Here the tyro had opportunities of fleshing his maiden scalpel such as rarely fall to a rural alumnus. The retirement of his tutor released him earlier than was usual in the good old times; and, in 1824, he was matriculated at Edinburgh, where, in addition to the classes of the regular professors, he attended the extra-academical lectures of Dr. Barclay, and it was under that eminent teacher and amiable man that young Owen was confirmed in his love for comparative anatomy. From Edinburgh he came to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1825, and passed the College of Surgeons in 1826. Abernethy's prophetic eye soon saw the great future of the youth: he made him one of the dissectors for his lectures with two most worthy coadjutors (Skey and Wormald), and held out hopes to him of a permanent position in the anatomical school of St. Bartholomew's; but those hopes being frustrated by the regulations which then gave strict precedence to the Hospital apprentices, Owen availed himself of the interest which he still possessed at the Admiralty—and having obtained the promise of an assistant-surgeon-ship, he called on his excellent but eccentric instructor to bid him farewell.

'What is all this?' said Abernethy—'Where are you going?'

'Going to sea, Sir.'

'Going to sea—going to the devil!'

'I hope not, Sir.'

'Go to sea! You had better, I tell you, go to the devil at once'—reiterated glorious John—dwelling on the temptations, the difficulties, the loss of time and fame that must be the result of so rash a step, and insisting on another interview after the pause of a week. Owen revisited his rough but downright friend at the expiration of that time, when Abernethy proposed an appointment in the College of Surgeons. This was accepted:—our youthful anatomist found himself happily associated in congenial labours with one of congenial mind; and so the Navy lost a good officer, and science gained one of her brightest ornaments.

A quarter of a century has rolled away since we last laid any observations on the subject of comparative anatomy before our readers, and we could look for no better opportunity of showing what so many years of peace—*heu fugaces*—which have done so much for other sciences, have effected for this, than the consideration of the works of a fellow-countryman who has done more to advance

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it than any man of his time. Indeed Professor Owen's history is so intimately connected with the Hunterian Museum, in the Royal College of Surgeons, that it becomes necessary to refer to some remarks on the condition of that Museum in the year before he first took office.

'The collections of John Hunter remain a lasting and memorable example of what may be achieved by the talents and perseverance of one man; and while they would in every case be of value from their extent and variety, they are rendered far beyond all price, as being explanatory of the original and comprehensive views of nature which that great philosopher entertained. Besides the numerous specimens now exhibited, he left behind him nearly one thousand drawings, with a view either of illustrating the preparations now in the collection, or of supplying deficiencies. These most curious and valuable materials have long been suffered to remain in obscurity; the knowledge of their existence even has been till lately concealed from the public; but we rejoice, no less for the honour of the College of Surgeons than for the interest of science, that the publication of a selection from the drawings is now in contemplation as soon as a descriptive catalogue of the collection can be completed. Such a catalogue has long been wanted, and the Board of Curators could not have chosen a person more eminently qualified for the task than Mr. Clift. But notwithstanding his profound anatomical knowledge and industry, we foresee with regret the inevitable delay that must attend such an undertaking, imposed, as it is, on an individual.'—*Quart. Rev.*, vol. xxxiv. p. 160.

Such were our fears and anticipations in 1826. They were founded on a close acquaintance with the habits and peculiarities of the excellent individual to whom alone the College could then look for the fulfilment of a task which had been abandoned by Sir Everard Home. Mr. Clift had been for thirty years almost exclusively engaged in the material labours of the preservation of the Hunterian Collection; and under the circumstances in which this was left between the decease of its founder in 1793 and its purchase by Parliament in 1799, its very existence may be attributed, as Lord Rosse has said, to Mr. Clift's 'single-minded fulfilment of arduous duties under peculiar difficulties, and his noble self-devotion to the memory of his great master.' In the same Address (1849), the President of the Royal Society has described the almost solitary condition in which Mr. Clift suddenly found himself with this important charge:—

'At an age when the passions are strongest, in a metropolis teeming with opportunities and temptations,—not unconscious, moreover, of his own abilities and of the advantage which his apprenticeship to Hunter would give him in the pursuit of the practice of surgery,—

neither pleasure, profit, nor ambition could make him swerve from the course of duty to which he had devoted himself.'

The Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, in the 'Synopsis of the Contents of the Museum,' published in 1845, have recorded that

'under Mr. Clift's superintendence the removal of the Collection from Castle-street, Leicester-square, to a temporary place of deposit in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1806, and thence to the Museum of the College in 1813, was effected without the slightest damage to any of the frail and delicate preparations of which it, in a great part, consists. And the best testimony to the exemplary fulfilment by Mr. Clift of his responsible duties is afforded by the present condition of the Hunterian Collection, and the great accessions it has received during his able conservatorship.'

No one knew better than Mr. Clift the real nature of the difficulties that, in 1826, opposed themselves to the formation of the long-desired Catalogues of this magnificent Museum of the structures of the Animal Kingdom in health and under disease; he accordingly requested to have the aid of some one who combined with the requisite knowledge of anatomy that of the principles of Natural History. This led to Mr. Owen's appointment.

The first results of their combined exertions were the Catalogue of the Pathological Specimens, 2 vols., 1830, and the Catalogue of Monsters and Malformations, 1831. Those quartos comprised descriptions of the specimens, but not the histories of the cases. Of these 'histories' the senior associate had recovered some by reference to the medical books and journals contemporary with Hunter's active career; and to the gathering of similar materials for a future edition of the Pathological Catalogue, with the requisite 'cases,' Mr. Clift henceforth devoted such leisure as remained to him after the fulfilment of his cherished labours and duties in relation to the care of the Hunterian Collections. With regard to the Preparations of Comparative Anatomy, some general remarks on the subject or physiological principle to be illustrated by the different series, were all that remained from the pen of Hunter. To determine the species of animals dissected by the founder constituted, therefore, the grand difficulty. Fortunately, Owen had acquired a knowledge of the principles of zoology at Edinburgh, and he now resumed the requisite study of the external characters and affinities of the animal kingdom, with the aid of his friend Mr. Broderip, the author of 'Zoological Recreations,' whose guidance at this important period is gratefully acknowledged in the dedication  
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of Mr. Owen's work '*On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.*' The '*Catalogue of the Preparations of Natural History in Spirit*' ere long bore witness to his zealous resumption of zoological studies. After its publication Owen was exclusively occupied, by the direction of the Council of the College, in preparing the *Catalogue of the Physiological Series of Comparative Anatomy*. The first volume, descriptive of the *Organs of Motion and Digestion*, appeared in 1833. The second, including the *Absorbent, Circulating, Respiratory, and Urinary Systems*, came out in the following year. The third, containing the *Nervous System and Organs of Sense, the Connective and Tegumentary Systems and Peculiarities*, bears date 1836. The Introduction to this volume embodies a remarkable manuscript of Hunter, illustrative of his application of the facts of Comparative Anatomy which he had ascertained, not only to the establishment of sound theories as to the functions of the different organs, but to the natural distribution of animals into classes according to their affinities. In summing up his observations on the Nervous System, Hunter divides the animals 'which have brains, or visible aggregations of the nervous substance,' into six classes, each characterised by a peculiar form of brain. Owen observes, however, that Hunter, in making 'the possession of a brain, protected by a skull, with a medulla spinalis continued from it down the back,' characteristic of his 'third class, or fishes,' as contradistinguished from his 'second class, or insects,' seems not to have duly appreciated the fact that those modifications equally characterised the Amphibia, Birds, and Mammalia. The recognition of the great natural group so distinguished, and its relation to the other primary divisions of the animal kingdom, was reserved for the sagacity of Cuvier.

'Nevertheless,' justly adds the young expositor of Hunter's labours, 'in the masterly determination and description of the modifications of the vertebrate type of the nervous system which characterise the subordinate groups of that great division, Mr. Hunter has displayed his wonted powers as an original thinker and unbounded observer of the varieties of the animal organisation; and one cannot sufficiently admire the close and philosophical perception of the homologies of the several parts of the brain which is manifested in the early enunciation of its comparative structure.'—iii. p. xii.

The series of the Hunterian Physiological Collection, relating to the Generation and Development of Animals, perhaps the most extraordinary as they are the most extensive in the museum, form the subjects of the two concluding volumes of the '*Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue*,' the last of which appeared in 1840;



and we can well imagine the 'great gratification' with which the Council of the College therein acknowledge

'the unremitting labour which has been for many years bestowed on this work by Mr. Owen, one of the Conservators, and now Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the College, to whom its publication has been exclusively confided.'—vol. v. p. xv.

In this, as in the preceding volumes, whatever general remarks of Hunter's had been preserved in the MSS., examined by Mr. Clift, relative to the nature and scope of any of the series of preparations, are prefixed to Owen's special descriptions of the preparations themselves: and, in another work devoted to the illustration of Hunter's labours, he well says, that had these manuscripts, enunciating or indicative of so important general principles, been given to the world by their author,

'our teachers of anatomy would not now, after the lapse of half a century, have but begun to explain to their students those beautiful laws of animal development, for a knowledge of which they are indebted to the labours of the professors of the schools of physiology in continental Europe.'

Mr. Owen adds, with truth, that

'the period which has elapsed before those general laws began to be appreciated in the country where they were first detected, affords, perhaps, one of the strongest indications of the great advance which Hunter had made in physiological science.' \*

Thus, with respect to the cause or origin of 'monsters,' Hunter referred it to a condition of the primordial germ, stating that 'each part of each species seems to have its monstrous form originally impressed upon it.' And, in the introductory observations to his extensive collection of malformed fœtuses, he assigns the grounds for this hypothesis, and, at the same time, enunciates one of the most important laws of aberrant formations. 'I should imagine,' Hunter writes, 'that monsters were formed monsters from their very first formation, for this reason, that all supernumerary parts are joined to similar parts, as a head to a head, &c. &c.' In the equally remarkable manuscript entitled 'On the Progress and Peculiarities of the Chick,' prefixed to this fifth volume of the Physiological Catalogue, is the following anticipation of a favourite modern idea:—

'If we were capable of following the progress of increase of the number of the parts of the most perfect animal, as they first formed in

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\* Observations on certain Parts of the Animal Economy, by John Hunter; with Notes by Richard Owen, F.R.S.

succession, from the very first to its state of full perfection, we should probably be able to compare it with some one of the incomplete animals themselves, of every order of animal in the creation being at no stage different from some of the inferior orders; or, in other words, if we were to take a series of animals from the more imperfect to the perfect, we should probably find an imperfect animal corresponding with some stage of the most perfect.'—v. p. 14.

'We may, I think,' says Owen, 'perceive, from the evident difficulty with which Hunter expresses the idea, that his mind was oppressed with both its novelty and vastness. Men's thoughts require to be familiarised with propositions of such generality before their exact limits and right application can be appreciated.'

We shall subsequently show what Mr. Owen has himself contributed to this important and desirable end.

Reverting to his preliminary labours in illustration of the works of his great predecessor, it appears that they were chiefly called for to determine the particular species of animal which Hunter had dissected.

'It is impossible,' he says, 'to reason correctly upon the structure of a detached organ, unless the condition of the rest of the organisation, and the habits and mode of life of the species, be known; but to this end the name of the species from which the detached organ was derived is indispensable; without this fact, the contemplation of the most elaborately dissected specimen can yield little satisfactory information, and to determine it became, therefore, the first and most essential step in the formation of the catalogue of the physiological specimens. This part of their history has, in most cases, been effected by a comparison of the Hunterian preparations with recent dissections.'—*Phys. Cat.*, v. xiv.

In this brief statement what a vast mass of anatomical labour is involved! It gives, however, the key to the fund of monographs and other papers which Professor Owen has been able to contribute to the Transactions of our Societies devoted to specific branches of Natural History. As the subjects of the dissections referred to appear to have been chiefly supplied by the Zoological Society, so the Records of that body contain the majority of his detached or special contributions to comparative anatomy;—but the results of these researches in reference to the required histories of the Hunterian specimens are summed up in the 'Zoological Index' appended to the Physiological Catalogue, in which the names of all the determinable species of animals dissected by Hunter are systematically arranged. This index shows at a glance the range of Hunter's labours, and the zoologist readily finds thereby what proportion of the anatomy of the species under his consideration may be studied in the  
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museum of the College. Great and good use of this admirable Catalogue has been made, and to name one instance among many, we may refer our readers to the rich body of zoological articles in the Penny Cyclopædia. The dissection of so many animals enabled Mr. Owen to add many preparations, supplying links in the Hunterian series; and the account of these contributions as well as of those from other sources, must be added to the descriptions of the 3790 Hunterian specimens, and of 78 plates of complex and minute drawings, in order to form a just conception of the labour which mainly occupied the first ten years of Mr. Owen's scientific career.

To enumerate the titles only of his special memoirs and monographs in addition to those of the works placed at the head of the present Article, would fill, even in our smallest type, more space than we can afford. In the note below, therefore, we shall only specify the chief of them.\* From the subjoined imperfect

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\* In the Transactions of the Royal Society are Memoirs—On the Mammary Glands of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*: 1832.—On the Ova of the same: 1834.—On the Generation of the Marsupial Animals: 1834.—On the Structure of the Brain of the Marsupial Animals: 1837.—A Description of certain Belemnites preserved, with a great proportion of their soft parts, in the Oxford Clay: 1844. [For this Memoir the Royal Society awarded to Professor Owen the Royal Medal.]—On the Development and Homologies of the Carapace and Plastron of the Chelonian Reptiles: 1849.—On the Communications between the Cavity of the Tympanum and the Palate in the Crocodile: 1850.—On the Development and Homologies of the Molar Teeth of the Wart-hogs (*Phacochærus*), with illustrations of a System of Notation for the Teeth in class Mammalia: 1850.—On the Exogenous Processes of Vertebrae: 1851. The Transactions of the Linnæan Society include his celebrated paper, the Description of the *Lepidosiren annectens*: 1840. In the Transactions of the Geological Society we find—Descriptions of some Fossil Remains of *Charopotamus*, *Palæotherium*, *Anoplotherium*, &c., from the Eocene Formations, Isle of Wight: 1838.—Observations on the Fossils representing the *Thylacotherium* and *Phascolotherium*, with reference to the doubts of their mammalian and marsupial nature: 1838.—Observations on the *Basilosaurus* of Dr. Harlan (*Zeuglodon cetoides*, Owen): 1839.—Description of the *Glyptodon clavipes*, with a consideration of the question, Whether the *Megatherium* possessed an analogous dermal armour? 1839.—Description of some Ophidiolites (*Palæophis toliapicus*), of a Mammal (*Hyracotherium*), and of a Bird (*Lithornis*), from the London Clay at Sheppey: 1839. [In this Memoir was established the existence here, during the Eocene Tertiary Period, of serpents equalling in size the great *Boa constrictors*.]—On the Teeth of the genus *Labyrinthodon* (*Mastodonsaurus*, Jaeger), with Descriptions of parts of the Skeletons of five species from the Lower Warwick Sandstone, and Remarks on the probable identity of the *Cheirotherium* with this genus of extinct Batrachians: 1841.—Description of certain Fossil Crania from Sandstone Rocks in South Africa, referable to an extinct genus of Reptilia (*Dicynodon*), and indicative of a new tribe or sub-order of Sauria: 1845.—On the Cranium and Teeth of *Paloplotherium annectens*: 1847.—On the genera *Dichodon* and *Hyopotamus*, with Remarks on the Classification of the Ungulata: 1847. We omit several other communications of minor moment, which are printed in the Transactions, the Quarterly Journal, and the Proceedings of the Geological Society. From the Transactions of the Zoological Society we may cite the Memoirs—On the Sacculated Form of Stomach as it exists in the genus *Semnopithecus*: 1833.—On the Young of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*: 1834.—On the Anatomy

imperfect digest may be gathered an idea of the amount and range of Professor Owen's anatomical labours. From the Sponge to the Man no form of animal life has escaped his researches, and he has thrown new light on each subject.

In the Memoir on the *Lepidosiren*, read in April 1839, is given the first account of the anatomy of one of the most extraordinary of vertebrated animals, if that can be so called which vertebræ has none. The subject of the Memoir had been discovered in the river Gambia. The singular modifications of structure which Mr. Owen's dissection brought to light were soon after confirmed by Professor Bischoff, in a description of a second species of *Lepidosiren* from the river Amazon, which Dr. Natterer, its discoverer, had regarded as a reptile; and the paradoxical character of the animal, especially in its outward form, may be conceived when we state that some naturalists still follow Natterer's classification, notwithstanding the proofs of the piscine nature of the creature, founded

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Anatomy of the Hornbill (*Buceros cavatus*): 1833.—On the Structure of the Heart in the Perennibranchiate Batrachia: 1834. [In this Memoir the second auricle of the heart was demonstrated in the *Siren lacertina*, the lowest of the class of reptiles, a character which strongly distinguishes it from the *Lepidosiren*.]—On the Anatomy of the Calyptæidæ, of the Clavagella, and of the Mollusca Brachiopoda: 1833.—Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting the muscles of the Human Body: 1835.—On the Anatomy of *Linguatula Tanioidea*, *Distomaclavatum*, and *Tania lamelligera*, with Remarks on the Entozoa, and on the Structural Differences existing among them, including Suggestions for their Distribution into other Classes: 1835.—Descriptions of some new and rare Cephalopoda: 1836.—On the Anatomy of the Nubian Giraffe: two Memoirs, 1838 and 1839.—On the Anatomy of the *Apteryx Australis*: two Memoirs, 1838 and 1840.—On the Osteology of the Marsupialia: 1838.—Outlines of a Classification of the Marsupialia: 1839.—Description of a new genus and species of Sponge (*Euplectella Aspergillum*): 1841.—Notice of a Fragment of the Femur of a gigantic Bird of New Zealand. [This remarkable Memoir, November, 1839, gave the earliest indication of those gigantic struthious genera *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*, the reconstruction of which is the subject of five successive memoirs in the Zoological Transactions.] To the Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society Mr. Owen has contributed—Description of an extinct Lacertian reptile (*Rhynchosaurus articeps*, Owen), of which the bones and footprints characterise the Upper New Red Sandstone at Gainsill, near Shrewsbury: 1842. In the Transactions of the British Association are—besides many others of less extent—Report on the Microscopic Structure of Teeth, recent and fossil: 1839.—Report on British Fossil Reptiles: Part I., 1839; Part II., 1842.—Report on British Fossil Mammalia: Part I., 1843; Part II., 1844.—Report on the Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton: 1845. The Zoological Appendix to Captain Beechey's Voyage contains 'Descriptions of the Crustacea;' that of Captain Ross's Second Voyage, 'Descriptions of the Cephalopoda,' with the 'Anatomy of the new genus *Rossia*;' that of Captain Belcher's Voyage of H.M.S. Samarang, 'Description of the Cephalopoda,' with the 'Anatomy of the *Spirula*;' and that of Juke's Voyage of H.M.S. Fly, 'A Description of a Dugong' (*Halicore Australis*). To the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology the Professor has supplied, besides minor Articles, those on *Aves*, *Cephalopoda*, *Entozoa*, *Mammalia*, *Marsupialia*, *Monotremata*, and *Teeth*. Finally—not to venture on further detail—the Index for each successive annual volume of the Proceedings of the Zoological Society will afford additional proofs of his unwearied diligence.

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by Mr Owen on the covering of cycloid-scales, the lateral line and mucous ducts, the many-jointed ray supporting the rudimental pectoral and ventral fins—the fibro-gelatinous chord in place of vertebral bodies—the dermo-neural and dermo-hæmal spines supporting the dorsal and anal fins—the junction of the atlas to the basioccipital by a single joint and not, as in Batrachia, to two exoccipital condyles,—the pre-opercular bone, the articulation of the scapular arch to the occipital bone, the loose suspension of the pubic arch and ventral fins, the green colour of the ossified parts of the skeleton, the teeth composed of vaso-dentine and vitrodentine, the intestinal spiral valve, the absence of pancreas and spleen, the position of the anus anterior to the orifice of the bladder, and lastly, the non-communication of the olfactory sacs with the mouth: in short, in defiance of all the points which characterize a fish. Some peculiarities of the skeletons of certain fossil fishes of the Secondary Period are repeated in the *Lepidosiren*, and, as far as is known, in no other existing animal.

In regard to that form of quadrumanous mammal which makes the nearest approach to Man, much obscurity prevailed at the close of Cuvier's labours. In the last edition of the '*Règne Animal*,' that great naturalist places the Orang-outan at the head of the order *Quadrumana*—he being, in fact, acquainted only with the immature characters of both the Orang and Chimpanzee. The required knowledge of the osteological and dental characters of the adults of both these anthropoid apes, of their true facial angle and cerebral capacity, was communicated by Owen in the first volume of *Zoological Transactions* (p. 343); and this valuable information was the more timely as the revival of the hypothesis of the 'transmutation of species' began to agitate the scientific world about that date. Most of the characters which were supposed to bring the Orang and Chimpanzee in disagreeable proximity to Man are shown in this Memoir to be transitory, and peculiar to the immature animal, whilst yet retaining the deciduous teeth. In a supplemental Memoir (*ibid.*, vol. ii.) Owen gives the requisite details of the change of the dentition, and describes a second species of Orang (*Pithecius morio*), of the existence of which in the Island of Borneo, under the native name of Mias Kassar, that distinguished servant of his country and of humanity, Sir James Brooke, subsequently gave confirmatory evidence (*Proceedings of Zool. Soc.* July 1841). In a third paper (*Transact. Zool.*, iii.) the cranial and dental characters of a second species of Chimpanzee (*Troglodytes Gorilla*), from the Gaboon river—a species of formidable stature and strength—are detailed ;  
to

to which Owen has since added two more elaborate *Mémoires*, descriptive of the entire skeleton of the *Troglodytes Gomilla*, and of the relative capacity of the cranial cavity in the Orangs, the Chimpanzees, and the different races of mankind.

Can any one look at this wonderful amount of admirable labour without being struck by the power and energy of him who has done so much for fame and for science before he has passed the prime of intellectual life? Why, it would be futile to attempt to analyze in the briefest manner the subjects of the numerous works and minor contributions of which we have not even copied all the titles; and we fear that we must overpass the ordinary bounds of an article even in restricting ourselves to a notice of those more general topics and higher principles which have been developed or established by the industry and acuteness of this extraordinary man. We will, however, proceed to consider, with all possible brevity, the effect of his labours in certain leading matters; and firstly upon the *Classification of the Animal Kingdom*.

I.—The deep and extensive insight which twenty years of assiduous anatomical research placed at the command of Cuvier, when he directed his view to the zoological relations and affinities of the subjects of his dexterous scalpel, placed him in a position to supersede the Linnæan and, indeed, all previous classifications of animals, by that which he finally and fully developed in the *Règne Animal* (1817). Modifications of the Cuvierian system, of greater or less extent, have been proposed by De Blainville, Oken, and some of minor note; but these innovations, being unsupported by the requisite additional facts from comparative anatomy, and being based on *à priori* general notions peculiar to their proposers—differing in the main, moreover, rather in the change of names than in the composition of the different groups established by Cuvier—have failed to obtain the sanction of other naturalists, and have had no influence on the arrangement in the final edition of the ‘Animal Kingdom’ by Cuvier (1829), in which the classification remains essentially the same as in the first. This classification is too well known to require even an outline of it here. Several translations of the work have been published and widely dispersed in England, and its principles are those on which almost all our elementary treatises on zoology have been based since 1830. The chief opposition in Britain has been from the ‘Quinarians’—the school, that is, who follow the *à priori* numerical principle of arrangement ingeniously and eloquently propounded by Mr. William Sharpe Macleay, in his *Horæ Entomologicæ*. Like the systems of Oken and De Blainville, that of Macleay has failed, because  
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men, in the main, will have intelligible and satisfactory grounds for their scientific creeds. Cuvier, however, although he knew much more than any of his contemporaries of the structure of animals, could do no more than the best man can do in the investigation of a field so diversified, and of such vast extent. And as, in his scheme, the Animal Kingdom was distributed according to his own knowledge of its organization, every accession to that knowledge might involve some corresponding modification in the distribution of animals. Of course the structure of a newly discovered species would rarely affect the zoological position of the genus to which it obviously belonged; some striking modification of an organ, in harmony with some peculiar habit of the species, would more frequently be the chief reward of the dissector. General propositions on the distribution of animals, based on their anatomy, are among the last and highest acquisitions of Zoological Science; and perhaps no better test could be had of the extent to which a successor of Cuvier may have carried his researches than the degree of modification which he has found himself authorised to propose in the outline of his great predecessor. We proceed, therefore, to point out those which Professor Owen has suggested, and which we find to be gradually gaining acceptance both in England and abroad.

The first of these touches the primary division of the Class *Mammalia*. Cuvier adopted the ternary distribution of the mammals by our countryman Ray, and by Linnæus, according to the structure of the locomotive extremities, viz., into those with nails or claws (*Unguiculata*), those with hoofs (*Ungulata*), and those without either, and in which also the hinder limbs are wanting (*Mutica* of Linnæus, *Cetacea* of Cuvier).

With regard to the pouched quadrupeds, Cuvier, in placing them in a special order which he calls *Marsupialia*, between the *Carnivora* and *Rodentia*, speaks of them as forming, with the regular series of *Unguiculata*, a small collateral series, the different genera of which are connected together by the aggregate of their organization, although in their teeth and in the nature of their regimen, some correspond to the *Carnivora*, others to the *Rodentia*, and others again to the *Edentata*. (*Règne Anim.*, i. 80.) M. de Blainville expanded the idea, and proposed to raise the marsupials, which he calls 'Didelphes,' to the rank of a subclass, including therein the *Echidna* and *Ornithorhynchus*, but with the remark 'On devra peut-être faire des Echidnés, etc., une sous-classe distincte.\*' The proposed innovation was not based on any new facts discovered in the anatomy of the marsupial or

\* Bulletin des Sciences, par la Société Philomathique de Paris, année 1816, p. 109.

monotrematous animals. Accordingly it not only failed to gain acceptance; but the idea of the mutual affinity of the marsupials, to the extent to which it had been originally entertained by Cuvier, began to suffer modification in the mind of the originator. Thus in the 4th volume of the second edition of his great work on the 'Ossemens Fossiles,'—(1823, p. 258)—we find him proposing to extend the bounds of the Insectivorous tribe of Mammals, as previously defined by him, by the addition of the Insectivorous *Marsupialia*—'for we cannot,' Cuvier says, 'separate from the shrews, tenrecs, &c., the Opossums, Dasyures, and Perameles, which are allied to the *Insectivora* by characters as numerous and important as those which have induced us to unite them with the other *Marsupialia*.' His brother, Frederic Cuvier—(Dents des Mammifères, p. xii.)—expresses himself more strongly and with more detail to the same effect. These opinions were met neither by comment nor counterstatement from De Blainville; and they served to encourage other naturalists to modify the system of the 'Règne Animal' more directly in accordance with what seemed to be the latest views of its author. For example, let us quote Mr. Bennett, the lamented Secretary of our own Zoological Society:—

'The further we advance in our knowledge of Marsupial animals, the more firmly do we become convinced of the impropriety of their separation as a distinct and isolated group. When we see that the single peculiarity that unites them is bestowed upon types of form so widely different from each other, we cannot consider this simple metastasis of function in a certain set of organs alone, however great the importance of that function in the animal economy, as furnishing sufficient ground for the overthrow of every principle of classification, and for setting at nought some of the most strongly marked affinities that the animal kingdom affords. How striking, for instance, is the passage from the Insectivorous Carnivora, through the Opossums and Dasyuri to the Civets and other more purely carnivorous groups! What is there of importance in the structure of the Wombat, except this solitary character of the Marsupium, to separate it from the Rodent Order? And what other character can be found to justify, even in appearance, the union of any of the animals just named with the Kangaroos?'—(*Gardens and Menagerie*, &c., 1831, p. 265.)

To the solution of these questions Mr. Owen resolutely bent himself. He seized every opportunity of dissecting specimens of the marsupial animals which the vivarium in the Regent's Park or other sources afforded. Patiently did he compare their structure, organ by organ, with that of the non-marsupial quadrupeds to which they generally bore the nearest outward resemblance—and he had his reward in the discovery of a well-



well-marked distinction in the structure of the brain of the marsupial animals, the absence, viz., of the great commissure or apparatus for uniting the two hemispheres, above the ventricles, which, with other characteristics, is detailed with the requisite illustrations in the Philosophical Transactions for 1837. In that Memoir the brain of a Rodent is expressly selected to contrast with that of the Wombat. Pursuing his comparisons in regard to the Osseous system, he, there, also detected many characters besides the marsupial bones, which were common to the *Marsupialia*, and by which they differed from their nearest non-marsupial analogues. The flattening and inflection of the angle of the lower jaw was, for example, found to be not merely a peculiarity of the Opossums, but a feature in all the marsupial animals; in the whole of which, moreover, the number of true vertebræ was shown to be the same—whatever might be the number of ribs. These and other characteristics of the skeleton were detailed in the Zoological Transactions for 1839.

Experiments were likewise instituted on the living Marsupialia, with regard more especially to their mode of generation, a subject left in a very uncertain and problematical state by Cuvier. Nothing was known as to the precise period of uterine gestation in any species, nothing as to the nature of the connexion, if any, between the fœtus and womb, nor the exact part of the ‘uterus anfractuosus’ in which the embryo was developed:—nothing as to the nature of the fœtal membranes or appendages:—nothing as to the mode or period of transfer of the new-born young to the pouch; little as to the time of its continuance there and its adhesion to the nipple. In the course of Mr. Owen’s observations he discovered that in the great kangaroo (*Macropus major*) the period of uterine gestation was 38 days, and that the new-born animal was but an inch in length, naked, blind, with the hind-legs *shorter* than the fore-legs, and the tail not longer; a creature, in a word, whose parentage could never have been suspected, if it had not been ascertained *ex visu*. He perceived further, that the mother transfers her delicate and minute progeny by means of her lips to the nipple concealed within the pouch; to this nipple the prematurely-born instinctively adheres, breathing freely, and clinging fast by its fore-limbs; and there it hangs for a period of six months; after which it uses the pouch as a place of shelter and returns to suck occasionally for two or three months longer. Lastly, the fœtus was found to be developed, not in the ‘anfractuous canals,’ but in the part of the uterus which Home had described as the vitelline part of the Fallopian tube: its membranes consisted of a chorion, a large umbilical sac, and a small allantois, but there was no trace of placenta.

Concomitantly

Concomitantly with this study of marsupial generation, similar investigations were carried on, when opportunities presented themselves—and a large correspondence with Australia was kept up for the purpose—in reference to the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*. The glands which Meckel had discovered, and which Geoffroy St. Hilaire had contended to be scent-glands, were proved to be ‘mammary,’ in a memoir contributed to the Philosophical Transactions of 1832; in short, the question of the veritable mammalian character of the creature was finally set at rest. The notion of its laying eggs, like a bird, had been encouraged even so late as 1829, when Dr. Grant, of University College, communicated a description and figures of the eggs to the ‘Annales des Sciences’ (tom. xviii). But in 1834 Professor Owen had received specimens which enabled him to trace the true ovum from the ovarium to the uterus—to demonstrate that the structure of the uterine ovum negated the possibility of its being excluded as an egg with a calcareous shell—and to prove that it agreed with the ovum of ovo-viviparous animals. From a subsequent Memoir on the young of the *Ornithorhynchus*, we learn that it is born blind and naked, but relatively larger and more advanced in development than the Kangaroo: its mouth, in the sequel so strangely metamorphosed into the form of a duck’s beak, is at birth adapted for sucking or receiving the lacteal secretion. These important steps in the natural history of the paradoxical mammal are described with the author’s usual care in the Philosophical Transactions for 1844.

A summary of all his labours on the marsupial and monotrematous animals was finally communicated to the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, vol. iii. In this masterly article he shows, from anatomical and physiological researches, abundant reasons for their association together, and for the separation of the associated group, as a distinct sub-class, from the rest of the Mammalia. Cuvier had placed the Monotremes of Geoffroy, or the spiny and hairy *Ornithorhynchi* of Home, not indeed with the Elephant, as Macleay appears to believe, but with the Sloths and Armadillos in the order *Edentata*. Dr. Grant, albeit no professed follower of Cuvier, concurs with him in separating them from the Marsupialia, and places the *Monotrema* as a distinct order, between the *Edentata* and *Pachyderma*.\* Mr. Owen demonstrates their true position to be in the same primary group of the class *Mammalia* as the Marsupials. To the question which Mr. Bennett asked in 1831, ‘What is there of importance in the structure of the Wombat except this solitary

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\* Structure and Classification of Animals, 1833.

character of the marsupium to separate it from the Rodent order?—the anatomist might now reply, the absence of the ‘corpus callosum’ in the brain, and of the ‘fossa’ and ‘annulus ovalis’ in the heart—the presence of the double thoracic duct and of certain modifications in both the arterial and venous systems: in the skeleton, not only the ‘marsupial bones,’ but the inflected angle of the lower jaw, the ‘basisphenoidal bulla,’ the palatal vacuity, and other points more characteristic of the Marsupialia than the marsupial bones themselves—which bones, indeed, Professor Owen had shown to be absent in the thylacine: in the dental system, the constant formula for the true molars of  $\frac{4-4}{4-4}$  instead of

$\frac{3-3}{3-3}$ , the characteristic one in the non-marsupial mammals. Finally,

to the marsupial pouch itself were added several well-marked characteristics in the generative organs of both sexes—and the still more important modification of the foetal membranes and appendages, on which Owen shows that many of the structural characteristics of the pouched animal primarily depend. Deeming modifications of the brain of more moment than those of the ungual phalanges, and associating the higher development of the commissural system with the longer sojourn of the foetus in the womb and its more intimate union therewith, he groups together all the Mammalia which have the placenta under any form, and which have the corpus callosum, in a primary subclass, under the name of PLACENTALIA. The rest form the subclass IMPLACENTALIA—which includes the two Orders *Monotremata* and *Marsupialia*. The Placental Orders are the following:—*Rodentia*, *Insectivora*, *Cheiroptera*, *Edentata*, *Cetacea*, *Sirenia*, *Perissodactyla*, *Artiodactyla*, *Carnivora*, *Quadrumania*, and *Bimana*. The Orders are here enumerated in the ascending series, as they are set forth in the Synopsis of the Hunterian Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals, 1848.

The anatomical grounds for the separation of Cuvier’s herbivorous *Cetacea* from the Carnivorous or true *Cetacea* are detailed in a paper on the Anatomy of the Dugong, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for March, 1838; and those that demonstrate the parity or imparity of the number of the hoofs to be the true guide to the classification and natural affinities of the *Ungulata* are set forth in a Memoir read before the Geological Society, November 31, 1847.\* The even-toed hoofed

\* The same ideas and the same names (*Perissodactyla* and *Artiodactyla*) are adopted in a ‘Mémoire sur les Caractères et les Rapports entre eux des divers Genres Vivants et Fossiles des Mammifères Ongulés,’ communicated by M. Pomel to the Institute, June 19, 1848. The resemblance is striking, but no obligation is acknowledged, and possibly the French writer may have been unconscious of any.

mammals,

mammals, or *Artiodactyles*, are there shown to be characterised, amongst other structures, by a constancy in the number of their true vertebræ, viz. 26 ; by having two trochanters to the femur—an equally divided astragalus—more simple premolars and more symmetrically complex true molars—a more complex stomach and more simple cæcum and colon. The horns, moreover, when present, are in a symmetrical pair or pairs. The odd-toed hoofed mammals, or *Perissodactyles*, are shown to have more numerous and more variable true vertebræ, and the odd number of the hoofs is singularly associated with three trochanters in the femur and an unevenly divided astragalus ; the horn, when present, is single, or, if there be two, they are two odd horns, and on the median line of the head, as, *e. g.*, in the One-horned and Two-horned Rhinoceroses ; the premolars are large and complex like the true molars, and both have unsymmetrical arrangements of the enamel ; the stomach is simple, and the larger intestines capacious and complexly sacculated. The gall-bladder is commonly present in the *Artiodactyles*, always absent in the *Perissodactyles*.

The order *Artiodactyla* is subdivided into the *Ruminantia* and *Non-ruminantia* ; numerous extinct species being indicated which once filled the interval that now divides the anomalous ruminant camel tribe from the few existing non-ruminant *Artiodactyles*. In like manner the horse tribe, *Solipedia* of Cuvier, is shown to have been much more closely and naturally allied to the other *Perissodactyles*, as, *e. g.*, the Tapir and Rhinoceros, by intermediate species, in the ancient world, than appears since their extinction at the present day.

The reduction of the Order *Carnivora* (Carnassiers, Cuvier) to what Owen conceives to be its natural boundaries, is justified by the characters of the unconvoluted cerebrum, the discoid placenta, the perfect clavicles, the ‘vesiculæ seminales,’ and other anatomical characteristics of the *Insectivora* and *Cheiroptera*, pointed out in the Hunterian Lectures on the vertebrated animals, which distinguish them from the true *Carnivora*, and place them on a lower step in the mammalian series.

Such are the main modifications of the Cuvierian divisions of the Class *Mammalia*, for the establishment of which on the only durable basis, that of anatomical and physiological research, science is indebted to Mr. Owen. Changes more or less analogous may have been proposed before, but wanting that sure foundation they have failed to command assent. Similar anticipations have preceded most discoveries, and have often been cited to detract from their merit ; but we hold by the sound philosophical canon, that he discovers who first *demonstrates* a truth.

As respects the Class of *Birds*, naturalists have taken the greatest latitude in dealing with its divisions and subdivisions: of its Orders, almost every intermediate number between the *two* in the system of Scopoli and the *thirty-eight* in that of Lacépède, has found advocates. Few of these so-called 'systems,' however, save that of Cuvier, are based on anatomical researches, and any modification which a further insight into the anatomy or palæontology of birds might establish, would probably be found more or less to correspond with one or other of the groups guessed at from inadequate external characters by some antecedent Ornithologist. Owen's careful study of the *Apteryx*—and other Struthious birds with which its structure is compared—and his discovery of the remarkable genera and species of gigantic wingless birds, *Dinornis*, *Palapteryx*, *Aptornis*, &c., once, like the *Apteryx*, inhabitants of New Zealand, have supplied the requisite grounds for separating from the 'Echassiers' or Wading-birds of the Cuvierian system, the species that form therein the family *Brevipennes*; and for raising this family to the rank of an Order, as Illiger had proposed, under the name of *Cursores*. But our Professor at the same time sets forth the anatomical reasons for eliminating from the Illigerian Order the genera *Otis*, *Calidris*, *Himantopus*, and other true *Grallæ*, which are there associated with the Ostrich, Cassowary, and other true *Cursores*, with the keel-less sternum. In March, 1850, Mr. E. Newman submitted to the Zoological Society a proposition to base the classification of birds on the difference of their condition when they chip the shell—an idea which he regarded 'as equally new and philosophical.' Now, in the article *Aves*, in which the above-cited modifications of the Cuvierian system are proposed, and which appeared in the first volume of the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, published in 1835, Professor Owen had commenced his disquisition on the principles of the distribution of birds by the remark—

'A *binary* division of the class may be founded on the condition of the newly hatched young, which in some Orders are able to run about and provide food for themselves the moment they quit the shell (*Aves præcoces*), while in others the young are excluded feeble, naked, and blind, and dependent on their parents for support (*Aves altrices*).'—p. 265.

But Owen afterwards shows that this difference in the degree of development of the newly hatched bird is not associated, like the more important difference in the development of the placental and implanental mammalia, with constant and important modifications of anatomical structure. The Herons, *e. g.*, are *aves*  
*altrices*,

*altrices*, the Curlews *aves. præcoces*, but both have the essential structures of the Gallatorial Order.

With regard to the Class of *Reptiles*, Cuvier adopted and maintained in all his works the division into the four Orders proposed by Brongniart, viz., *Sauria*, *Chelonia*, *Ophidia*, *Batrachia*. Mr. Owen, influenced by his discovery of the double auricle of the heart in the lowest and most fish-like of the *Batrachia*, and by his restoration of the connecting link which the long lost Labyrinthodonts once made between the *Batrachia* and *Sauria*, holds an intermediate opinion between those who raise the *Batrachia* to the rank of a fifth class of Vertebrata, under the name of *Amphibia*, and those who regard them as a group co-ordinate with the *Sauria* and *Chelonia*, in one and the same class. Professor Owen's division of the *Reptilia* is based, like that of the *Mammalia*, on characters taken from the phenomena of development, and he primarily distributes them into *Metabolia*, or those that undergo metamorphoses, and *Ametabolia*, or those that do not. The *Metabolia* include the tail-less and the fish-like *Batrachia*. The *Reptilia ametabolia* are subdivided into those which have a four-chambered heart and ribs with both head and tubercle, and into those which have a three-chambered heart and ribs articulated by the head only to the vertebra. In the first category he places the Crocodiles, Alligators, and Gavials, which he separates from the other *Sauria* of Cuvier to form the distinct Order *Crocodylia*. The anatomical characters of this natural and highly organized group are detailed in his *Memoirs on the Anatomy of the Crocodile*, October and December, 1831.

Subsequent researches into the Fossil *Reptilia*, however, enabled him to point out osteological and dental characters of three groups of extinct species, which entitled them to hold the same rank as the Order *Crocodylia* in the higher division of the Class *Reptilia*. To two of those new Orders he assigns the names *Dinosauria* and *Pterosauria*; and he adopts for the third the name *Eualiosauria*, which Conybeare had proposed for the family of Marine reptiles, including the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*. The *Reptiles* with the three-chambered heart and simple-headed ribs are divided into the Orders *Chelonia*, *Lacertilia*, and *Ophidia*; with a recognition, however, of the very artificial characters of the two latter orders and the difficulty of drawing the line between them. The classification of the *Reptilia*, as modified by these anatomical and palæontological researches, is set forth in the *Report on British Fossil Reptiles*, 1841.\*

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\* The groups here called *Dinosauria*, *Pterosauria*, *Eualiosauria*, &c., are adopted as equivalents to the *Lacertilia* and *Crocodylia* by M. Pictet in his 'Traité Élémentaire de Palæontologie,' tome ii., 1845, and are characterised by the same anatomical

In no Class, perhaps, was any material modification of the Cuvierian system less likely to be anticipated than in that of *Fishes*—to the natural history of which the great French Zoologist had devoted his last years of labour. Nevertheless, as to no class of Vertebrated Animals has it been found necessary to make so great a change in the nature and arrangement of the groups as in the *Pisces* of Linnæus and Cuvier. M. Agassiz\* led the way to this reform by his extensive observations of the extinct members of the class, which enabled him to propose a subdivision of it founded on the modifications of the scales or external skeleton in lieu of that which Cuvier had mainly based upon the conditions of the internal skeleton. The investigations of John Müller of Berlin† enabled him to effect some marked improvements upon the system of Agassiz: and those of Owen, which he has summed up in the first volume of his 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrate Animals' (1846), have tended still further to elucidate the true natural affinities of this extensive, extremely diversified and very difficult Class. The classification proposed in this work appears to retain all that is true to nature in the systems of Cuvier, Agassiz, and Müller, in combination with the additional facts due to the author's own researches. The characters of the orders have been considered in due relation to the totality of the organization, and are taken chiefly from the endo-skeleton, the exo-skeleton, the branchiæ, and the air-bladder. The Orders succeed each other, according to their progressive complexity:—1. *Dermopteri*; 2. *Malacopteri*; 3. *Pharyngognathi*; 4. *Anacanthini*; 5. *Acanthopteri*; 6. *Plectognathi*; 7. *Lophobranchii*; 8. *Ganoidei*; 9. *Protopteri*; 10. *Holocephali*; 11. *Plagiostomi*.

In the classification of the Invertebrated Animals the changes recommended by Owen have been few in comparison with those just specified in regard to the Vertebrata. The division of the large and miscellaneous group called *Radiata* by Cuvier, into the two sub-classes *Acrita* and *Nematoneura*, was proposed in 1835, in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology; and the modification of the constitution of the sub-kingdoms *Articulata* and *Mollusca*, in conformity with the late William Thomp-

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anatomical structures as are pointed out in Owen's 'Report.' Agassiz must have overlooked this fact when, in his analysis of his friend's work, he penned the following passage:—'The endeavour of M. Pictet to group in a natural manner so many distinct genera of Reptiles, which are often very imperfectly known, seems to me to merit the approval of naturalists, and his family of "Dinosaurians" will undoubtedly be adopted.'

\* *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*, 4to, 4 vols. 1833-1845.

† Principally given in his admirable '*Vergleichende Anatomie der Myxinoiden*,' 1836-40.

son's discovery of the metamorphoses of the *Cirripedia*, and with Nordmann's discovery of the metamorphoses of the section of the *Intestinaux Cavitaires* of Cuvier, which form Owen's class of *Epizoa*, led him to suggest the names *Homogangliata* and *Heterogangliata* for the primary groups so modified. These views have been received and adopted by some of his best contemporaries:—among others by the Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, in that beautifully illustrated work his 'General Outline of the Animal Kingdom' (1841).

The long-coveted opportunity of anatomising the *Pearly Nautilus*, enjoyed by Mr. Owen in 1831, gave him an insight into a modification of the Cephalopodal type of organization, which led him to divide Cuvier's highest class of Mollusca into the two orders *Dibranchiata* and *Tetrabranchiata*;—and from certain correlations of structure he was induced to place the *Spirula* and the extinct *Belemnites* in the Dibranchiate Order, and to associate most of the other Cephalopods, having chambered and siphunculated shells, with the Nautilus, in the lower or Tetrabranchiate Order. The subsequent acquisition of the recent *Spirula*, and the most unlooked for discovery of the fossilized soft parts of certain *Belemnites*, in the Oxford clay of Wiltshire, have fully confirmed the accuracy of Owen's prevision. Dr. Mantell, who has adopted Mr. Channing Pearce's generic name of *Belemnoteuthis* for some of these fossils, seems disposed to detract from the merit of their anatomical restoration—for which the Royal Society awarded the Royal Medal to Professor Owen in 1848—affirming that the true characters of the animal of the Belemnite have yet to be discovered. But he forgets that a change of name does not change the essence of a thing, and that the essential character of a Belemnite is the 'phragmocone.' The anatomy of other rare Cephalopoda, described by Owen in the Transactions and Proceedings of the Zoological Society, being considered in its widest relations, led the author not only to determine the homologies and the function of some doubtful and obscure organs in this singular class, but also to further ameliorate its distribution into subordinate groups.\* The anatomy of the *Nautilus Pompilius* brought our Professor to regard the Pectinibranchiate Mollusca as being most nearly allied in organization to the lower order of Cephalopods. The anatomy of the floating *Pteropoda* plainly demonstrated that they were

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\* We refer the reader specially interested in these highly organized Mollusca to Owen's article *Cephalopoda* in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology. The other papers, alluded to in this and subsequent paragraphs, are enumerated, with their dates, in our long note, *ante*, p. 370.



inferior to the *Gasteropoda*, and ought no longer to take rank immediately after the *Cephalopoda*, as in the Cuvierian System.

With regard to the *Acephalous Mollusca*, Owen's researches into the species of *Brachiopoda*, led him to interpose them between the 'Acephales testacés' and the 'Acephales sans Coquilles' of Cuvier, instead of coming after the latter, as in the 'Règne Animal'; and recent microscopic discoveries in the organization of the *Bryozoa* have gone far to demonstrate the naked *Acephala*, or *Tunicata* of Lamarck, to be the lowest group of the *Heterogangliate* or *Molluscous* subkingdom.

To conclude—the modifications proposed by Mr. Owen in the distribution of the *Entozoa* of Rudolphi, have been adopted by most subsequent writers, and the classes *Sterelmintha* and *Cœlmintha* appear to be established.\*

II. So much as to the influence which Professor Owen's anatomical researches have exercised on the improvement of *the Classification of Animals*. We come now to the share which he has taken in the reintroduction of *the Microscope* as an essential instrument in anatomical and physiological investigations.

Cuvier seems never to have availed himself of the higher powers of this instrument, nor to have pushed his examinations into animal structures further than they can be traced by the aid of a simple lens. The results of the microscopical researches which his English contemporary, Sir E. Home, from time to time communicated, in papers splendidly illustrated by Bauer, to the Royal Society, were not such as to inspire much confidence in the phenomena observed by means of high magnifying powers. The fault here, indeed, lay more with the observer than with the instrument, or rather with the trust which Sir Everard reposed in the eyes of others who had no special interest in the points to be made out. A more practised and conscientious application of the microscope by Ehrenberg was beginning, at the period when Cuvier was taken from us, to lay the foundations of a grand reform in the ideas then entertained of the nature and affinities of the invisible animalcules which are grouped together to form 'La cinquième et dernière classe des Zoophytes,' under the name of *Infusoria*, in the last edition of the *Règne Animal*—1830.

The monument of patient and successful research which has immortalized the name of Ehrenberg, appeared in 1838, in the two well-filled folios, entitled 'Die Infusionsthierchen als Vollkommene Organismen — Ein Blick in das tiefere organische Leben der Natur.' In the mean time Professor Owen was pur-

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\* See *Natural History of Animals*, by Prof. Rymer Jones, 1845.

suings microscopic inquiries over a more varied field, in combination with his dissections of man and animals. The first fruits of this deeper insight into organic structures we find thus alluded to by an accomplished physician in 1851:—

‘This example of a vegetable growth in animal structure, tempts me to offer a few passing remarks. Professor Owen, in a Paper on the Anatomy of the Flamingo, presented the first proof that there are parasitic plants, as well as animals, occasionally attached to animal structures. In other words, he demonstrated the existence of *Entophyta* as well as *Entozoa*.’\*

The discovery here alluded to was communicated to the Zoological Society in August 1832, the year in which Cuvier died. The microscopic species of mucor described by our Professor was detected growing from the inner surface of the air-passages and vomica in the lungs of a flamingo. Continental observers were not slow in following out this track of inquiry. M. Bassi, of Lodi, described in 1835 the analogous cryptogamic vegetation which produces the *muscardine*, so destructive to the silk-worm.† In 1839 Schönlein and Remak of Berlin discovered the *mycodermata* which occasion or accompany the skin-disease called *Tinea favosa*; and in 1840 M. Deslongchamps, in France, detected a species of vegetable mucor growing from the air-cells of the Eider-Duck.

Man’s complex frame—the microcosm of ancient philosophy—had long been known to be a little world to many animals of smaller size, which are developed in it and exist at its expense: it is now known to have its plants as well as its animals, and the discovery made by Owen in 1832 has led to a host of researches into its Flora as well as its Fauna.‡ The parasitical animals of the human frame—*Entozoa*, as they were termed by Rudolphi—numbered not fewer than sixteen species, according to his latest enumeration of them, and it could hardly have been expected that any important accession would remain to be made to the entozoological catalogues of the Naturalist who had devoted a lifetime to the study of this uninviting but most singular class of parasitic animals. But owing probably to its extreme minuteness, the most extraordinary of the human entozoa had eluded even the practised ken of Rudolphi. The species in question is the *Trichina spiralis* of Owen, the subject of a memoir in February, 1835, entitled ‘Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting

\* Diseases of the Chest, by Theoph. Thompson, M.D. (*Lancet*, p. 101.) 1851.

† Annales des Sciences Naturelles, vol. viii. p. 229.

‡ For further development of this happy observation see the Comptes Rendus de l’Académie des Sciences, Jan. 14, 1841, p. 1110, and M. C. Robin’s Mémoire sur les Végétaux qui nourrissent sur l’Homme et les Animaux Vivans, Paris, 1847.

the Muscles of the Human Body.' This worm measures  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of an inch in length and  $\frac{1}{700}$ th of an inch in diameter, is contained in a little cyst, and usually occurs in vast numbers in the muscular substance of the subjects infested by it. So remarkable a parasite has not failed to exercise the skill of microscopical observers both in England and Germany; but it has hitherto escaped the notice of the anatomists of France. In England it has been found in the young and old of both sexes, in patients who have died of different diseases, and in cases of violent death in apparent health. The presence of this microscopic worm seems never to have been suspected before death; and both the conditions and symptoms of its existence are alike unknown. Fortunately the disease is rare.

A series of observations on the 'blood-discs,' or 'red globules' as they used to be termed, were recorded by our Professor in the Medical Gazette for 1839, including the discovery of the elliptical form of those coloured discs in the blood of the *Auchenia* or Llama family of Ruminants, and a notice of the two extremes in size of these particles, as furnished by the Pigmy Musk-deer, in which they are  $\frac{1}{100,000}$ th of an inch in diameter; and in the *Siren lacertina*, in which they are visible by the naked eye.

From these and analogous results of the use of the Microscope, Owen became deeply impressed with a sense of its value in anatomical and physiological researches. Mr. Lister\* had introduced important improvements in the construction of the object-glasses, and, in conjunction with his friend Dr. Hodgkin, had made some valuable observations on the structure of muscular fibre. Other equally interesting results on different subjects had rewarded the labours of Dr. Arthur Farre, Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Busk, and Dr. Martin Barry.

In Botany the use of the microscope, which dates from Malpighi and Grew, had never been abandoned, and the results of its application by ROBERT BROWN—the venerated President of the Linnæan Society—recognized throughout all the scientific world as *Botanicorum Princeps*—had in our own time done lasting honour to Great Britain. But, at the period when the first-cited discovery made by Owen by means of the microscope was published, it was the fashion among medical lecturers rather to decry its trustworthiness. No consecutive series of observations had been made on any of the constituent tissues of animal bodies; and the true value and importance of the instrument were far from being properly appreciated by the anatomists, physiologists, and pathologists of this country.

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\* On some Properties in Achromatic Object-glasses applicable to the Improvement of the Microscope.—Phil. Trans. 1830.

The growing conviction of the importance of the microscope in the minds of the comparatively few observers in whose hands it had produced the results to which we have alluded, led to the establishment in 1840 of an association for the promotion of a more systematic application of the instrument in Natural History, and for the encouragement of improvements in its construction. Of this body, which took the name of the Microscopical Society of London, Mr. Owen was the first President. The Microscopical Journal and Structural Record was simultaneously set on foot for the speedy publication of the Proceedings of the Society and of cognate observations; and the first Memoir is contributed by Owen, 'On the Structure of Fossil Teeth from the Central Division of the Old Red-sandstone, indicative of a New Genus of Fishes, for which is proposed the name of *Dendrodus*.' In his Anniversary Address of 1842, the Professor skilfully avails himself of this and other recent revelations:—

'If the microscope be essential to the full and true interpretation of the vegetable remains of a former world, it is not less indispensable to the investigator of the fossilized parts of animals. It has sometimes happened that a few scattered teeth have been the only indications of animal life throughout an extensive stratum; and when these teeth happened not to be characterized by any well-marked peculiarity of external form, there remained no other test by which their nature could be ascertained than that of the microscopic examination of their intimate tissue. By the microscope alone could the existence of keuper-reptiles in the lower sandstones of the New-Red system, in Warwickshire, have been placed beyond a doubt. By the microscope, the supposed monarch of the Saurian tribes—the so-called *Basilosaurus*—has been deposed and removed from the head of the reptilian to the bottom of the mammiferous class. The microscope has degraded the *Saurocephalus* from the class of reptiles to that of fishes; it has settled the doubts entertained by some of the highest authorities in palæontology as to the true affinities of the gigantic *Megatherium*, and, by demonstrating the identity of its dental structure with that of the sloth, has yielded us an unerring indication of the true nature of its food.'

Mr. Owen afterwards says:—

'A slight glance even at the classes of natural objects of which the intimate structure remains but partially if at all known, will suffice to show us how many are the subjects that might be profitably selected by an individual or a committee for a systematic series of microscopical observations. In the Animal Kingdom, for example, how little we know of the modifications of the microscopical structure of shells recent and fossil, of the stony habitations of the numerous class of polypes, of the crustaceous coverings of the annulose animals, of the calcareous integument of the Echinodermata, or of the bones in different classes of animals, and in different parts of the skeleton of the same animal. In Mineralogy how much remains to be done in the microscopical investigation

tigation of different classes of rocks, as of oolites, of sands, flints, &c. If committees were appointed to take different subjects of minute research under their respective care, in how short a time might a vast body of microscopical facts be accumulated !

But precept, without example, effects comparatively little : the subject which Mr. Owen selected to illustrate the value of systematic microscopic research was the Teeth. The results of these researches are embodied in his comprehensive work entitled 'Odontography,' of which the first part appeared in 1840 and the last in 1845 ; the whole comprising one thick volume of text and a volume of 168 beautifully executed plates, in which the marvellously diversified modifications of the dental tissues in all classes of animals possessing teeth are, for the first time, illustrated.

The character of the facts detailed, and their application to wide generalizations in Physiology, Homology, and Palæontology, as explained in this book, might justly claim a distinct Article. The origin of the work is thus narrated :—

“ At the early part of the year 1837, I received from Mr. Darwin many fragments of the teeth of the extinct *Megatherium*, *Megalonyx*, *Myiodon*, and *Toxodon*, collected during his travels in South America. Some of these fragments were in a state of incipient decomposition : and my attention was forcibly arrested by the fact that these fragments, instead of being resolved, like the fossil tusks of the Mammoth and Mastodon, into parallel superimposed conical lamellæ, separated into fine fibres, arranged at right angles to the plane of the layers which, according to the lamellar theory of dental structure, ought to have presented themselves to view. I exhibited the most characteristic of these specimens in my Lectures on the Teeth, at the Royal College of Surgeons, in May, 1837, and stated that “ the appearances which they presented were inexplicable on the lamellar hypothesis ; but that I should investigate the subject further, and endeavour to elucidate the apparent anomaly before the following session.” At the conclusion of that Course, I had sections of these fragments prepared for the microscope ; and stimulated by the amount of clearly-defined and beautiful structure which they exhibited, I proceeded to examine similar sections of the human teeth and of those of many of the lower animals. The excitement of the research became heightened as the sphere of observation expanded, and I had collected extensive materials for a Treatise expressly on the Structure of Teeth, when the fourth number of Müller's “ *Archiv für Physiologie*,” for the year 1837, containing an Analysis of Purkinje's and Fraenkel's Treatise, came into my hands, in December, 1837, and awoke me from the dream of discovery in which I had been indulging.”—*Introduction*.

But there is nothing new under the sun. The sharp-sighted Purkinje was soon found to have only revived a forgotten discovery of Leeuwenhoek, who had demonstrated in 1678, that the  
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main substance of teeth, for which Mr. Owen has proposed the apt and now generally received name of 'dentine,' was 'formed of tubuli spreading from the cavity in the centre to the circumference of the tooth.' These tubuli are described and figured in the 140th Number of our Philosophical Transactions: and Leeuwenhoek computed that he saw a hundred and twenty of the tubuli in the space of a forty-fifth part of an inch. The subject of Leeuwenhoek's and Purkinjé's microscopical observations was that tissue which Owen denominates true or unvascular dentine; but the extended observations of the latter microscopist led him to detect six other well-marked modifications of this tissue, for which he proposes the distinctive terms 'osteodentine,' 'vasodentine,' 'vitrodentine,' 'plicidentine,' 'labyrinthodentine,' and 'dendrodentine.' The descriptions of the teeth exemplifying the last two varieties (*Odont.* i. 172, 201) may be cited as examples of our author's style of depicting in words, complex microscopic structures. The cellular structure of the intertubular part of the true dentine—a remnant of the original cells of the dentinal matrix—communicated by Professor Owen to the British Association at Newcastle in 1838, and illustrated in plates, 123 (Human incisor), 95 (Dugong's tusk), 79 (Mylodon's molar), and others, had escaped previous observers.

The most important application of this extensive series of researches was the establishment of a true theory of the mode of development of a tooth.—Dr. Schwann, in his very ingenious Essay entitled 'Microscopical Researches on the Agreement between Plants and Animals in their Structure and Mode of Growth,' having described the cellular structure of the dentinal pulp—asks, 'In what relation does the dentine stand to the cells?'—and replies, 'I must confess, at the outset, that I am unable to answer this question with certainty.' Finally, after quoting and commenting on the remarks by Purkinjé and Retzius on this obscure and difficult question, Schwann concludes (p. 128) by admitting that, 'A more certain knowledge of the whole structural relations of dentine seems to be only possible when its development is studied in very differently constructed teeth.' Thus Schwann left the question early in 1839. In that very year Owen's microscopical observations on the teeth enabled him to solve it. His examination having by this time embraced those organs from one extreme to the other of the Vertebrate series, and having included the various stages of the conversion of the cellular pulp into the cellular and tubular dentine, whilst in undisturbed connexion with the calcified portion of the pulp, in the thin, transparent, lamelliform teeth of the foetal Shark (*Carcharias*), he arrived at the clear and definite idea of the nature and relations of  
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of dental development, which he expressed by the terms 'centripetal calcification and conversion of the pulp's substance.' These results and suggestions were fully stated in the 'Mode of Formation of Teeth,' communicated to the French Academy on the occasion of his election as corresponding member, and of which an abstract appeared in the *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, December 1839.

To understand the importance of this theory it is requisite to recall the ideas prevalent at the date of its promulgation. Cuvier had adopted what he believed to be both Hunter's and Tenon's views, viz., that the pulp stood to the growing tooth in the relation of a gland, that there was no organic connexion between them, and that the dentine ('ivoire' of Cuvier) was secreted and transuded layer upon layer from the free surface of the pulp. The same doctrine was taught by John Müller in his 'Physiology' (1838). In the English edition of this comprehensive work, the accomplished translator Dr. Baly adds to the text the microscopic observations of Purkinjé on the texture of dentine—but, the nature of its formation not having been discovered at that period, it is described to be 'by the secretion of layers of dental substance,' and the shell of the substance so formed, is said to have no organic connexion with the matrix;—'it is formed by the deposition of the mineral components of the tooth mixed with some animal matter, and may be lifted off its matrix' (pp. 391 and 392). So also in the fasciculus of *Ostéographie d'Animaux Vertébrés*, submitted (by a notable coincidence!) to the French Academy on the same 16th December, 1839, when Owen communicated to that body his 'Theory of the Development of Dentine by Centripetal Calcification of the pulp'—the eminent author, M. de Blainville, describes the substance of a tooth, which he calls 'phanéros,' as a dead product, exhaled from the surface of a producing bulb.\* These formal expressions of well-weighed ideas of the nature and formation of teeth, set forth by the celebrated Professors of Berlin and Paris, afford the true indications of the state and the needs of that branch of physiology at the close of the year 1839. If we look for signs of the opinions held among the best instructed of our own

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\* 'Pour bien comprendre la forme générale d'un phanéros il faut savoir que c'est une partie morte et produite, exhalée à la surface d'un bulbe producteur ou phanère, en continuité organique avec le corps animal—et implantée plus ou moins profondément dans le derme et même dans les tissus sous-jacents; et que, par conséquent, la forme du bulbe producteur détermine rigoureusement celle du produit ou du phanéros. Or, par la production seule des couches de celui-ci appliquées successivement, en dedans les unes des autres, sur le bulbe producteur seul vivant, seul lié par le système vasculaire et par le système nerveux au reste de l'organisme, ce bulbe diminue de volume en même temps que de puissance productive; en sorte qu'il arrive un moment où les cônes composants, ayant cessé de s'accroître en diamètre avec le bulbe lui même, commencent à diminuer avec lui.'—*Fascicule Premier, Primates*, p. 15.

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countrymen previous to Owen's Newcastle Memoir, we find, for example, in a number of the Medico-chirurgical Review, which appeared in July, 1838, the dental substance described as being 'like the hair, arranged in concentric layers.' Since that period there has been no hesitation amongst English anatomists and physiologists in accepting the new doctrines—new at least as demonstrated doctrines—of the structure and development of the teeth. We learn, indeed, from the Introduction to Owen's Treatise, that his ideas were seized in one instance with such precipitation that no time was left for acknowledgment.

In France the old notions of the inorganic and secreted nature of the teeth have longer continued to prevail. Not only were they promulgated year after year by M. de Blainville, Cuvier's successor in the chair of Comparative Anatomy at the Garden of Plants, but the eminent physiologist who now fills Cuvier's seat as perpetual secretary to the Academy of Sciences, remains equally firm in his old views:—'Les dents ont des organes sécréteurs, comme leur germe, leur membrane propre; des substances sécrétées, comme leur *émail*, leur *ivoire*.'—(*Analyse Raisonnée des Travaux de Georges Cuvier*, 1841, p. 25.)—M. Flourens, indeed, seems to think further progress in the theory of dental development almost impossible, for he says:—

'Les travaux de Hunter et de Tenon avaient déjà fait faire de grands pas à la théorie du développement des dents: Cuvier a porté cette théorie, à peu de chose près, à sa perfection.'

For the details of the complex process by which the cells of the pulp are converted into hard dentine, explaining the metamorphosis of their nuclei into the dentinal tubules, and showing the persistent traces of the cell-wall in the intertubular substance, we must refer to the *Odontography* itself. This work is a brilliant example of the combination of systematic microscopical research with the modes of observation in comparative anatomy practised in the time of Cuvier, and exemplifying what can be done when the collection of facts is combined with the reflection on the mode of origin of the phenomena contemplated, on the uses of the parts when developed, and with enlarged views of their essential nature and homologies. We ourselves could not have obtained a better idea of the importance of the facts merely which are crowded into the pages of the *Odontography*, than by the value assigned by the Royal Society to the slightest addition to them. Owen, for example, gives in his text and plates the first illustration of the microscopic structure of the different tissues of the teeth in the Marsupial animals: he traces the minute tubuli of the dentine from the pulp-cavity to the periphery, and describes how they there 'interlace and form a rich net-work at the boundary line between the



the deptine and enamel:’ some of the tubuli are distinctly shown crossing the boundary line in Pl. 102, in the incisor of the Kangaroo, although the fact has escaped special mention in the text. A succeeding observer verifies and describes it, and the observation is honoured by a place in the Philosophical Transactions.

The influence of the precepts and example of the President of the Microscopical Society soon began to make itself felt. In the year which succeeded that commemorated in the Anniversary Address already quoted, Mr. Bowerbank communicated to the Society the result of his examinations of the minute structure of shells; and the same subject has been ably followed out to a greater extent by Dr. Carpenter. Mr. Quekett, too, has published illustrations of the intimate structure of bone in a few species selected from the four classes of Vertebrate Animals; but we doubt whether the same decisive results are to be obtained in determining a fossil animal from a fragment of bone as have rewarded the similar modes of investigating the more varied and better marked structures in fossil teeth. A much larger series of observations at least must be made before the geologist will be warranted in placing implicit confidence in determinations founded upon the slight differences that have been already recognized in the microscopic bone-cells.

The minute structure of the scales and other dermal appendages of fishes, has been studied by Mr. Owen, who was led by the phenomena he observed to oppose the views of the formation of scales by excretion, which M. Agassiz had contended for. The Professor says (*Odont.*, part i., p. 14),

‘A very close analogy exists between the dermal bony tubercles and spines of the cartilaginous fishes and their teeth. The thick enamelled scales of the ganoid fishes exhibit an organization similar to that of teeth; the system of minute parallel tubes, with their branches and anastomoses, in the thick scales of the extinct *Lepidotus*, is as complicated as in many teeth, and equally militates against the theory of formation by transudation of layers being applied, at least to ganoid scales.’

These views have been fully confirmed, the analogies extended, and a variety of beautiful modifications of toothlike structure, demonstrated by Dr. Williamson, in his Papers communicated to the Royal Society in 1849 and 1850.

Of the application of the microscope by Mr. Owen to the resolution of some of the mysterious problems of the generation of animals, we shall have to speak in noticing his elucidation of the procreative power in virgin Aphides, and of allied phenomena in his work entitled ‘Parthenogenesis.’ Many remarkable facts, gathered in this field of microscopic research, will be found  
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in his 'Lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Invertebrated Animals,' and in those 'On the Generation of Animals.' The former work is that in which the discovery is recorded which is thus alluded to by Dr. Martin Barry in his Essay on the Nucleus of the Animal and Vegetable cell :—

'Between the appearances presented by the mammiferous germ during the passage of the ovum through the oviduct and certain infusoria, including the *Volvox globator*, as figured by Ehrenberg, the resemblance, first mentioned by Professor Owen, is so remarkable that we cannot avoid the belief, that the same process operates in both. And further, we have here a most interesting confirmation of the view, that the germ of the highest animals at certain periods represents or passes through forms permanent in the lowest.'—*Edinburgh New Philosoph. Journ.*, 1847.

These numerous and varied applications of the microscope, often under the highest powers that can be safely trusted, began at length to tell upon the delicate textures of the visual organ thus overtasked, and usually after having been fatigued by anatomical investigations of the ordinary kind. Thus, very many of the plates in the *Odontography* are taken from drawings made with the camera lucida, whilst a strong light was concentrated on the subject in the microscope. Threatening symptoms of retinitis compelled Professor Owen to forego this seductive but hazardous kind of research; and he has of late years resigned in a great measure the use of the microscope to younger and stronger eyes.

The treasure of microscopical objects in Lincoln's-inn-fields, which had rapidly increased under the present conservator's care, has been vastly extended by the assistant-conservator, Mr. Quekett, on whom has devolved the more special charge of this collection, and the application of the microscope at the Royal College in all cases where its assistance is needed. Weekly demonstrations of those accumulated objects are now given at certain periods of the year by Mr. Quekett; and we may safely affirm that no Treatise on Comparative Anatomy will be henceforth regarded as fulfilling the exigencies of science, which does not embrace, as in the *Odontography* of Owen, illustrations of the intimate structure, together with those more obvious characters of the parts of animals, which alone are described in the *Anatomie Comparée* of Cuvier.

III. We reach the third branch of our summary—*Palæontology*.—The share which JOHN HUNTER had contributed to the elucidation of fossil organic remains, and to a view of their bearing upon the ancient history of the earth, could scarcely be appreciated at the time when he wrote—and had been all but forgotten when his

'Observations

‘Observations on some Fossil Bones presented to the Royal Society,’ &c., were reprinted in the complete collection of his extra-professional writings edited and annotated by Owen. (*Animal Economy*, 1837.) Geologists, who had thus their attention awakened, became still more fully acquainted with the zealous and persevering labours of Hunter in the collection of Palæontological evidences upon the publication by the Royal College of Owen’s illustrated catalogue of the Fossil Mammalia and Birds in the Hunterian Museum. In reference to the only record of Hunter’s thoughts on this branch of his inquiries that we have from his own hand—and they formed the subject of his very last Memoir—written but a few months before his brilliant career was cruelly and prematurely arrested by the consequences of excitement—the Editor of his *Animal Economy* in 1837, says (*Note*, p. 479):—

‘In this Paper (*Phil. Trans.* 1794), we may perceive that Hunter appreciated the value of the study of Fossil Remains, and their application to the elucidation of many important subjects. First, with reference to the extension of our ideas respecting the zoology of this planet, we find him comparing the fossils which are the subject of the text, with their recent analogues, and he shows that they differ both from them and among themselves; his observations and comparisons are, it is true, too general and summary, and it was left to his successors in this field of inquiry to pursue the comparison with the requisite minuteness and precision, and to give names to the distinct but extinct species. Hunter next briefly alludes to the different situations and climates in the globe to which animals are more or less confined; and this subject, or the geographical distribution of animals, considered in relation to fossil remains, elucidates, among other interesting questions, the changes of temperature to which different parts of the earth have been subject at different epochs. Hunter points out more distinctly, and with more detail, the evidence which extraneous fossils afford respecting the alternations of land and sea, of which the earth’s surface has been the theatre; and by his frequent allusion to the “many thousand years” which must have elapsed during these periods, seems to have fully appreciated the necessity of an ample allowance of past time in order to account philosophically for the changes in question. Lastly, he treats of the nature and causes of the different states in which the remains of extinct animals are found; and many of the fossil bones which were the subject of his chemical experiments are still preserved in his Museum.

‘When,’ continues Mr. Owen, ‘we turn from the perusal of this highly philosophical Memoir to the notice of it in the “Ossemens Fossiles” of Cuvier, we must suppose that it could have been but very imperfectly known to the great founder of oryctological science. In the chapter on the “Ours Fossiles,” Cuvier says, “Le célèbre chirurgien

glen Anglais, J. Hunter, dans un *Mémoire sur les os fossiles*, qui n'a que leur analyse chimique pour objet, et qui est inséré dans les *Transactions Philosophiques*, donne deux belles figures de crânes d'ours fossiles, les meilleures qui aient paru jusque là, mais sans description détaillée, et en disant pour toute comparaison que les différentes têtes d'ours de cavernes diffèrent autant entre elles qu'elles diffèrent de l'ours polaire, et que toutes ces différences ne surpassent point celles que l'âge peut produire dans les animaux carnassiers; assertion vague et même erronée."

'A careful and candid perusal of Hunter's *Memoir* would doubtless have exonerated the author from this charge in the mind of Cuvier, as it must do in that of every unprejudiced reader. But it would still afford a very inadequate notion of the extent to which Hunter had pursued his study of fossil remains. The interest that he took in them is shown by the frequent exhortations towards their collection in his letters to Jenner, and his own collection at his decease included about 1050 specimens, of which there are 259 belonging to the Vertebrate classes (including 70 specimens of fossil fishes, and 40 of reptiles), 116 cephalopods, 166 univalves, 143 bivalves, 35 crustacea, 163 echinodermata, 109 zoophytes, and 50 fossil vegetable productions.'

Pallas and Camper had both contributed their share to the demonstration of the fact that the crust of the earth contained evidences of animals, the species of which had entirely perished. Daubenton had endeavoured to apply comparative anatomy to the determination of fossil bones in a *mémoire* published in 1762; but, as he himself avows, the science was far from being sufficiently advanced to point out with certainty in every case to what species an insulated petrified bone or tooth might have belonged. Few men had done more to bring forward comparative anatomy to the required state than the industrious fellow-labourer of Buffon, at the time when Cuvier entered on his great career as the successor of Daubenton and Mertrud in the department of comparative anatomy, which the former had founded at the Garden of Plants. Cuvier intuitively discerned the vast extent and the supreme interest of the field of research which his predecessors had just entered upon. He lost no time in applying his extraordinary energies and sagacity to its assiduous cultivation, and the primary *Memoir on Fossil Elephants* will ever make memorable the first 'séance publique de l'Institut National de France,' held 'le 1<sup>r</sup> pluviôse, an IV' (1796), as being that in which Cuvier first announced his views on extinct animals, and began to develop his principles for their restoration.

These principles, which he termed the 'subordination of organs' and the 'correlation of forms,' are now too well known to need much explanation. A carnivorous animal must have organs of sense and of motion, claws, teeth, jaws, stomach and  
intestines,

intestines, adapted to perceive, attain, seize, tear, and digest its prey: all these conditions are rigorously chained together; if one were wanting, the rest would have no effect, and the animal could not exist, &c. So likewise of an herbivorous animal: a bone made to support a hoof could only coexist with a connected series of organs equally adapted for subsistence on vegetable food. The recognition of the secondary modifications to which these wider principles are subject in the diversified combinations of Nature, demanded incessant observations and an immense collection of the skeletons of existing animals.

As the field of induction became enlarged by these labours of the great French anatomist, he at length arrived at such confidence in the application of his principles as to require only a molar tooth, or a bone retaining one of its articular surfaces, in order to reconstruct the entire animal to which they belonged, or at least arrive at a clear idea of its general habits, food and affinities.\* The applicability of this method of induction to the extent to which it was confided in by Cuvier, has been called in question by his successor, M. de Blainville, whose last work betrays throughout a deplorable tendency to depreciate the achievement of his illustrious Predecessor. But the confidence of comparative anatomists and geologists in the fruitful principle of physiological correlations, if it had ever been shaken by the ingenious and active-minded but somewhat eccentric author of the '*Ostéographie*,' must have been completely restored by the results of the palæontological labour of our distinguished countryman, carried on in the true spirit of Cuvierian inquiry.

Our space would scarcely suffice to give the titles of the numerous Memoirs, Reports, Catalogues, and systematic works in which this class of his researches are recorded, and we shall therefore content ourselves by briefly alluding to those observations which have added new means of comparison, or have led to higher generalisations. Cuvier, we have seen, required a molar tooth, or the articular surface of a bone, as the first step or foundation of the reconstruction. Owen, on receiving the fossil remains of the remarkable extinct animals from South America, which Mr. Darwin had confided to him, on the return of Captain Fitz-Roy's expedition in 1837, found himself in the condition either of abandoning the attempt for want of the Cuvierian essentials, or of discovering some other basis for his inductive operations. The microscope, as we have already seen, was first brought to bear

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\* 'La première chose à faire dans l'étude d'un animal fossile est de reconnaître la forme de ses dents molaires; on détermine par-là s'il est carnivore ou herbivore; et dans ce dernier cas, on peut s'assurer jusqu'à un certain point de l'ordre d'herbivores auquel il appartient.'—*Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles*, tom. iii. p. 1.

upon the shapeless fragments of fossil teeth, and by the characteristic modifications of the internal structure of those parts, such fragments were found in many instances sufficient to obtain that knowledge for which Cuvier required at least an entire tooth, and that of a particular class of teeth.

This deeper insight into the modifications of dental structure led, moreover, to a knowledge of the nature and affinities of certain extinct species, which the mere form of the grinding surface could not have afforded. Cuvier, for example, having had the opportunity of examining the entire molar teeth of the *Megatherium*, had rightly divined therefrom its phytiphagous nature; and he guessed that the part of plants on which the giant quadruped subsisted were the roots. But the microscopic structure of the teeth was shown by Owen to be of a peculiar character, different from that of all root-eating quadrupeds, and resembling only the intimate structure of the teeth of the sloth. From this correspondence of structure Owen inferred a similarity of materials to be operated on: and, being led by this insight to consider more closely and connectedly the uses of the peculiar proportions and constructions of the limbs and other parts of the skeleton of the *Megatherium*, he arrived at length at that conclusion as to their habits and mode of acquiring their leafy food, which he afterwards more fully developed in his *Memoir on the Mylodon*, and in the equally elaborate one on the *Megatherium*, recently communicated to the Royal Society.

When this bold idea was first broached in the description (1840) of some fragments of the *Megatherium's* skeleton in the collection of fossils brought home by Mr. Darwin, one of the objections which we remember to have heard made during its discussion was, that an animal destined by nature to earn its subsistence by prostrating trees would run a frequent risk of having its head broke by their fall. To this ingenious prevision of contingencies nothing more at the time could be replied than the hope that the instincts of the animal would lead it to modify its mighty operations so as to avoid the impending hazard.

It was not long before both the anticipation of the possible contingencies of the Professor's hypothesis, and the hypothesis itself, were remarkably confirmed by the transmission from Buenos Ayres of the entire fossil skeleton of an animal nearly allied to, but somewhat smaller than, the *Megatherium*, the skull of which exhibited two extensive fractures, one of which had been entirely healed, whilst the other had been in course of reparation, much new bone having been formed at the time of the animal's death. This extraordinary skeleton was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons, 'where it arrived in many pieces, fragile

from the loss of the animal matter ; but after having been restored in some measure to their original tenacity, the parts of the several bones were reunited, the skeleton was articulated, and placed in the Museum'—of which, we may add, it is now the chief ornament.

Few will be able to realise the amount of patient labour, scientific skill, and manual dexterity, of which the result is summed up in this brief passage. But we who saw the dozen boxes of seemingly unintelligible crumbling fragments, when first opened on their arrival at the College, can well understand the blank dismay of the Museum Committee on inspecting the condition of the 'rare skeleton,' and their temporary mistrust of the zealous report on which three hundred good guineas of the College funds had been voted by the Council for its acquisition. Nothing daunted, however, by the chaotic aspect of the whole, and bearing in mind the fairy tale of 'Order and Disorder,' to work went our palæontologist and his assistants. At the voice of the clear-sighted comparative anatomist every bone took its proper place, and the whole fabric—as if under the wand of enchantment,—'rose like an exhalation.'—

'The Sloths, though specially and admirably organised for clinging to the boughs of trees, yet in the course of an existence exclusively spent therein are liable, through unforeseen contingencies of rotten branches or sound ones yielding to the force of winds, to be occasionally thrown to the ground; without attaching undeserved credit to the story of these excellent climbers choosing that abrupt and hazardous mode of descent by preference. The coarse matted hair with which their light body is densely covered is well suited to break the force of such falls, whilst any injury to the brain seems to have been provided against by the strong double bony wall of the cranial cavity, which results from the extension of the air-cells from the frontal along the upper part of the head to the occipital region. But the same structure exists to an equal or greater extent in the *Mylodon*, which according to my interpretation of its organization was not a climber; not subject therefore to a fall. Yet the liability of the *Mylodon*, in the habitual practice of uprending and prostrating large trees, to be struck by the trunk or some of the large branches, must have been greater than that of the Sloth to a fall from its tree; and therefore the advantage to the *Mylodon* of having a double brain-case would not be less.

'Certain it is, that the habits of life, or the conditions under which the *Mylodon* existed, did render it obnoxious to violent blows on the head, and that it was owing to the extensive and deep cellular diploë of the skull, that they were not, in the present instance, death-blows.

'It is at least not probable that any large mammiferous animal could have survived so extensive and complicated a fracture and depression of the vitreous table at the back part of the skull, as that which in the *Mylodon* is here confined to the outer table. Either of the blows, however, to the force of which that strong plate of bone has yielded,

yielded, must have stunned; and, at least, have temporarily disabled the animal; and, if inflicted by the paw of some sufficiently powerful carnivore, would have left the *Myiodon* its easy and unresisting prey. If the skull of an animal so destroyed had been preserved and afterwards discovered in a fossil state, the broken bones would not have presented any of those effects of the reparative processes which are so extensively manifested in the very remarkable specimen under consideration.

‘It is not very probable that the *Myiodon*, if disabled and its skull fractured by a blow received in conflict with another of its kind, would have been suffered to escape: the victorious assailant would in all likelihood have followed up his advantage by a mortal wound, such as an irate *Megatherium* might easily have inflicted with its sharp and ponderous claw, if excited by combative or destructive instinct. Nothing, however, that has yet reached us of the habits of existing *Edentata* would lead to the supposition that the extinct ones were actuated by these instincts, or were characterised by less peaceful habits than those of the Sloths, the Ant-eaters, and Armadillos of the present day. Only in self-defence against the carnivorous Jaguar, or Puma, is the strong-clawed Ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*), reported to use successfully its powerful weapons, with the analogues of which a *Myiodon* or *Megatherium* might be conjectured to have produced the injuries in our present fossil, on the combative hypothesis of their origin. But in the conflict of the great Ant-eater with the Jaguar, the predatory assailant is overcome by the pertinacity of the grasp, not by the force of the blow. The only analogies, therefore, by which we can test the conjecture that the injuries in question were inflicted by another *Megatherioid* animal, diminish its probability.

‘There is no certain or conclusive evidence that human beings coexisted with the *Megatherian* animals; but assuming a primæval race of Indians to have disputed the lordship of the American forests with the edentate giants, and to have waged against them, as against all other inferior animals, a war of extermination; the same difficulty presents itself to the supposition of the recovery and escape of a stunned *Myiodon* from their deadly assaults with clubs and other weapons, as from the claws and teeth of the beast of prey; for the flesh of the leaf-eating *Megatherian* would doubtless be as much prized for food by a human destroyer as that of the Sloth is by the Indians of the present day.

‘With these difficulties, therefore, opposing themselves to the conjectures which naturally rise in the mind at the first view of the injuries on the skull of the extinct *Myiodon*, and which suggest the hostile attacks of some other animal as their cause, we are compelled to refer those injuries to the effects of some inanimate force, which, having felled the *Myiodon* and temporarily disabled it, was spent, and could not follow up the blow. To a huge denizen of the woods, what accident more likely to produce such injuries than the fall of a tree; and what inhabitant of the forest more obnoxious to such an accident than one destined by its organisation to be habitually engaged in uprooting,



and therefore in danger from the descent of heavy trees? The form of the healed, as well as of the partly healed, fracture, in both of which the fissures diverge from a longitudinal instead of radiating from a central depression, accords better with a blow from a branch or trunk of a tree than with one inflicted by the point of a large claw. It must, therefore, be conceded, that both the injuries, and the structure of the skull by which their immediate fatal effects have been obviated, accord with the habits assigned to the megatherian animals in the present Memoir; while they can receive no elucidation from, nor appear in any way connected with, the acts of digging the earth for roots, or ants, or for concealment, which have been severally conjectured to be the habitual labour of the Megatherioids by Cuvier, D'Alton, and De Blainville.—(*Description of the Mylodon robustus*, p. 156.)

In the attempt to reconstruct and place amongst the Zoological series some of the singular extinct animals of South America, indicated by Mr. Darwin's importations, the rules prescribed by Cuvier as to the first step in the process could not be followed, for the simple reason that not one fragment of tooth had been recovered. Owen had, therefore, to look out for other characters besides the grinding surface of the molar teeth, the shape of phalanges, and the articular extremities of bones: and Science has to thank him for adding to those bases of inductive superstructure which Cuvier had laid down, *the marks left by blood-vessels and by nerves on the hard bones*. The first of these novel characters he applies with singular success in the restoration of a remarkable quadruped, of which the best preserved remains seem to have been some neck bones found petrified in a cliff on the barren shores of Patagonia. These vertebræ were as long as those of a Giraffe, but differed in the absence of the perforation for the vertebral artery in the transverse process which that beautiful creature has in common with almost every species of Mammal. Owen had detected a solitary exception to this rule in the Camel tribe, and he points out many minor marks of resemblance between the fossil in question and the cervical vertebræ of those small South American forms of *Camelidæ*, called Llamas or Vicuñas, which Illiger groups under the generic name of *Auchenia*. To the gigantic extinct species thus restored Professor Owen has therefore given the name of *Macrauchenia Patagonica*.—(*Fossil Mammalia of the Voyage of the Beagle*, 1838, p. 35.)

With regard to the inductions from a study of the canals and grooves by which the nerves traverse and leave their impress upon bones, Mr. Owen was compelled to avail himself of these characters in his attempt to define the nature and affinities of the animal to which a single fragment of the cranium—the subject of Plate xvi. of the work above cited—belonged. Most Palæontologists

tologists would, we believe, have given up the task in despair: it is certain that similar fragments equally wanting alveoli and teeth have long remained undeciphered in the unarranged stores at the Garden of Plants. We are forced to refer the naturalist interested in this novel application of a previously neglected osteological character to Owen's own 'Description of a Fragment of a Cranium of an extinct Mammal, indicative of a new Genus of Edentata, and for which is proposed the name of *Glossotherium*'—but we cannot omit the following testimony to the merits of this restoration from the *Traité Élémentaire de Palæontologie* by the esteemed Professor of Geneva, M. Pictet:

'Le genre des *Glossotherium* Owen a été établi uniquement sur la partie postérieure du crâne d'une espèce perdue. M. Owen l'a décrit dans un Mémoire remarquable, et qui peut servir de modèle pour montrer combien un observateur sagace et ingénieux peut tirer d'un fragment d'os, qui paraîtrait à bien d'autres devoir être rejeté comme inutile.'—vol. i. p. 234.

The Memoirs on the *Toxodon platensis*, *Myllodon Darwinii*, and *Scelidotherium leptcephalum*, will equally repay the student; nor must we omit to notice the determination of remains of the Horse as coeval in South America, with those of the extinct animals above described. In reference to this unexpected discovery, Mr. Owen says:—

'The Horse which, as regards the American continent, had once become extinct, has again been introduced, and now ranges in countless troops over the Pampas and Savannahs of the New World. If the small Opossums of South America had been in like manner imported into Europe, and were now established, like the Squirrels and Dormice, in the forests of France, an analogous case would exist to that of the Horse in South America, as the fossil *Didelphys* of Montmartre proves.'

As neither the absence of molar teeth in the case of the *Macrauchenia*, nor the want both of teeth and of bones of the extremities in the case of the *Glossotherium*, had baffled our Palæontologist, so neither could the mere fragment of the shaft of a limb-bone resist his powers of interpretation, although every trace of the articular extremities, deemed essential by Cuvier for the requisite insight, was wanting.

We would request any reader who may have the third volume of the Zoological Transactions at hand to turn to Plate III., where he will find figured the fragment of the bone in question;—and we may venture to say that the more he may be conversant with comparative anatomy the better he will appreciate the reticence, not to say repugnance, manifested by some influential members of the Publication Committee of the Zoological Society,

Society, in regard to hazarding the assignment of a place in its Transactions to the Memoir founded on such materials. The bone in question had been brought to the Hunterian Museum and offered for sale by an individual who averred that it came originally from New Zealand, and this was the sole point on which Mr. Owen entertained any misgiving; as to the evidence from the fragment itself, after carefully scrutinizing *the texture of the bone*, he concluded that it belonged to the class of birds, and to the Struthious order in that class. The fragment is shown to be part of a thigh-bone of a bird larger than the Ostrich, but not exactly corresponding in its characters with the Ostrich's femur. 'From this difference,' writes Owen, 'I conclude our extinct bird to have been a heavier and more sluggish species than the Ostrich; its femur, and probably its whole leg, was shorter and thicker.' He proceeds to say:—

'The discovery of the relic of a large Struthious bird in New Zealand is one of peculiar interest, on account of the remarkable character of the existing fauna of that island, which still includes one of the most extraordinary and anomalous genera of the Struthious order, and because of the close analogy which the event indicated by the present relic offers to the extinction of the Dodo of the islands of the Mauritius and Roderigue. So far as a judgment can be formed from a single fragment,\* it seems probable that the bird to which the above described bone belonged, presented proportions more nearly resembling those of the Dodo than of any of the existing Struthionidæ. In the partially explored state of the islands of New Zealand it would be premature to pronounce the large Struthious bird thus indicated to be extinct. The present notice, it is hoped, may tend to accelerate its discovery, if it be still in being, or may stimulate to the collection of the remaining parts of the skeleton, if the species no longer exists.'

Copies of the last-cited Memoir—(November, 1839)—were despatched forthwith to many residents in New Zealand, and special letters were addressed to the few personally known to Mr. Owen, strongly urging the prosecution of inquiries amongst the natives as to the existence of such fossil or semi-fossil remains. Three years elapsed, and in the mean while opinions were freely offered as to the fragmentary specimen, and the startling prediction based upon it; indeed we learn from an eminent geologist that 'this fragment so much resembled in its general appearance the marrow-bone of an ox, as actually to have been regarded as such

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\* We well remember seeing this fragment of the shaft of a femur when it first arrived, and hearing the opinion of the Professor as to the bird to which it must have belonged. He took, in our presence, a piece of paper, and drew the outline of what he conceived to be the complete bone. The fragment, from which alone he deduced his conclusions, was six inches in length and five inches and a half in its smallest circumference; both extremities had been broken off. When a perfect bone arrived, and was laid on the paper, it fitted the outline *exactly*.

by more than one eminent naturalist of this metropolis.' At length in November, 1843, a large box of specimens arrived, addressed by the Rev. W. Williams, church missionary in New Zealand, to Dr. Buckland, whose lectures he had attended, accompanied by a letter dated 'Poverty Bay, New Zealand, February 28, 1842,' suggesting that one set of the specimens should be retained in the Geological Museum at Oxford. Buckland, with his characteristic liberality, directed that the whole series should be submitted in the first instance to the Hunterian Professor. We had the good fortune to be present when the long expected case was opened, and that whitest day will ever be remembered. As each bone of the feathered giant was taken out it was impossible to repress exclamations; but when the enormous tibia came within our grasp, it was flourished aloft with a shout of wonder and joy that made the Museum ring again. Fortunately, we wore no wig, as dear Mr. Oldbuck did, or it certainly would have been hurled upwards, where it would probably have ornamented one of the many antlers which overhung us, as Jonathan's cocked-hat stuck on the chandelier at Wardour Castle when he skimmed it in the air on receiving the intelligence which enabled him to order Mr. Sweepclean to sweep himself clean of the premises.

The series consisted of 47 bones, including tibia or leg-bones, respectively of the length of 35 inches, 29 inches, 25 inches,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches. These, with thigh-bones and ankle-bones to match, fully confirmed the prevision that the great Struthious bird of New Zealand was a heavier and less swift species, with shorter and more powerful limbs than the Ostrich; it was moreover shown to have had three toes. But what Owen could not have calculated upon were, the evidences now transmitted of wingless birds, not merely surpassing the Ostrich in the degree indicated by the first fragment, but towering to the altitude of 10 or 11 feet—demonstrating, in fact, the former existence in New Zealand of birds more than double the bulk of the largest African Ostrich. Not fewer than five species of these probably extinct wingless birds were determined—and the generic characters being now sufficiently illustrated, the name of *Dinornis* was proposed for the largest. The Memoir containing figures of these specimens and Mr. Owen's reasonings on the probable food and habits of the bird, was communicated to the Zoological Society, November 28, 1843.\* Specimens from different parts of both islands of New Zealand began now rapidly

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\* The largest of the bones here described is that introduced into the portrait of Owen now at Drayton Manor;—one of the best works of Mr. Pickersgill—on whom, after Sir T. Lawrence's death, Sir Robert Peel relied for the completion of his Gallery of Modern Worthies.

to follow each other. In 1846 a second\* genus (*Palapteryx*) of the large terrestrial birds, together with four additional species and two, at least, well-marked varieties were established, principally by bones of the extremities: different vertebræ, a sternum, and cranial portions of the skulls of two distinct species were at the same time contributed towards the restoration of the entire skeleton of the apparently extinct gigantic bird. In 1848 the entire skull and beak were described and figured, and two other genera, *Aptornis* and *Notornis*, were founded on small petrified remains. The latter genus has since been discovered to be represented by a living species in the middle island, and proves to be precisely what Owen had predicted from the few fragments of the skeleton at his command, viz. a gigantic Coot, subgenerically distinct from the nearest allied species *Porphyrio*.

In a Paper (February, 1850), Owen gives a restoration of the entire feet of *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*, and a description of the sternal bone in the *Palapteryx* and *Notornis*. His last Memoir on the subject (November, 1850) is devoted to the description of almost entire skulls and beaks of some of the largest of these gigantic birds, and also of a fragment of a wing-bone (*humerus*), which, from its diminutive size and want of processes, fully bears out the Professor's original inference as to the arrested state of the development of the wings in the *Dinornis*. The skeleton of this stupendous bird, as restored by the succession of laborious comparisons which we have mentioned, is now one of the most striking objects in the centre of the great Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

All criticisms and misgivings as to the original audacious induction from the fragment of the supposed marrow-bone being thus quashed, there remained only attempts at detraction from the merit of the discovery. One of these amenities Mr. Owen has disposed of in a note to his third Memoir, and we shall devote a note to another.\* Every

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\* Dr. Mantell, in a paper 'On the Fossil Remains of Birds collected in New Zealand, by Mr. Walter Mantell,'—Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society for August, 1848—says:—'I do not deem it necessary to enlarge on the question whether the *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx* still exist in New Zealand. On this point I would only remark, that Mr. Colenso, who was the first observer that investigated the nature of the fossil remains with due care and the requisite scientific knowledge—(having determined the Struthious affinities of the birds to which the bones belonged, and pointed out their remarkable characters ere any intelligence could have reached him of the result of Professor Owen's examination of the specimens transmitted to this country)—has given in his masterly paper before quoted very cogent reasons for the belief that none of the true *Mōas* exist, though it is probable the last of the race were exterminated by the early inhabitants of these islands.' The emphasis of the italics is Dr. Mantell's: the paper he cites is from the Number of the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for August, 1844. In it Mr. Colenso refers to a visit which he made, in the summer of 1838, to the tribes of the East Cape district, and to the stories which he heard from them

Every objection that could be raised against the 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles'—every statement which might detract from the merit and originality of Baron Cuvier's greatest work—seem to have been exhausted in the Treatise on the same subject by his successor at the Garden of Plants—M. de Blainville. But the only comment in the 'Ostéographie des cinq Classes d'Animaux Vertèbres' which really applies, is perhaps that (p. 6) which reflects on the want of order and method in the 'Recherches sur les Ossements Fossiles,' and which characterises it, as indeed Cuvier himself is far from dissembling, as a collection of detached Memoirs previously scattered through the scientific journals of his time. This, however, was the inevitable condition of laying the foundations of an almost new science, and is no fault of the truly great and original work which will continue to be consulted with profit when the very name of Blainville is forgotten. The Historian of Science will have to note by which of the successors of the illustrious Cuvier a more consecutive and systematic study of the fossil remains of any part of the world has been carried out.

them 'of a certain monstrous animal, which some said was a *bird*, and others a *person*, but all agreed that it was called a *Moa*. As a matter of course, I treated the whole story as fabulous; and I could not but think what an excellent companion for the celebrated *roc* of oriental story, and fairy tale for the nursery, it would have made.'—p. 82. So much for the journey in 1838. In December, 1839, Professor Owen despatched to New Zealand copies of his first Memoir, as printed in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, and they were received before the close of 1840. Mr. Colenso's paper is dated May 1st, 1842. 'In 1841-2,' proceeds Mr. Colenso, 'I again visited those parts.' He procured from the natives some bones, declared by them to be true *Moa* bones. 'These bones, seven in number, were all imperfect, and comprised five *femora*, and one *tibia*, and one which I have not been able satisfactorily to determine. . . . Leaving Waipatu, and proceeding by the coast towards the south, I arrived at Poverty Bay, where the Rev. W. Williams resided. This gentleman had had the good fortune to procure a nearly whole *tibia* of an immense bird, without, however, the entire processes of either end. Mr. Williams wishing to send this unique relic to Oxford, I left a pair of *femora* to accompany it, in order, if possible, to obtain from that seat of learning some light on these interesting remains.' We have seen what amount of light was obtained from their examination in Mr. Owen's second Memoir. Dr. Mantell, who takes no account of the influence of the dispersion of the first Memoir in New Zealand, between 1839 and 1841-2, seems only to be acquainted with Mr. Colenso's paper as printed in the 'Annals of Natural History,' in 1844. We have been at the pains to look through the numbers of the 'Tasmanian Journal,' and we find Mr. Colenso's account of his excursion in 1841-2, in vol. ii., No. VIII., printed in 1844. From this it appears that Mr. C. embarked on the excursion which led to his first recognition of the remains of large birds in New Zealand, November 19th, 1841,—just two years after the publication of Owen's first Memoir on the New Zealand Struthious Birds, larger and more Dodo-like than the Ostrich. Moreover, the same number of the Tasmanian Journal which contains Mr. Colenso's 'Memoranda of his Excursion' (p. 210), also reprints (p. 239) from the 'Archæologia,' No. 850, the report of Professor Owen's lecture 'On the Wingless Birds of New Zealand,' delivered at the Royal Institution! The statement of these facts detracts nothing from the merit of Mr. Colenso's observations—but what becomes of Dr. Mantell's affirmation 'that Mr. Colenso was the first observer that investigated the nature of the fossil remains with due care and the requisite scientific knowledge?'

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That such superstructures should speedily be raised upon the broad and well-laid foundations of Palæontology was not to be doubted: and the successor whom England has produced has not been slow in contributing his share to the goodly edifice. From the special Memoirs written by Mr. Owen, which would now fill some volumes, we have limited ourselves to the notice of those only in which the principles or foundations for the study and determination of fossil remains have received new additions — *e. g.* the osseous texture, as in the case of the *Dinornis*, the microscopic tissue of the teeth (*Megatherium*, *Labyrinthodon*, &c.) and the vascular and nervous foramina and impressions upon fossil bones (*Macrauchenia* and *Glossotherium*). With these accessions to the Palæontological tool-house, and well versed in the use of all its instruments, Mr. Owen has applied them to the consecutive and systematic study of two great classes of the Fossil Organic Remains: and apparently conceiving that the first duty of a Naturalist is to elucidate the natural history of his own country, he has commenced by the History of the Fossil Reptilia and Mammalia of Great Britain. The results first appeared in elaborate Reports to the British Association, those on our Fossil Reptiles being published by that body in 1839 and 1841, and those on British Fossil Mammalia, in 1842 and 1843.

The Association wisely left the Professor unfettered as to the time and form of the ulterior publication of the fully developed and illustrated works on those subjects. For one of them—*viz.*, in his *History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds* (1848)—he has adopted the convenient form of the octavo, with woodcut illustrations.

The illustrations of the more extensive History of the Fossil Reptiles were on too large a scale for an octavo, and a portion have been engraved in illustration of 'Monographs,' contributed to the Palæontographical Society. The matter of these papers has been expanded and methodised into a systematic History of British Fossil Reptiles, now in the course of publication, of which Five Parts, each illustrated by twenty quarto or folio plates, have appeared. In this work the fossils are described 'stratigraphically,' as it is termed, or according to the formations in which they occur, and Mr. Owen, commencing with the most recent of these, as including the remains of the species most like those now existing, and passing from the more to the less known, has already completed his account of the Fossil Reptiles of the Tertiary and Cretaceous periods. If space permitted we should be tempted to extract the summary remarks with which the author concludes his descriptions of the Eocene Chelonians and Ophi-  
dians—

dians—the latter including fossil constrictors from our Kentish and Sussex tertiaries of upwards of twenty feet in length. The following paragraphs from the conclusion of the chapter to the Tertiary Crocodiles may, however, afford a sufficient sample of the work:—

‘On reviewing the information which we have derived from the study of the fossil remains of the proœolian *Crocodylia*, that have been discovered in the Eocene deposits of England, the great degree of climatal and geographical change, which this part of Europe must have undergone since the period when every known generic form of that group of reptiles flourished here, must be forcibly impressed upon the mind.

‘At the present day the conditions of earth, air, water, and ~~warmth~~, which are indispensable to the existence and propagation of these most gigantic of living Saurians, coexist only in the tropical or warmer temperate latitudes of the globe. Crocodiles, Gavials, and Alligators now require, in order to put forth in full vigour the powers of their cold-blooded constitution, the stimulus of a large amount of solar heat, with ample verge of watery space for the evolutions which they practise in the capture and disposal of their prey. Marshes with lakes, extensive estuaries, large rivers inundating the country through which they run, either periodically, as the Nile, for example, or with less regularity, like the Ganges; or which bear a broader current of tepid water along boundless forests and savannahs, like the mighty Amazon or Oronooko,—such form the actual theatres of the tragic existence of the carnivorous and predacious Crocodilian reptiles. And what, then, must have been the extent and configuration of that continent which was drained by the rivers that deposited the masses of clay and sand, accumulated in some parts of the London and Hampshire basins to the height of one thousand feet, and forming the graveyard of countless Crocodiles and Gavials? Whither trended that great stream, once the haunt of Alligators and the resort of tapir-like quadrupeds, the sandy bed of which is now exposed on the upheaved face of Hordwell Cliff?

‘Had any of the human kind existed and traversed the land where now the base of Britain rises from the ocean, he might have witnessed the Gavial cleaving the waters of its native river with the velocity of an arrow, and ever and anon rearing its long and slender snout above the waves, and making the banks re-echo with the loud and sharp snappings of its formidably-armed jaws. He might have watched the deadly struggle between the Crocodile and *Palæothere*, and have been himself warned by the hoarse and deep bellowings of the Alligator from the dangerous vicinity of its retreat. Our fossil evidences supply us with ample materials for this most strange picture of the animal life of ancient Britain, and what adds to the singularity and interest of the restored “tableau vivant,” is the fact that it could not now be presented in any part of the world. The same forms of Crocodilian Reptile, it is true, still exist, but the habitats of the Gavial and the Alligator are wide asunder, thousands of miles of land and ocean intervening: one is peculiar to the tropical rivers of continental Asia, the other



other is restricted to the warmer latitudes of North and South America; both forms are excluded from Africa, in the rivers of which continent true Crocodiles alone are found. Not one representative of the Crocodilian order naturally exists in any part of Europe; yet every form of the order once flourished in close proximity to each other in a territory which now forms part of England.'

In the History of British Fossil Mammals we have a description of every species known up to the date, 1846, of the last number of the work:—to those previously ascertained, many are added, either as new species or as new to Britain; and of all the most characteristic parts are figured in clear woodcuts. Were we not cribbed, cabined, and confined, as to sheets, pages, even lines, we would gladly copy from this most rich volume the treatment of the moot question of the mammalian nature of the jaws of the small Insectivorous quadrupeds discovered in the oolitic slate at Stonesfield (pp. 29-44); the determination of the remains of *Machairodus* in English bone-caves (pp. 174-183); the acute and deep reasoning on the adaptation of the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) by the modifications of its teeth and hide, for existence in the temperate and even cold latitudes where its remains now abound, and to which it had been surmised by Cuvier that they had been carried suddenly from tropical regions by a cataclysmal wave (pp. 261-270); the determination of the rolled cetaceous teeth, tympanics, and other bones in the Redcrag of Suffolk, which have since been discovered in such abundance as to become a valuable article of commerce under the name of 'coprolites' (pp. 526-543). In the Introduction especially we have a very tempting development of those opinions as to the conformity between the recent and extinct Mammalia in regard to their geographical distribution, which the writer had progressively worked out in previous Essays. But as we have proposed chiefly to notice the more general laws that have resulted from Mr. Owen's researches, we confine ourselves to his remarks on this great topic:—

'In the endeavour to trace the origin of our existing Mammalia, I have been led to view them as descendants of a fraction of a peculiar and extensive Mammalian Fauna which overspread Europe and Asia at a period geologically recent, yet incalculably remote and long anterior to any evidence or record of the human race. It would appear, indeed, even from the comparisons which the present state of Palæontology permits to be instituted between the recent and extinct Mammalian Faunæ of other great natural divisions of dry land, that these divisions also severally possessed a series of Mammalia, as distinct and peculiar in each, during the pliocene period, as at the present day. When such a comparison is restricted to the Fauna of a limited locality, especially an insular one, the discrepancy between the

the pliocene extinct and the existing groups of Mammalia, appears to be extreme. But if we regard Great Britain in connection with the rest of Europe, and if we extend our view of the geographical distribution of extinct Mammals beyond the limits of technical geography—and it needs but a glance at the map to detect the artificial character of the line which divides Europe from Asia—we shall then find a close and interesting correspondence between the extinct Europæo-Asiatic Mammalian Fauna of the pliocene period, and that of the present day. The very fact of the pliocene Fossil Mammalia of England being almost as rich in generic and specific forms as those of Europe, leads, as already stated, to the inference that the intersecting branch of the ocean which now divides this island from the Continent, did not then exist as a barrier to the migration of the Mastodons, Mammoths, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses, Bisons, Oxen, Horses, Tigers, Hyænas, Bears, &c., which have left such abundant traces of their former existence in the superficial unstratified deposits and caves of Great Britain. Now, in the Europæo-Asiatic expanse of dry land, species continue to exist of nearly all those genera which are represented by pliocene and post-pliocene Mammalian fossils of the same natural continent and of the immediately adjacent island of Great Britain. The Bear has its haunts in both Europe and Asia; the Beaver of the Rhone and Danube represents the great *Trogontherium*; the *Lagomys* and the Tiger exist on both sides of the Himalayan mountain chain; a *Hyæna* ranges through Syria and Hindostan; the Bactrian Camel typifies the huge *Merycotherium* of the Siberian drift; the Elephant and Rhinoceros are still represented in Asia, though now confined to the south of the Himalays. The true Macacques are peculiar to Asia, and a closely allied subgenus (*Inuus*) is naturalized on the Rock of Gibraltar at the present day. A fossil species of *Macacus* was associated with the Elephant and Rhinoceros in England during the period of the deposition of the newer pliocene fresh-water beds. The more extraordinary extinct forms of Mammalia called *Elasmotherium* and *Sivatherium*, have their nearest existing pachydermal and ruminant analogues in the same continent to which those fossils are peculiar. Cuvier places the Elasmothere between the Horse and Rhinoceros: the existing four-horned Antelopes, like their gigantic extinct analogues the Sivathere and Bramathere, are peculiar to India.

The Mediterranean and Red Seas constitute a less artificial boundary between Africa and the Europæo-Asiatic continent, than that which, on our maps, divides Europe from Asia; yet those narrow seas form a slight demarcation as compared with the vast oceans which divide the old from the new worlds of the geographer, or these from the Australian continents. The continuity of Africa with Asia is still, indeed, preserved by a narrow isthmus, near to which, within the historical period, the Hippopotamus descended, venturing down the Nile almost to its mouth. May it not be regarded, as part of the same general concordance of geographical distribution, that the genus *Hippopotamus*, extinct in England, in Europe, and in Asia, should continue to be represented in Africa and in none of the remoter continents

tinents of the earth?—Africa also having its Hyæna, its Elephant, its Rhinoceroses, and its great feline Carnivores. The discovery of extinct species of *Camelopardalis* in both Europe and Asia, of which genus the sole existing representative is now, like the Hippopotamus, confined to Africa, adds to the propriety of regarding the three continuous continental divisions of the Old World as forming, in respect to the geographical distribution of pliocene, post-pliocene and recent Mammalian genera, one great natural province. The only large Edentate animal (*Pangolin gigantesque*, Cuvier, *Macrotherium*, Lartet) hitherto found in the tertiary deposits of Europe, but in those of an earlier period (older pliocene or miocene) than the deposits to whose Mammalian Fossils the present comparison more immediately refers, manifests its nearest affinities to the genus *Manis*, which is exclusively Asiatic and African.

‘ Extending our comparison between the existing and the latest of the extinct series of Mammalia to the continent of South America. it may be first remarked, that with the exception of some of the Carnivorous and Cervine species, no representatives of the above-cited Mammalian genera of the Old World of the geographer have yet been found in South America. Buffon long since enunciated a similar generalization with regard to the existing species and genera of Mammalia; it is almost equally true in respect of the fossil. Not a relic of an Elephant, a Rhinoceros, a Hippopotamus, a Bison, a Hyæna, or a Lagomys, has yet been detected in the caves of the more recent tertiary deposits of South America. On the contrary, most of the Fossil Mammalia from those formations are as distinct from the Europæo-Asiatic forms, as they are closely allied to the peculiarly South American existing genera of Mammalia.

‘ *Pangolius* still exist in Asia and in Africa, and, as we have seen, a gigantic extinct species of the *Manis* has been found in the middle tertiary beds of Europe, but not a trace of a scaly Anteater, recent or extinct, has been discovered in South America, where the Edentate order is so richly represented by other generic and specific forms.

‘ South America alone is now inhabited by species of Sloth, of Armadillo, of Cavy, Aguti, *Ctenomys*, and *Platyrrhine* Monkey; but no fossil remains of a quadruped referable to any of these genera have yet been discovered in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The types of *Bradypus* (Sloths) and *Dasypus* (Armadillos) were, however, richly represented by diversified and gigantic specific forms in South America, during the geological periods immediately preceding the present; and fossil remains of extinct species of *Cavia*, *Cælogenys*, *Ctenomys*, and *Cebus*, have hitherto been detected exclusively in the continent where these genera still as exclusively exist. *Auchenia* more remotely typifies *Macrauchenia*. The Murine fossils in the rich collection of remains from Brazilian caverns, lately received at the British Museum, all belong to the genus *Hesperomys*, the aboriginal living representative of the *Muridæ* in South America; not a single fossil is referable to a true Old World *Mus*, though numbers of the common Rat and Mouse have been imported into South America since its discovery by Europeans.

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With regard to the Sloths and Armadillos, they now seem, after the rich harvest of bulky Glyptodons, Mylodons, Pachytheriums, and the more gigantic Megatherioid species, to be the last remnants of a Mammalian Fauna, which once almost equalled in the size and number of its species that of the Europæo-Asiatic expanse, and was as peculiarly characteristic of the remote continent in which almost all its representatives have been entombed.

‘Australia, in like manner, yields evidence of an analogous correspondence between its last extinct and its present aboriginal Mammalian Fauna, which is the more interesting on account of the very peculiar organization of most of the native quadrupeds of that division of the globe. That the Marsupialia form one great natural group is now generally admitted by zoologists; the representatives in that group of many of the orders of the more extensive placental sub-class of the Mammalia of the larger continents have also been recognised in the existing genera and species:—the Dasyures, for example, play the parts of the *Carnivora*, the Bandicoots of the *Insectivora*, the Phalangers of the *Quadrumania*, the Wombat of the *Rodentia*, and the Kangaroos, in a remoter degree, that of the *Ruminantia*. The first collection of Mammalian Fossils from the ossiferous caves of Australia brought to light the former existence on that continent of larger species of the same peculiar Marsupial genera:—some, as the *Thylacine*, and the Dasyurine sub-genus represented by the *Das. ursinus*, are now extinct on the Australian continent, but still exist on the adjacent island of Tasmania; the rest being Wombats, Phalangers, Potoroos and Kangaroos,—the latter of portentous stature. Subsequently, and after a brief interval, we obtain a knowledge of the former existence of a type of the Marsupial group, exemplified by the genera *Diprotodon* and *Nototherium*, which represented the Pachyderms of the larger continents, and which seems now to have disappeared from the face of the Australasian earth. The genus *Mastodon* forms an exception to that continental localization, not only of existing, but of pliocene and post-pliocene extinct genera of Mammalia above briefly dwelt upon. The solitary character, however, of this exception serves rather to establish the rule: at least, I know of no other extinct genus of Mammal which was so cosmopolitan as the *Mastodon*: it was represented by species, for the most part very closely allied, if actually distinct, in Europe, in Asia, in North and South America, and in Australia: it is the only aboriginal genus of quadruped in Australia which was represented by other species in other parts of the world.

‘The most remarkable local existing Fauna, in regard to terrestrial vertebrated animals, is that of the islands of New Zealand, with which geologists have been made familiar by Mr. Lyell’s indication of its close analogy with the state of animal life during the period of the Wealden formation. The only terrestrial Mammalian quadruped hitherto discovered in New Zealand is a small rat. The unequivocally indigenous representatives of the warm-blooded Vertebrata are birds, of which the *Apteryx* is the most peculiar. It is the smallest known species of the Struthious or wingless order, has the feeblest rudiments of the anterior members,

members, and not any of its bones are permeated by air-cells. This bird forms the most striking and characteristic type of the proper or primitive Fauna of New Zealand.

‘The organic remains of the most recent deposits of the North Island, which are most probably contemporary with the post-pliocene formations of Australia and Europe, are referable to an apparently extinct genus of Struthious birds, having the nearest affinities to the Apteryx. The remains of this genus (*Dinornis*) appear to be very abundant, notwithstanding the stupendous stature of some of the species. It is reported that a large *Dinornis* still exists in the South Island of New Zealand; and it is not improbable that some of the species may have been living when the human aborigines first set foot on the North Island. But the bones which have reached me from that island, although retaining much of their animal matter, are more or less impregnated with ferruginous salts, and may have lain in an argillaceous soil for as long a period as some of the latest extinct Mammals of Australia, South America, and Europe. Not a trace of a fossil quadruped has been found in New Zealand; but our present knowledge of the living and the last-extirpated Fauna of the warm-blooded animals of that small but far distant and isolated portion of earth, shows that the same close analogy existed between them, as has been exemplified in the corresponding Fauna of larger natural divisions of the dry land on the present surface of this planet.

‘Additional facts, and the means of extending our comparisons by the collection of the fossils of distant lands, are most desirable in order to precisely define the laws of the geographical distribution of the Mammalia of the pliocene and post-pliocene periods: and to speak of the sum of the present observations under the term “law,” may, perhaps, be deemed premature. But the generalizations first enunciated in my Report to the British Association in 1844, seemed to be sufficiently extensive and unexceptionable to render them of importance in a scientific consideration of the present distribution of the highest organized and last-created class of animals; and to show that, with extinct as with existing Mammalia, particular forms were assigned to particular provinces, and, what is still more interesting and suggestive, that *the same forms were restricted to the same provinces at the pliocene periods, as they are at the present day.*’

This is not the only example of our author’s capacity of generalizing from the data afforded by the wrecks of former worlds: whilst in comprehensive systematic works he necessarily incorporates the facts of others, he can discern in those which he borrows indications of an unknown law which had escaped their discoverers. Of this we have an instance in the introduction (*Odontogr.*, p. 523) to his account of the dentition of the ancient Mammal discovered in the Eocene quarries at Montmartre and restored by CUVIER:—

‘The Anoplothere was one of the earliest forms of Hoofed quadruped introduced upon the surface of this earth, and it is characterised by

by the most complete system of dentition: it not only possessed incisors and canines in both jaws, but these were so equally developed that they formed one unbroken series with the premolars and molars. . . . Those teeth which are transitorily manifested in the embryo-state of the modern Ruminant, as the upper incisors and canines, and the anterior premolars, were, in the ancient Anoplothere, retained and raised to proportional equality with the rest of the teeth. What is suppressed in the Ruminant Order is developed in excess in other artiodactyle Herbivora, as, for example, in the Hippopotamus and Babyrussa; and almost every kind and degree of variety, save that of increased number of teeth, has been superinduced, in later and existing forms of Hoofed Mammals, upon the primitive Anoplotherian formula—which may therefore be regarded as the type or perfect standard of the dentition of the great natural group of *Ungulata*.’

The true nature and affinities of the Anoplotherium are further elucidated in a fine Memoir of November 3, 1847:—

‘The retention of the full complement of the Ungulate dentition in the Anoplotherium, the persistence of the division of its cannon-bones—or rather of the individuality of its two chief metacarpals and metatarsals—and the non-development of horns at any period of life, all contribute to give it the character rather of an overgrown embryo-Ruminant—of a Ruminant in which growth had proceeded with arrest of development—than of a Pachyderm or animal of a different order of Mammalia.’

*Claudite jam rivos*: in so far, we have, as we hope, concentrated the practical effects of the Professor’s works. In an early number we purpose to re-open the subject and take up the most interesting part of it: the principles, namely, involved in his treatment of the Unity of Organization—including Parthenogenesis, and the still more important theory of the archetype and homologies of the animal structures.

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ART. VI.—*Notices sur les Voyages faits en Belgique par des Etrangers.* Par Isidoor Hye. Ghent, 1847.

**M.** ISIDOOR HYE, now law professor in the University of Ghent, had previously employed many years in searching archives, public and private, for any documents that could throw fresh light on the early history of his countrymen. He had especially laboured to trace out every remarkable foreigner who, having visited Flanders, had left MS. records of his observations;—it being his intention to classify and publish everything of this sort. Chance, which is seldom thrown away on men of his stamp, made him aware of the existence of some contemporaneous accounts of the travels of a Bohemian in the middle of the fifteenth

century. Once on the track he never folded his arms until he discovered the indicated prize. He then printed in a separate form those portions which bore exclusively on Flanders—illustrating, however, the original text by a general epitome, for which he was well qualified by personal knowledge of England, of France, and particularly of the localities and literature of Spain.

The worthy disinterred by our Professor was a great traveller for A.D. 1465-7. Like Ulysses of old, he saw many cities, and studied the minds of many men and the manners of many nations. It is no trifling addition that he was everywhere brought into contact with master-spirits who have been immortalized by Comines, Froissart, Shakspeare, and Walter Scott—the marking names of an epoch when old things were passing away, and the dawn of most momentous changes was breaking.

The journals written by two of his companions have fortunately escaped the wreck of ages: and here events and characters are realised, which in the misty distance of four centuries, ‘the dark backward and abyss of time,’ had, in spite of genius, loomed before us rather as picturesque abstractions and fictions of fancy than as historical verities. In our own country, as yet, public attention has hardly been sufficiently called to these chronicles; nor is it easy to account for this neglect at a moment when archæological analysis and geographical investigation are so industriously pursued—when fastidious curiosity, sated it would seem with the commonplace of daily bread, finds a livelier flavour in potted meats of the Past; when cities buried for scores of centuries are disinterred by our Layards;—when writings on the wall that puzzled Belshazzar and his sages—languages dead ere those of Athens and Rome were formed—are read off at sight by our Wilkinsons and Rawlinsons;—when, in short, every tatter is collected by which the dry bones of antiquity may be reclothed—and those now before us are anything but marrowless.

With regard to the true objects and purposes of this Bohemian expedition, let us say that we hope our readers have already profited by a masterly volume lately published with the title of ‘History of England under the House of Lancaster:’—and especially by its careful account of John Wycliffe. The blow dealt by the ‘Gospel Doctor’ of Balliol College to the fetters forged at Rome for the mind of man, found, as this work shows in detail, a distinct echo in the contemplative centre of Europe. Scarcely had the illustrious Englishman died (1387) ere his doctrines were promulgated in Prague by natives who had studied at Oxford. They were eagerly embraced, though somewhat modified, by John Huss, from the sparks of whose *auto de fe*, in 1415, a flame blazed forth, which the blood of thousands has not extinguished.

tinguished. The antipapal views of this martyr were taken up by a feudal aristocracy, who ill brooked the submission of the sword to the crozier; and if their conscientious zeal was quickened by the hope of sharing the spoil of an overgrown church, let us remember under what motives our own great Reformer, Henry VIII., was subsequently hallooed on by his peers. The sceptre of Bohemia was then wielded by George of Podiebrad. Born in 1420, of the noble stock of Kunstadt, he had risen by his military and political merits to be one of the Regents during the minority of Ladislas, after whose premature and suspicious death he was elected to the throne in 1458. From his youth upwards he had sincerely adopted the doctrines of Wycliffe and Huss. His reply to a Roman Catholic who urged him to conform at least outwardly was, 'I am persuaded of my religion; if I adopt yours, I may deceive men, but not God who sees into hearts.' The notorious prelate, Rockysana, was the evil genius of the King—the Vatican was the rock on which his fortunes were wrecked—and his coronation oath to uphold the faith of Rome — *si non jurabis non regnabis* — the beginning of his end. This Rockysana, a vacillating Marplot, at first denounced the Pope as the Anti-Christ, and was considered by the Reformers as likely to become a second Huss; subsequently, bribed by the mitre of Prague, he became the zealous slave of *Anti-Christ*. He was the legate when the alarmed Pontiff made a 'compact' with the Reformers, and ceded the use of the 'cup,'—a compact broken as soon as the 'Holy See' felt reassured. *Nulla fides servanda est hereticis*. The King, influenced by this double-dealing priest, adopted a temporising policy, in the vain hope of conciliating an antagonist who is never to be satisfied except by prostrate submission. His reign was harassed; dark and many were the clouds that gathered round the setting of a career of such glorious promise. In 1464 he was cited by Pius II. to Rome, and in 1465 formally excommunicated by Paul II.\* his kingdom was then rent by internal dissensions, and a crusade of blood was preached abroad. Even his own near kinsman, Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, turned against him, unable to resist

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\* Rockysana, according to some Bohemian annalists, on his deathbed cited George to meet him at Heaven's tribunal, and within one month the King followed the prelate to the grave. Thus, in 1314, the martyr Templar de Molay summoned Philip le Bel and the false Pope Clement V.; thus Ferdinand IV. of Spain, El Emplazado, was called to his account in 1312, thirty days after the citation of the two murdered knights of Martos.—(*Mariana*, xv. ii.) The same period is adhered to in the old Spanish ballad of *Count Alarcos* :—

' Within twelve days in pain and dole the Infanta pass'd away ;  
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day :  
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete ;  
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat !'



the glittering bait of the crown of Bohemia. George made a gallant defence; nor was he without friends among foreign potentates, to whom the yoke of Rome was equally galling. He determined at a very critical moment to warn his colleagues against the common danger, and urge them to support the standard of religious liberty. It was usual, before permanent diplomatic relations with resident ministers were established between the different rulers of Europe, to send special envoys to conduct important negotiations; and King George selected for this delicate mission Leo von Rosmital, one of his most distinguished nobles, whose sister, Johanna, he had married.

Truly saith the Preacher 'there is nothing new under the sun';—it matters not whether Pio Secundo or Pio Nono make the sign. Where circumstances are the same, the present can but reproduce the past—the old story must recur and recur in the cycle of events, as the tunes of 'a] barrel-organ come round and round; and now again the small cloud portending another war-struggle of religious opinions, such as centuries ago desolated Europe, is visible in the horizon. Soon, in our own case, the experiment will be fully tested, whether a constitutional, limited, and Protestant monarchy can safely co-exist with full-blown Popery—more especially when a hoodwinked legislature has neglected those defences which no Papist State ever lays aside.

Of the accounts of old Leo's embassy, one is by a Bohemian, the other by a German. Compared together, they prove how the statements of *bonâ fide* reporters may vary; idiosyncracies will find self-expression: every man takes in, digests, and reduces to chyle according to his individual capacity. Such discrepancies, now we have changed our old rules of evidence, may suggest to our bench the caution necessary, before wilful falsification is imputed to witnesses whose testimony differs.

The Bohemian scribe, Schassek, was born at Mezhyhortz, near Pilsen, and near the ancestral castle of the Ambassador—whom he attended as secretary. His record, written in his vernacular, and evidently kept from day to day, has been lost. It, however, was translated into Latin by Stanislas Pawlowski, canon of Olmütz; and in that town was printed:—'*Commentarius brevis et jucundus Itineris atque Peregrinationis Pietatis et Religionis causâ susceptæ ab illustre et magnifico Domino Leone libero Barone de Rosmital et Blatna (1577).*' That tome has become very rare. A fine copy, which once belonged to the Jesuits' college at Prague, has been lately secured for the British Museum by the Argus-eyed Panizzi. The other writer was Gabriel Tetzl, a well-born citizen of Nuremburg—whose  
original

original MS. was discovered there in 1837, and is now preserved in the library at Munich. The whole subject was soon critically discussed by a literary gazette of that capital; and reproduced at Paris in 1842, in the *Nouvelles Annales des Sciences Géographiques*. It was thus that M. Hye became aware of the existence of the old narratives. Finally, the Latin translation of Schassek was combined with the never-before printed text of Tetzels, and both appeared together for the first time in 1844, under the auspices of a literary society at Stüttgardt.

Tetzels Commentary—an interesting and really important specimen of the German language of that age—was certainly composed after his return. Incorrect in nomenclature and order of events, it reads like the tale of a traveller at his fireside, a yarn of aldermanic gossiping. Either our authors were not intrusted with the secret object of the mission, or both have maintained a diplomatic reserve. The pen of Schassek is chiefly devoted to chronicling great personages, relics, passports, distances, and names of places. Tetzels, fortunately for us, finds more room for details of private life. The two journalists, however, had points in common—it is evident that even the exemplary Secretary-in-Chief was not fonder of red tape of the best dye than, like Tetzels, of pretty women and a well-spread table. Both were free from the modern plague of book-making, which disturbs the rest of literary sentinels like ourselves. Moreover, even the Bohemian writer was influenced by the spirit of a credulous, superstitious age, when the feeling for classical antiquity still slumbered under the ravages and ruin of the Goth; when the bone of a monk was more valued than a statue of Phidias; when to profess faith in bowing crucifixes and winking virgins did not, in any one's opinion, argue a man to be either an idiot or a hypocrite. Nor let even us be too certain that the full measure of supercilious contempt with which we treat our simple *pious*-fraud-believing forefathers will not be meted out to ourselves, when the *profane* fallacies of free-traders, moral force and peace societies, the political and religious quackeries and quakerisms of this day come to be dug up by bland posterity.

Leo was well selected for a *Ritter- Hof- und-Pilger Reise*—A.D. 1465. Born in 1425, he was, at 40, strong and daring enough to face dangers and difficulties; wealthy enough to defray the cost; highly connected enough to consort with princes; polished enough to grace courts and tournaments, and skilled undoubtedly to conduct the weightiest affairs of his employer. No precautions were omitted. The system of *visées* was unborn; but by a whole group of independent passports he was emancipated from the infinite tolls and vexations to which travellers were every-  
where

where 'exposed from the petty principalities into which Europe was then partitioned; a free passage was granted to him and his suite, their goods and chattels—'equis, valisiis, bulgis, fardellis, armis, habilimentis guerræ, harnesiis, litteris, auro, argento, carriagiis, capsis, jocalibus, vecturis et aliis rebus.' He and his were declared free from let and hindrance by sea or land, by day or night, from all 'solutione passagii, telonii, dacii, pedagii, pontivegii, fundivanis bulutarum, gabellæ et gustumæ.' We have strung together these terms of evil import and low Latinity, as philological pearls and suggestive hints to bureaucrats abroad and our amiable Customs Commissioners at home. Schassek, the secretary, has given *in extenso* no less than twenty-two of the original passports. The first and imperial one was taken as the type of the others, which were only modified where the views and feelings of individual sovereigns broke through form. This is strikingly exemplified in the document furnished to her brother by Queen Johanna. There affection bursts the cold priggery of tapeism—she vents her sorrows at his departure, and places her trust in God to protect him. As no letters of King George appear, it is to be presumed that such strictly private and confidential autographs were delivered by Leo in person, without any communication of their contents to the secretary.

The mission consisted of forty persons with fifty-two horses and a 'kamerwagen'—much such a waggon, we suspect, as the boers use at the Cape and Mr. Gordon Cumming has recently exhibited. All set out from Prague November 26, 1465, the morning after St. Catherine's feast, being a Thursday—a day long deemed quite as propitious to riders for making a good start, as putting the right leg foremost and first was to every mediæval pedestrian. On reaching Pilsen the whole party proceeded to confess their sins. In those times travellers before taking to the road usually took a solemn farewell of friends and family, and made their wills, as those who had the luck to return paused ere they entered their city home, to thank Providence for their happy delivery. Even now indeed few Spanish towns are without extramural oratories, or *cruces del campo*.

The ostensible objects of the mission, as expressed in the passports, were threefold—the display and exercise of military and knightly accomplishments; the observation, comparison, and imitation of courtly manners; and above all the pious visitation and veneration of holy relics, shrines, and sites. In spite of Huss and others, these things were all realities in the fifteenth century. The age of chivalry was not passed. Villanous saltpetre had not reduced the knight to the ranks; ordeals of combat and tournaments for bright honour's sake prevailed from  
Smithfield

Smithfield to Orbigo; and when the fitful fever of battle and love was over, the cloister and hermitage, prayer and the telling of beads, offered to the worn-out and unlettered hero, his occupation gone, a new stimulant and resource to break the monotony of the dregs of existence.

Tetzel records the conditions and names of some of the kinsmen, noblemen, knights banncret, pages, and household of Leo—under which last head a maître d'hôtel and a cook are particularly specified. What, indeed, would be any embassy without a *cordou bleu*? The driest protocol is lubricated by the sauce-boat, and even in a semi-barbarian age the grand secret of diplomacy was centered in the kitchen. At Nuremberg Leo lodged in Tetzel's house, while the uniforms were making. The dresses for himself and suite were of scarlet cloth, with infinite gold embroidery and velvet slashes, and pearl armlets. The form and pressure of the chivalrous group must have resembled the gorgeous costume-paintings of Lucas Kranach. Stately indeed was the pomp and circumstance of such travelling in those days, and full of dignity and excitement; all rode armed *cap-à-pie*, with guns, cross-bows, and good swords, since adventures of life and death might occur on getting outside any city's walls; nor for their setting forth could fancy desire a more appropriate background than arch-German Nuremberg—which even in these giddy-paced innovating times has been neither repaired nor beautified, but remains happily a genuine relic city, a monument and museum in itself.

Our Bohemians, while the tailors were at work, inspected, as became pious knights, the arsenals of spiritual and warlike ammunition. Schassek dilates on the relics:—We can only extract a tooth of St. John and the chains of St. Peter and St. Paul—on which the priests placed the rings of the mission, to render them sure preventives against stitches and stomach-aches—'pre-sens et certum remedium.' The military supplies in the Burg, the 'Tormenta et Bombardæ,' were no less effective. Once fairly off, the travellers rode on, diverging to the *residenz* towns of the margraves and smaller fry of princes, where they for the most part were welcomed with gracious opportunities for breaking lances by day and ladies' hearts at balls by night. They spent a merry Christmas at Frankfort, and were entertained by the corporation, whose wines and cuisine they duly extol. Hock to this day is the pride and pleasure of Frankfort, and endless eating is no doubt shadowed in the very style and title of the Diet.

Generally speaking, the mission were lodged at the public inns. All necessary provend, however, and wines especially, were sent  
them

them by the authorities, who, moreover, paid their bills after the fashion of good governors. Sometimes they put up at convents. Leo himself was often bidden to dine at court, and his suite invited to the festivities given in his honour.

From Frankfort they jogged on by the sweet banks of the Rhine, bristling with castles, and chequered by vineyards. No steamer's smoke then discharged the poetry of loneliness; no Cockney swarms vulgarised the feudal stream. They opened the new year, 1466, at Cologne, where Archbishop Rupert not only attended their tournaments, but authorized his chamberlain, Hofmeister Burchart, to run a course with our Tetzels. In the evening twenty-four Bohemians, brandishing swords and lighted torches, performed their national dance, at the especial desire of the young ladies, who cunningly begged it in the prelate's name. Copious refreshments were then provided by the said belles and their chaperons, 'puellis et matronis,' who, enchanted with their Bohemian partners, accompanied the caperers back to the inn as an escort of honour. Tolerable times these for *attachés*.

The worthy Archbishop, on his part, regaled the mission with relics, for which and unsavory smells his city is still renowned. No mention as yet of *eau de Cologne*. The strangers duly revered the bones of the three kings—also those of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins—no inconsiderable figure—and the very thing just now for Australia—albeit their sacerdotal Cicerone affirmed that 36,000 more were then and there martyred. At last, so many were the holy 'capita, capilli, crura, et cubiti,' that Schassek declined the honour of counting the catalogue of the clerical museum—and we shall imitate his example. Possibly our Hussite secretly formed a lower estimate of the spiritual worth of this charnel-house than of the gold-mountings and mercantile marketable value. Such relics were then the hope and trust of kings shrewd and crafty as Louis XI., and of cities rich and powerful as Venice. Relics in those days were greater lions than regalia in these: circumcised unbelievers readily advanced millions upon the deposit of articles on which no dealer in marine-stores in Rome itself would now lend a baiocco.

Be that as it may, Leo was too wise a man to omit, by reverential visitation and veneration, the chance of counteracting any pre-conceived suspicions of heresy, and of thus more effectually masking the true anti-Papal objects of his expedition. Accordingly, on his arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle, the next halt, the first but vain request was to be shown the grand relics, which—*eheu!*—could only be exhibited once every seven years, or at the coronation of an Emperor. He beheld, however, the girdle of the Virgin, 'not very long or broad, made of white wool, with a black

black stripe lengthways.' Rich, indeed, must have been the wardrobe of the lowly, meek Mary, when we reflect on the multitudinous and magnificent articles of her dress which she herself presented to good people, and all of which are warranted originals by the infallible church. Prato in Italy claims the true *Sacra Cintola*; Tortosa in Spain demurs, however—and her *Cinta* was pronounced authentic by Paul V. in 1617. Certainly it is laid on the counterpane when the Queens of 'the Spains' are brought to bed, and miraculously neutralises the obstetric ignorance of peninsular accoucheurs. To this *cinta* the late safe delivery of Her Most Catholic Majesty must be partly ascribed—we qualify our statement, because, according to the Gazette, she likewise grasped, at the crisis, the staff—or baton—of Santa Teresa, the generalissima of the armies of Castile. Both journalists also note a method, new to them, of catching coney, 400 and 500 a day; and both fully appreciate a *Vin Dansant Matinal* given them at a neighbouring nunnery—or asylum—for well-born damsels who saw no prospect of becoming mesdames. The lady superior regaled the pilgrims with good Rhenish wine and a quadrille in the cloisters. Tetzels dwells twice on the fair faces and light fantastic toes of the recluses. Leo now proceeded to Gueldres, where Schassek enlarges no less on the capital points of the horses, than Tetzels on the hard-drinking habits of their riders.

All these pleasant districts were overrun by hostile troops and perilous to wayfarers. The young Duke of Gueldres, Adolph, had dethroned and imprisoned his father Arnold, whose cause the Duke of Burgundy was taking up. Our knight-errants were obliged to make a detour by Bois-le-Duc, where they were struck by the windmills, but did not tilt at them. In due time they reached Brussels, and the next morning ascended the still-existing tower of the civic hall, the 'navel of the town,' and examined the municipal collection of pictures, 'as excellent as ever can be found'—and on this point the Nuremberger at least should have been qualified to pass judgment. Nowhere in the fifteenth century had art made greater progress than in that genial *attaché's* native city, which Wohlgemuth was adorning, and which soon—in 1471—was to give birth to Albert Durer. It may be easily conceived how striking the works of the Van Eyks, Hemling, and so forth, must have then been in all their fresh finish and purity.

Brussels was the capital and splendid court of Duke Philip of Burgundy, who died next year. He was one of the most powerful of European potentates; and well might the lord of Liege, Ghent, and Bruges, found the order of the Golden Fleece, and thus give wool and commerce precedence over sword and lance. No sooner was Leo arrived than the Duke sent his chamberlain

chamberlain with a present of red and white wines in huge gilt tankards, in token that he would defray all local expenses. Three weeks did they spend here, carousing and jousting. On the eighth day, Philip invited them to court, and advanced himself to the third saloon to welcome Leo, gave him his hand, and the best dinner, says Schassek, he had ever seen. 'Overflowing and incredible'—*uberflüssig und unylaublic*—chimes in Tetzels. The place of honour was accorded to Leo; and, the dinner done, the Duke took him into his cabinet alone; nor did the secretary ever learn the subject of their secret but by no means *impransus* conference. Subsequently the strangers beheld with wondering eyes the lion's den—which seems for the time to have been very creditably stocked. After that a skating-match was performed on a frozen fish-pond by thirty-two persons, one of whom was so agile as to combat alone with no less than twenty-one antagonists. These gestes passed the understanding of Schassek, who suspected that something was attached to their mercurial feet, but by laws of etiquette was prevented a close examination. The royal treasure was also exhibited—inexpressibly precious—*unaussprechlich vil uberkostlick*. The heaps of gold and silver coin, ingots, and jewels, surpassed the hoards of Venice. To examine the gorgeous contents carefully would require three days: only a dozen or so rarities are recorded, and estimated at 380,000 crowns—an enormous amount when the value of labour and agricultural produce at that period is borne in mind.

Leo was offered by his magnificent host the choice of any of these rarities, which he thankfully declined, as was his rule on all similar occasions. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should take anything. Gold and money, God willing, may be easily got, but glory is immortal, and this I hope to carry to the grave.' A Peerage or Westminster Abbey was the alternative of Nelson; Abbey Plate and Murillos the *appetenda* of a Soult and Sebastiani.

The Duke—called by his contemporaries Philip *the Good*—pressed Leo to remain at Brussels until his son, Charles the Bold, returned from the siege of Liege. The graphic pen of Comines has detailed the strikes and associations, the repeated rebellions and revolutions, the utterly unpatriotic selfishness, throughout, of that hive of democracy. Such evils were carefully encouraged by the perfidious Louis XI. Charles the Bold, who subsequently in 1468 put down these turbulent townsmen with a gloveless hand, was misled at this moment by French counsels, and listened to proffered terms. Hence he courteously declined the chivalrous offer made by Leo, of assisting personally, and at his

his own cost, in the campaign. It proved, however, a brief one—and the Bohemians, clad in their best array, rode out to meet the conquering hero at his coming back. Placed by Charles at his side, Leo took part in the triumphal entry by torchlight, and was present at the meeting of the good Duke and his formidable son. Philip was seated in a splendid cloth-of-gold tapestried throne-room, when Charles and his suite approached and knelt. The sire and sovereign appeared neither to see him nor them. The genuflections were repeated, and again seemingly unobserved; it was only after the third reverence that the Duke put forth his hand, and then, holding his son by one and Leo by the other, passed through a suite of nine rooms, in each of which was ranged a body-guard of more than a hundred men. Martial pastimes succeeded. First, a tournament after the Burgundian fashion was celebrated, and spears were broken by mounted combatants. Then John of Zehrowitz, a companion of Leo's, wrestled with Philip's champion, a Goliath deemed invincible, and cast him three times. The Duke and his court were so perplexed by the strength and address of this Bohemian Hercules that they examined him to see that he had no *charm* about his person, and finding none, ended in believing him not to be a mere mortal man, *οἱ μὲν βροτοί*, but descended from the race of Titanic giants. One of the conditions of the nearly contemporary and world-renowned *Passo Honroso* of Quinones was, that the assailants should have no amulet or incantation about their persons; and it was even recently quite common for Spanish soldiers to trust, instead of keeping their powder dry, to some cabalistic priest-paper in their *petos* or gorgets.

Another Bohemian, named Keward, soon after overthrew with equal ease a powerful Burgundian graf—insomuch that even secretary Schassek caught the gentle infection, and begged to have his own prowess tested. He, too, floored his man the first round, but, not contented, would try his hand again, and was cast so severely that the forward civilian and conscious heretic thought his last end was come, and the bad place within view—‘*adeo humi projectus cecidi ut dæmonem parere crediderim.*’ Then refreshments, much needed, were served round in such profusion that the pavement was covered with sweetmeats. Discomfited Schassek himself was so petted by ministering duchesses, that he could hardly get back to his inn—‘*ægre in diversorium reverterer nam potus eram.*’ Such are the sad consequences of injudicious bottle-holding. The more bellicose Bohemians in their turn exhibited their national feats, and rode full gallop against walls—breaking their lances without being unhorsed. The Burgundians imagined that they were fastened to their  
saddles,



saddles, and the Duke, after inspecting their cuirasses—*pectoralia*—pronounced such play a punishment for parricides.

The Baron, when his important negotiations and all these elegant relaxations were concluded, prepared to depart. Philip, on the 21st of January, had furnished him with a kind recommendatory letter—dictated doubtlessly by himself as he alludes in it to a proposed pilgrimage to Jerusalem which his ‘cousin’ had ‘this day’ explained. One of the dearest hobbies of the good Duke was to rescue the hallowed site from the infidel; and our diplomatic Leo, we suspect, cajoled him by holding forth this project—which never was executed, or even alluded to again. On the 9th of February the Duke gave him a formal passport, and Charles the Bold another on the 10th. Philip, moreover, lent him his own Herald, who spoke seventeen languages, and had been at every court in Europe; and this accomplished messenger made the whole subsequent tour with his Excellency.

The scarcity of timber in the Low Countries struck the travellers, accustomed to their own vast pine forests. They noted, as Marco Polo had done long before in China, the use of turf, and of a sort of earth-like coal, as a substitute for wood firing. At Bruges—‘a very rich and busy city’—they spent the Carnival, the pagan *bacchanalia*—as Schassek calls this papal festival; the masqued balls were magnificent, but the merchants politely declined the invitation to break a lance or so. At Dunkirk they caught the first view of the sea—Shakspeare’s description of Bohemia in the *Winter’s Tale* as ‘a desert country near the sea’ to the contrary notwithstanding. At Calais, now bound for *Perfide Albion*, they were detained twelve days, invoking Eolus; and when they embarked at last, were driven back by a foul southwester. Ultimately they landed at Sandwich, half dead from sea-sickness. ‘Meinen herrn und andern gesellen thet das mer so wee, dass sie auf den schift lagen als waeren sie tod.’ They noticed, however, ‘the dread summit of the chalky bourn,’ and that frowning sentinel, Dover Castle—‘unequalled in Christendom, and built by evil genii’—à *cacodæmonibus extructa*. Well, however, might it have been just now, had the genius of Britannia studded her whole sea-board with cacodæmonic castles. Since Protection at home and abroad began to be voted an antiquated bore, bit by bit, and in proportion as gold has been heaped up, bayonet and boarding-pike have been pared down. Nations who substitute calico defence for wooden walls may thank themselves if suddenly found burnt and uninsured. The fisherman dries his nets on the site of silk-spinning Tyre, and the Croat’s cuirass glitters in the stagnant canals of brocaded Venice.

Eager was the curiosity of these<sup>1</sup> continentals in surveying Edward's fleet in the Downs—and vast their astonishment. The vessels consisted of three classes; of *Naves*, ships which moved with sails—of *Galeones*—war-galleys, propelled by 200 and more rowers—of '*cochas quas dicunt*,'—viz., peradventure, cock-boats. Schassek was enchanted with the perfect order of the craft and the smartness of the crews, their running up the mast-heads—reefing and trimming sails, &c. &c.—evidently caco-dæmonism again. A local Sandwich custom is noted. Every night bands, with fiddles and horns, walked the streets, announcing which way the wind blew, in order that merchants might make sail. Thence the good company rode to Canterbury, and greatly admired the long-famous Augustine convent—and the still glorious Cathedral. Here—while neither author even mentions the Black Prince and his bruised armour—both enlarge on St. Thomas à Beckett; his relics were shown in a shrine 'so long and wide that a man might lie in it, wrought of fine gold and studded with gems of untold price.' Among the multitudinous bones, teeth, &c., enumerated, we can only cite the skull of *the Saint*, and the sword by which it was cracked in 1171. The most precious of the jewels was a carbuncle 'half the size of an egg' which shone by night, and on which 'no mortal eye could look by day.' It was acquired, as is detailed at length, by a miracle: a certain King of France, after some narrowly-gained victory, vowed a pilgrimage to this shrine; the then Archbishop of Canterbury begged his majesty's ring as a memorial; the Monarch declined, but offered in lieu 100,000 crowns—whereupon the stone leapt from the ring and set itself in the saint's shrine as firmly and neatly as if done by the cleverest goldsmith; it was estimated at the worth of a King of England's ransom. The form and fashion of this shrine are given by Dugdale (*Monasticon*, edition of 1717, p. 8), with a note, stating that the sacred spoil plundered here by Henry VIII. filled two baskets, which six or eight very strong porters could scarcely carry off, and that bluff Harry re-ringed the miraculous carbuncle for his own royal thumb—'*Henricus ille annulo inseruit et in pollice rapaci gestavit*.' Both our journalists make special mention of a crowned image of the Virgin, which used to talk to Saint Thomas—a fact 'seen and heard by many'—but this, adds Schassek, happened three hundred years ago. Leo and his Hus-sites did not fail to drink water out of the fountain of Saint Thomas, which, they were assured by the verger, had five times been turned into blood and once into milk, and that 'not long before their arrival.' After that fashion were matters managed when Thomas Bourchier—(obit 1468)—was Cardinal Archbishop.

From

From this immemorial capital of English orthodoxy these enthusiasts, reversing the route of Chaucer, rode to 'Lund'—as Tetzels terms our imperial wen. He describes it as 'a huge and splendid city'—guarded at each extremity by the citadels of the Tower and Westminster. Edward IV. was residing at the latter, from whence his passport, dated February 26, was issued. London-bridge, like the Tunnel in the nineteenth century, was the first object of foreign attention. The rows of houses built on it are noticed, and the innumerable *hawks*—to injure which was a capital offence;—evidently the translator mistook *Milvi* for *Cygni*:—the countless swans on the Thames, to which all ancient travellers allude. Fresh from Canterbury, the devotees visited the sacred locality where Saint Thomas was born, the present Mercers' chapel, and to which every Lord Mayor formerly used to go in procession after being sworn in at the Exchequer. They next repaired to the sepulchre of Saint 'Kerhardus'—meaning, of course, the Confessor. The glories of his shrine in Westminster Abbey, and the marvellous diaper decorations of the chapel, are noted. Nowhere in all their travels had our pilgrims seen so many and such magnificent churches and convents, or so sanctified with marvellous holy paintings and images, as in England—nowhere were such multitudes of relics preserved and venerated. London alone could show twenty golden sepulchres, studded with gems—and eighty of similar value hallowed other parts of our island. To describe minutely one batch of relics in London would, according to Schassek, fully occupy two scribes for two weeks. He specifies, however, another girdle of the Virgin, worked—*ut dicitur*—by her own hands, a leg of Saint George's, and a wooden crucifix, kept eight miles from London, which talked to visitors—*ut pro certo affirmatur*. Evidently, one of the six vessels which contained the water turned into wine at the marriage of Cana, afforded the greatest comfort to our freely-thinking and drinking Bohemians. The miraculous multiplication of relics and the rationale thereof are well understood by modern naturalists; but in days of little intercommunication and no impertinent Red Murray noters of duplicates, whenever a pious fraud was found to answer in one place, it was adapted in another, and to what extent may be seen in the curious catalogues preserved by Dugdale. We will just cite the cases of York—*Monasticon*, p. 280, and Lincoln, 304; for the compiler himself omits many other places—'the inventories being most like to those'—p. 353. What losses did not the printing-press, which Caxton set up in 1471 in Westminster Abbey, only five years after this visit, occasion to the Apostolic coffers!

One might almost fancy that the Baron of Rosmital had landed  
in

in England's golden age—after Drummond and Frémont, had opened the way for the *diggings* of California—and Murchison's prophecies had been verified in Australia.\* The *nabli*—nobles—and other *bona moneta* charmed Schassek; just as the broad doubloons, the gentlemanlike *onzas* delight the modern traveller in Spain. The number of gold and silver artificers could no more be counted than the hawks—*alias* swans. There were four hundred master-employers alone; and their skill was decided in 1464, when a Spaniard, learned in all the filigree niceties of Cordova, wagered, 'at the Pope's-head, Lombard-street, that Englishmen were not so cunning in workmanship of goldsmithery as Alicante strangers'—and on trial made lost his bet. Alas! that money-scrappers, looking only at the value of the mere material metal—dross, when compared to the precious taste lavished on it—should have doomed gems of art, so rich and rare, to their inæsthetic melting-pots. The Royal Treasury, of course, was well stored; and mention is made of a golden cup—which we trust, with the Caffre war and post-roads before us—to say nothing of other pleasant prospects—may yet be found. So long as it was kept safe, a tribute of 80,000 *nabli* was payable from some unnamed Ophir—*ex quâdam regione*—but this annuity was forthwith to cease and determine, should the King lose the cup. This important goblet was, it seems, shown to none but foreigners, who, we infer, had some legal right to test its actually being there.

Altogether Leo's visit to England was well timed: a lull prevailed over the fatal wars of the Roses, in which her best blood had been shed, her arms turned suicidally against herself, and her foreign possessions lost. Margaret, the 'she-wolf of France,' had fled, defeated at Hexham; Henry VI. was telling his beads,

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\* It was as early as 1845—before the *Californian* treasures had been heard of in Europe—that Sir R. Murchison gave to the world a luminous comparison between the auriferous Ural mountains, by him recently explored, and the geological features of the *Australian Cordillera*. In 1846 he put forth his advice to the Cornish miners not to neglect the signs of gold in that colony which he had thus discovered and made public. His views having speedily found their way to Australia, a great excitement ensued there; and in 1847 a certain Rev. W. B. Clarke and others issued tracts on the subject, in which those writers claimed for themselves merits to which they had no sort of title, utterly suppressing all mention of the colony's obligations to Murchison, and (though not without guarding artifice) ascribing to themselves the deductions which were wholly due to that geologist's sagacity. Sir Roderick, in November, 1848, having received sundry specimens of the Australian gold in quartz, wrote to the Colonial Secretary, Earl Grey, urging the importance of some ministerial measures with reference to the realization of his distinct prophecies of 1845: but the Earl declined interference. Murchison continued to enforce the importance of the matter in addresses to the British Association and at the British Institution in 1848 and 1849—and he finally drew up in 1850 that complete exposition of his conclusions as to the distribution of gold all over the globe which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxxvii.), *Article* 'Siberia and California.' Two *blue-books* have now appeared about the Australian gold, and in all their pages—where the Rev. W. B. Clarke and Co. figure largely—there is no allusion whatever to Sir Roderick.

a captive in the Tower; Edward IV. was seated apparently in 'sure stall, stable throne, and immoveable chair.' His fair young wife Elizabeth Widville—Lady Grey—had given birth in the February of this 1466 to Elizabeth, who, by her marriage with Henry VII., united the Roses for ever. Her fatal favouritism and family connexions had not yet maddened the king-making and unmaking Warwick; no wonder the sensual Edward IV., described by Tetzels as a 'very handsome, well-grown man, and surrounded by the most beautiful court circle in the world,' was rioting in the insolence of youth, health, and full-blown prosperity, and indulging in every Sybaritic, Sardanapalan voluptuousness—all to end naturally in apoplexy in 1483.

An adequate notion of Edward's love of personal display may be gathered from the letter of Paston, an eye-witness of the royal riding through London to the Tower—to which picture Tetzels furnishes a companion—an interior. In March our travellers were invited to the state-churching of the Queen. She walked from the Palace or Castle of Westminster to the Abbey, preceded by countless priests, who bore relics and sacred ornaments, and followed by troops of choristers chaunting hymns and carrying lighted tapers; to these succeeded long lines of the noblest and fairest women of London and its vicinity, attended by bands of trumpeters and musicians and forty-two *royal singers*. Next advanced twenty-four heralds and pursuivants, who ushered on about sixty earls and knights, the advanced guard of the Queen—the Queen of Beauty—who walked under a gorgeous canopy and was supported by two duchesses, while her mother and above sixty ladies followed behind. After a solemn mass of thanksgiving was said and sung, the procession returned in the same order to Westminster Hall, where good cheer was ready for all who attended. The Bohemian Ambassador was served from Edward's table, with the same ceremonials and honours of carving, tasting,—*credenzen*—as were shown to royalty during the banquet—'which was incredibly grand and costly.' The heralds waited on the King, who regaled them alone with a largesse of four hundred nobles. Leo—the public feast finished—was taken with his suite to a superbly-furnished saloon, where the Queen was to dine. She was seated on a golden throne, at a table alone, her mother and the King's sisters standing near, and kneeling whenever she spoke to them; nor were their highnesses allowed to be seated until the first dish was put down. The Queen was served by countesses on their knees. Her dinner lasted three hours:—during which no one spoke a word—*nit ein wort*—nor did any music—sounds—supply the want of conversation—sense—at this grand dinner. Afterwards a state-ball was given  
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in the same saloon. The Queen remained seated while her mother knelt, until raised up and placed near her; then the King's sisters, with two duchesses, performed the 'most reverential' minuet Tetzl ever saw, or that probably ever was seen since the daughter of Herodias; neither had our Nuremberger ever before beheld such 'superabundantly lovely young ladies'—*uberschwenklichen schonen junkfrauen*. Besides some thirty countesses, and no end of great people's daughters, he counted eight duchesses, he says; but by this time he must have been in a condition to see considerably more than double. After the dance a state-concert commenced, at which his Majesty's private band sang, and so well that, in the opinion of our Bohemians—of a nation most musical and competent—no such singing could be found in the whole world; and (wonderful to be told) all the performers were native English.

Such was the order of the Court of Westminster in 1466. Then, as in 1852, private courtesy took the form of asking the foreigners to dinner—*le véritable Amphitryon est celui chez qui l'on dîne*; not that Continental hospitality must be underrated, whether it amounts to the Spaniard's offer of his house and a glass of water, or the Frenchman's compliments and dining with us at our expense—and in our hotel. Tetzl particularizes 'two Earls,' who invited the legation to an 'inexpressibly costly dinner in the English fashion;' and Baron Leo, in return, gave a feast after the Bohemian fashion, which seemed very odd to our peers. Of the bills of fare on these great occasions, to the sorrow of all gastronomic palæontologists, there is no record; but on the whole, nowhere in all their travels, say our journalists, were they made so much of as in London. Edward set the example: the instant they arrived he lodged them splendidly, defrayed all their expenses, and attached his own herald and a privy councillor to accompany the Baron of Rosmital everywhere; he received him most graciously, 'extending his hand'—a marked honour at a Court where powerful Earls always knelt before the King with 'almighty great respect'—for so we may translate into choice American the 'uebermachtig gross reverenz' of Herr Tetzl. A fortnight afterwards the King knighted several of the suite; offered the same honour to more who declined it (perhaps on account of the fees); and decorated Leo, Zehrovitz, and others, who were already of knightly rank, with his order—*sodalitas*—*gesellschaft*. He himself placed round their necks badges—*symbola*; golden ones for the first classes, and silver for the second. Some may ask what this Company or Order of King Edward's was? Certainly it had nothing to do with the Garter—for in those days that distinction was limited according to the

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original rules of the founder—and besides the name of Rosmital does not occur in Ashmole's lists. The fact is, the bestowal of these symbols, badges, or chains, was extremely prevalent; every petty potentate had his 'companionship.' The compliment seems to have been personal—a mere token of favour, somewhat analogous to a permission to wear a Prince's button or a household uniform. To the due investiture of Leo himself Edward added 'ein anzal'—or a lot of blank disposable decorations—being probably his Majesty's favourite cognisance of a falcon with a fetterlock—which our Envoy was empowered to issue forth in the King's name to any person he should judge worthy. The cross of the Legion of Honour alone could have been commoner.

We may now mention some of the private compliments then shown in England to distinguished foreigners. No sooner were our Bohemians set down at some mediæval Mivart's, the Pope's Head in Lombard-street, or the Tabard in the Borough, than 'virgins and matrons' waited on them with gifts, and the hostess came with all her family and maidens to be kissed, herself and all her company. Schassek, who appears to have raised no difficulties, is careful, however, to add in explanation, that this English osculation was equivalent to the Continental giving and shaking the hand. Certainly the custom continued some forty years afterwards, when Erasmus was here and wrote, 'Sunt hîc nymphæ divinis vultibus, blandæ, faciles. Est præterea mos nunquam satis laudandus; sive quo venias omnium osculis exciperis—sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; redis, red-duntur suavia; venit ad te, propinantur suavia; disceditur ab te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alicubi, basiatur affatim; denique quocumque te moveas suaviorum plena sunt omnia.' *Nous avons changé tout cela* too—whether wisely or not philosophers sager than ourselves, or perchance Erasmus, must determine; occasionally the fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning, &c.

' There is a surfeit in the sweetest things,  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.'

Happily there has been no change in the charms of our countrywomen, by which the legation four hundred years ago were absolutely bewildered.

These well-osculated strangers, as both journalists carefully tell, were themselves the observed of all observers;—the special wonder of all wonders being their fine long hair, which the fair sex, whose peculiar glory consists therein, fancied to be either false or artificially elongated by some adhesive preparation—*bitumine ad-glutinatos*. Be that as it may, crowds assembled in the streets to stare at these Bohemian Samsons and Absaloms. But when

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was gaped ever too gross for gulping asinine cockney curiosity, contented alike with a Cossack or a Kossuth? While the English doubted and admired these full-bottoms and pig-tails, the hirsute Hussites were no less perplexed and fascinated by the far-sweeping trains or tails—*vestium caudas*—of our virgins and matrons, in-  
somuch that they passed without notice the longitudinal shoe-points of their ladyships' native admirers — an aristocratical privilege by and bye scheduled and curtailed by Act of Parliament.

After a forty days' feast, not fast, in London, Leo had his audience of leave, and departed, accompanied by a lord of the bedchamber, specially attached by Edward to the suite, to facilitate the journey and embarkation. The travellers rested the first night at Windsor Castle, and next day admired the deer in the park and dined on venison with the Knights of the Garter, who begged the envoy to write his name in their mess-book, or album, which he so skilfully performed after the Bohemian fashion — *Lwyk-z. Rozmitála az Blatnie*—that the K.G.'s followed him next morning when on the road, and asked him to expound it. At Reading they were lodged by the kind abbot, whose splendid relics and refectory are recorded: now his convent site, ruined chapel and kitchen, humbly crumbling near the smug and snug red brick county gaol, presents a Puginesque parallel too much for the Great Western. Passing by Andover, and taking no notice of Stonehenge, they were gladly and honourably welcomed at Salisbury by George Duke of Clarence — 'good Clarence, this is brotherlike.' They arrived the Friday before Palm Sunday and witnessed the church ceremonials—justly lauding the lofty spire outside and the exquisite graven images worshipped within—but startled by the absence of lighted candles during the celebration of mass. This curtailment, a heavy blow and grievous discouragement to the orthodox, had been dealt on the town for having 'three times deserted the Christian faith'—that is, we presume, shown signs of disaffection towards our father the Pope. In compensation, on Easter day, a capital supper was served up in the church itself, and looking-glasses placed on all the altars. The King or his representative on these occasions invited thirteen poor men, washed their feet, and presented each with a noble and a new suit of clothes. After this supper 'sweet Clarence' gave the legation a most costly dinner, which, as usual, 'lasted three hours,' when cares were drowned in a bowl of Malmsey, more certainly, we suspect, than his Royal Highness was drowned twelve years afterwards in a butt of ditto—an idle tale which rests on no better evidence than Fabian's, an alderman and a greedy gossiping gobbler. We submit one item of the bill of fare as equally questionable.



Some ducks were served up, 'bred,' says Schassek, 'on the sea, and fed on nothing but air.' Tetzl is more particular. 'One delicacy they gave us must, it seems, be a fish, although it was roasted, and sent up for a duck. It has the wings, feathers, neck, feet, and flavour of a wild duck: we were told it was fish, but to my mind it was flesh; why, said we, should it be a fish?'—'It begins,' replied a learned prebendary, 'like a worm in the sea—as it grows it takes the shape of a duck, and lays eggs, but as it does not hatch them, they come to nothing; and the creature feeds at sea and not by land—*Darumb sol es ein Vish sein.*' The directors of the Zoological Gardens must settle whether these singular ducks of Old Sarum were of the true Linnæan *Anas erythropus* breed—those geese of the old herbalist Gerarde (iii. 171), which grew out of barnacles. Possibly they might have been cousins to the Canvass Backs of America, which, however, feed mostly on wild celery, and that so much to their benefit that to eat one repays—*ut pro certo affirmatur*—a voyage across the storm-vexed Atlantic. Or finally, peradventure 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence' played a trick upon our travellers—treating them to what *savans* of the old times called 'a soteltie'—a sort of *surprise*—just as iced puddings now-a-days assume the shape and seeming of hams.

The party, having digested their ducks, soon reached Poole, a port then of consequence, and which had been burnt some sixty years before, by Pero Nino (*Chronica*, ch. xxvii.); for our coasts were then insulted and invaded even by Spaniards. *Absit omen!* Here Leo embarked; but when scarcely half seas over he was boarded by two English cruisers, who suspected his craft to be French. Edward, who but recently had affronted Louis XI. by rejecting the hand of Bona, and was apprehensive of a *coup de descente*, took special care not to leave the Channel unprotected; nor did his coast-guards stand upon ceremony; they opened the ball with round shot, and explained afterwards. Shakspeare, in the death of the Duke of Suffolk, justly portrays the quick shipshape work then made by our sea-captains:—

'Hale him away—let him talk no more!'

But in Leo's case, no sooner were our officers shown the passport of Edward, than they fell on their knees and kissed the document, as a Turkish pasha with three tails would a firman of the Sultan—'namque id moris habent, cum nomen regium audierint, vel literas ipsius viderint, ut eas ejusmodi honore prosequantur.' They then, understanding that Compostella was the grand object in view, offered to escort the legation gratis to a Spanish port, and, this being thankfully declined, took their leave. Leo was driven by foul weather into Jersey; but ultimately, after long

long delays, landed, with his sea-worn men and horses, at St. Malo.

We cannot let such visitors leave us without summing up their opinions of our island and ancestors. England, say they, is not very large; narrow and long, it is much peopled, and abounds in castles, villages, and towns: altogether it is a little sea-girt garden—*hortulus*. The realm is hilly, with many heaths and open commons, copses, and reeds. It is rich in metals, producing some silver, but much iron, lead, and tin. Although full of forests, there are few *silvæ nigræ*—the pines and firs of Bohemia. Each wood and field is enclosed with a ditch or hedge, so that there is no means of getting across the country, either on foot or horse-back, except by the high roads. Carriages are very rare—everybody rides, and goods are conveyed on pack-horses. There were, however, some two-wheeled vehicles—probably those antediluvian rumble-traps in which the primeval boors of Devonshire jogged to last Saturday's market.

Living in England was then as now dear, compared with Germany. It grew but little wine—it seems there was still *some*—and not much wheat. The usual drink of the people was 'alsepir'—a Bohemian reading, we guess, of *ale or beer*. *Oh fortunati nimium!* What nutritious nectar, compared to the thin potations, the sour *vins ordinaires* of the Continent, or those compounds concocted by *cacodæmons*, the 'fine crusted ports' and 'golden sherries neat as imported,' of our own hostelries! The staple source of insular wealth was the sheep—the *white flocks* produced the finest wools, which were exported at a great profit. The travellers were struck with the fine parks, the tall and beautiful trees, the multitude of fallow deer, and the quantity of game—hares and rabbits—in the infinite and well-watched preserves. The exquisite beauty of the womankind is the never-exhausted, oft-recurring theme of our gallant knight-errants, who speak somewhat less favourably of the lovers and brothers of these Calypsos. 'Englishmen are faithless and cunning; they plot the ruin of foreign men; and are not to be trusted even if they go down on their knees.' Too bad this in friend Schassek, who had been so feasted by witty men and kissed by pretty women. The character of 'perfidious Albion,' as chronicled by Pero Niño, who pillaged Poole, is scarcely worse. See his chap. xviii. 'Como son los Ingleses diversos y contrarios de todas las otras naciones de Christianos;' and this arises, says Pero, 'because these islanders eat so much beef and are afraid of nobody.' Was it not to the accident of the said beef, when roasted and washed down by rum, that one Monsieur Foy, who was in every *sauve qui peut* from Roleia to Waterloo, attributed most of those unpleasant scenes?

'Plura

‘Plura de Anglis quæ scribam non habeo.’ So Schassek sums up his scanty observations. How vague, general, and *jejune* was the information with which our incurious forefathers were contented; how striking the contrast between the pigny records of the past and the colossal cyclopædias of the present! What would Schassek and Tetzels have said, for example, to Macculloch’s ‘Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary?’ How remote from their visions was such a huge monument of robust industry and searching intellect, no less entertaining to be dipped into desultorily, than useful as a trustworthy book of reference!

Our limits compel us to hurry the Legation through la belle France, as all bound for racy Spain and picturesque Italy will gladly do when English enterprise, science, gold, and navvies have finished the rails of that ill-favoured, commonplace country. These Bohemians, however, saw the best of it. Although Leo was fresh from the Court of Edward IV., who had ousted Margaret of Anjou, he was cordially received at Saumur by her father, René, titular King of ‘Cecelly,’—for as in the *Winter’s Tale* the scene shifts rapidly from Bohemia to Sicily. René, whose chivalrous qualities centred in his daughter—who was painting a partridge when the loss of Naples was announced and yet never discontinued—this model of ducal dilettantes was no less engrossed in 1466 with fine buildings. He was dreaming time away in a *dolce far niente* existence for art, taste, and literature. Buffeted from prison to palace, he, to his sorrow, had crowns and greatness thrust upon him; but in six short years was wise enough to fly from the worries of politics to the enjoyment of otium sine dignitate. His guests describe him as an ‘elderly, handsome, cheerful man, with a middle-sized wife, charming maids of honour, and a dwarf named Tybelin, whose skull-cap was no bigger than a pomegranate.’ From Saumur,—where René’s queer black and white castle is still to be seen—Leo proceeded along the Loire to Candes—where his Most Christian Majesty was for the time lurking. At first the diplomatist was not allowed to approach within a league of the royal lair. Louis, however, when satisfied that he was no agent of Le Bien Public, or of Edward’s, invited him to his fortress, and entertained him for nine days, ‘with greater honour than he had ever before shown to any foreigner.’ He introduced Leo and his suite to the Queen, ‘a pretty little woman, with the sweetest maids of honour,’ who all took the great plenipotentiary into their arms, and by the King’s especial wish and gracious order ‘kissed his mouth.’ Louis XI. was then in his forty-third year, and is *signalé* as ‘not tall, with black hair, dark complexion, eyes set deep in head, long nose, and small bones.’ His delight was in hunting wild beasts, and hiding himself,

himself, like them, in small out-of-the-way places; sixty armed porters kept watch and ward by day and night inside his retreat, and twenty thousand cavalry were quartered in the neighbourhood. Many as were the victims imprisoned by him in iron cages, no one was more incarcerated than this conscience-made coward was by himself—his own fears were his jailers. The chief means of this Machiavelian Prince and founder of the unity and centralization of France—to wit, bribery, deceit, and the dividing of friend and foe—and his motto—*Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*—have rarely been relinquished by subsequent rulers of that kingdom.

The troop next rode through Poitiers to Blaye, famous then for the sword of Roland, wherewith he breached the Pyrenees—of which there is a duplicate in the armeria at Madrid—and rejoicing moreover in the bones of his sister, twenty of Tetzels spans long. There they learnt the tragedy of a ‘certain sorceress, who was taken to London, led through the streets on a brazen horse, and burnt for a witch:’ so uncertain, even at the short lapse of thirty-six years, had the history of Joan of Arc become. Of that history we have said enough perhaps in a former paper (No. cxxxviii. p. 320); we now, however, learn a new fact—viz., that the heroine had threatened, after settling the English, to turn her exterminating sword against the Bohemian Hussites—no wonder, therefore, that heretical Schassek made no bones about her compact with the Evil One. Leo, after quitting vine-girt Bordeaux, floundered on through the dreary Landes, and, halting on the border-banks of the Bidassoa, beheld in the darkly opposing mountain-barrier the first frown of ‘hard Iberia’s’ welcome. Tempest-torn by sea, now began his tug of war by land.

A comparison may here be suggested between the Peninsular sketches of our Bohemians and that earlier and most curious relation in English doggrel, preserved by Purchas in his ‘Pilgrimes’ (vol. ii.), and intitled, ‘The way that is marked from the land of Engeland unto Sent Jamez in Galiz.’ Both records tally as respects the hardships and heathen manners, ‘the Jewez and Sarasynes that ben there many,’ and the ‘craggez and stonez that maketh Pylgrymes weary bonez.’ But all this we must pass—albeit the descriptions occupy a space commensurate with the impressions made on the bodies, minds, and memories of the relators—and we too having, in our days and for our sins, ridden the pilgrimage to Compostella, could willingly have improved the opportunity of showing how much in the people and ‘things of Spain’ is unchanged and unchangeable.

All our predecessors agree in depicting the lonely uncultivated country—the wild wastes of cistus, box, and rosemary, ‘so  
aromatic

aromatic as to give headaches'—those *dehesas y despoblados*, homes of the wild bee, the vulture, stork, lizard, locust, snake, and scorpion. All mention the bridgeless torrents—many a one 'crossed and recrossed seventeen times a day'—all note the nasty rotten hamlets, few and far between—the frugal, parsimonious habits of the natives, patient of hunger, thirst, and toil—of heat and cold; eating little, drinking less. All alike sigh over the 'no fowls, eggs, milk, cheese, or butter'—'no coron, vin ne brede'—the barest necessities sufficing for the people who had no wants. Most piteously indeed do our Bohemians paint the barren larderless venta—the *elend arm herberg*—without shelter or food for man or beast. No wandering gipsies—the type of misery—ever underwent such hardships as the legation, and which nothing but their indomitable will and iron endurance enabled them to sustain. They were frequently refused entrance into war and pestilence stricken villages—forced to bivouac under trees—lying down with their horses, cooking for themselves 'a goat when they could buy one,' and baking 'cakes of meal in hot ashes, made often with dry dung.' Constant was their armed watch and ward, as 'neither persons nor property were safe by day or night;'—surrounded, as they found themselves, by 'a proud, irascible, jealous, suspicious, inhospitable, cruel race—*bös und mordisch*—reckless alike of the lives of others and their own'—above all, 'ever and anon insulting strangers by throwing stones and spitting.' The elements were scarcely better: our pilgrims, exposed alternately to tropical heats and Siberian colds, were broken down from sorrow and sickness; then their horses were stolen, or fell ill, and died from bad forage.

In cities of mark matters were somewhat mended; there was a little more chance of 'the provend;' and, among other signs of comparative civilization, each town had its permanent gibbet on the market-place, with busy executioner. No one made any complaint of the criminal law's delay; thieves to the amount of an 'obolus' were put to death instantly. Tetzels in one town saw rebel prisoners placed on pillars, with a mark on their breast, at which every one was allowed to shoot. Those who hit received six maravedis; he who missed had to pay a golden crown. The money thus merrily won and collected was afterwards spent by the sportsmen in the rarer delights of eating and drinking. He also saw some culprits chained to an iron bar between four lighted piles of wood, by which their flesh was roasted alive, and nothing but charred skeletons left. The prelates are described as turbulent and luxurious—the priests ignorant, unchaste, and venal in confessionals. In a word, the people were 'so mixed up with Jews and Saracens as to be worse than

than either, and more heathen than Christian.' The richer nobles imitated in their dress, dances, riding, and furniture, the fashions of Moors. The Peninsula throughout its length and breadth was torn by party feuds; every one hating his neighbour, and thinking only of selfish interests. Such in 1466 was Spain. Her then chaotic and convulsive condition has been clearly set forth by the accomplished Prescott—who made good use of the graphic chronicle of Castillo, a royal chaplain and an eye-witness. Independently of the hereditary and inveterate struggle between the crescent and the cross, the crown of Castile was disputed by Alonso, who had been set up in 1465 against his brother Enrique IV.; whilst in Arragon the Catalonians supported a rival against Juan II.

The legation, placed thus between two fires—a plague on both your houses—were compelled to take most circuitous routes to Compostella. They narrowly escaped death at starting, when forced by some Basque guards—*publicani*—and sinners—to pay tolls, from which they had hitherto been exempt. They visited at Medina de Pomar the 'good' Count Haro, to whose word of honour Juan II. and the rebel *grandees* trusted—the only faithful found—for the safe conference at Tordesillas in 1439. The details and original documents drawn up by the Count himself, in 1467, were published by Florez at Madrid in 1784, and offer a monument of feudal manners scarcely less interesting than our Scroop and Grosvenor trial for arms.

At Burgos, omitting the Cid altogether, the journalists are luculent upon the grand cathedral and silver images of the Virgin. They also bestow due notice on the Hispano-Hebreo convert bishop (Mariana, xix. 8), who took her name, Santa Maria, because he had the honour to be her kinsman, 'according to the flesh.' The Hussites danced again with the noble nuns of *Las Huelgas*, a monastery founded by the daughter of our Henry II.; nor did they fail to venerate the miraculous crucifix, graven by Nicodemus, whose hair and nails grew, and on that very day—teste Tetzels—cured one boy of a fever, and raised another from the dead. At Burgos, too, they saw their first bull-fight; at a second, given them at Salamanca, 'the third bull killed two men and wounded eight.' The gentle pastime was then conducted generally as it was only a few years ago at Tarifa; the animals were turned into the streets, baited by dogs and dart-armed horsemen; but we must refer those who wish to compare the past with the present to an article in our own No. cxxiv., or to the spirited and accurate sketches of *Tauromachia*, recently published by Mr. Luke Price, with a commentary from Mr. Ford's pen.

From Burgos the pilgrims rode to Segovia, after infinite botheration, the inconveniences of civil war increasing as the theatre  
was

was approached. Here being admitted into the Alcazar, but only five at a time, they admired the golden [gilded] statues of the royal line of *Σπaviz*, and not less the Moorish gorgeousness of the state saloons. They record the true history of the [Roman] aqueduct built by the devil in one night. At Olmedo Leo was received by Enrique IV. seated on a carpet—oriental in many of his habits and vices.\* Comines also has described the glitter of his 300 Moorish guards at the interview in 1468 with the meanly clad Louis XI. Enrique showed small hospitality to Leo, paid no inn bills, gave him nothing but his *order*—with the arch-Spanish counsel ‘*patienz haben*’—and a passport. This his rival Alonso refused to recognize—nor would he permit our travellers to pass through his region; such offence had his Castilian punctilio taken at Leo’s not having paid him the first visit of etiquette.

Near Cantalapiedra they called on an aged hermit, who was thought to be an ex-King of Poland, and was actually, it seems, recognized by a Pole in Leo’s suite as Ladislas Jagellon, from the six toes on his feet. ‘This monarch had sworn to a treaty with Amurath II., which, at the instigation of Pope Eugenius IV., he broke. The parties met at Varna in 1444, when, as the conflict began, the infidel held up the Host (*proh pudor!*) and appealed to the God of truth. The papal perjurer was beaten, and at the time supposed to have perished. The hoary hermit refused to be questioned, and retired, simply saying that he was a sinner. We must leave the mystery as we find it. Don Sebastian, killed in Africa, was long considered by the Portuguese to be alive. That our own Henry VI. died in a quiet bed in Scotland is even now the faith of some *historians*. Even so as to Huss himself, who was by many Bohemians expected to reappear after 100 years; and subsequently some believed that his metempsychosis was realized in Luther.

Leaving Salamanca, then ‘full of learning,’ they diverged by Ciudad Rodrigo, in order to avoid the districts occupied by Alonso. At Braga Leo was kindly received by the King of Portugal, to whom he brought autograph letters from his sister Eleonora, the wife of the Emperor. Portugal was now in all her wealth and glory; eminently distinguished in early\* maritime discoveries, she had soon victoriously driven the Moors from her own soil, and followed them with avenging arms into Africa; down whose Western coast she gradually crept, until in 1463, at the death of Prince Henry, the patron

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\* Juan Vitriau, in the Escolios to his translation of Comines, Madrid, 1643, notes however (p. 134) some anti-oriental changes introduced by Enrique in the dress of Spanish women. He first made them uncover their faces, and wash them with sweet-smelling wines—*olorosos*—instead of smearing with ointments.

of the Parrys and Backs of that age, the eighth degree of latitude south was reached, and Guinea—the mediæval California—was secured, with its lucrative gold, devil's dust, and slave trade. The reigning King imported not less than 100,000 'niggers' annually, and such were the horrors of the middle passage that sometimes 3000 died in one voyage to Lisbon. Ample details of African life and this dreadful trade, then so new and interesting to the rest of Europe, are given by both journalists; and our transatlantic colleagues may compare their present 'domestic institutions' with these eminent prototypes. The royal merchant offered every assistance to Leo, observing that pilgrimages led to 'weary riders, broken-down horses, and empty purses.' Leo, whose 'beutel' was then full, declined the gold, but begged for two slaves, and was laughed at for asking for such rubbish sold as cattle—*nullius in momentis, divenditur ut pecus*. Eventually a brace of apes were added to them, and some horses—Chaucer's 'jennets of Spayne that be so wyght'—minions of their race, and no doubt of Pliny's true Lisbon breed, begotten by the winds and Favonius.—(*N. H.*, iv. 22.)

From Pontevedra to Compostella the whole of the pious legation walked on foot. In a word, they performed all the prescribed routine—as the result whereof absolute plenary pardon from sins was and is guaranteed by infallible authority. Nor let us, now all *religio loci* is nearly exploded, deny the benefits derived—unintentionally and indirectly it is true—from the church-enforced duties of pilgrimage. To the desire of facilitating access to hallowed sites may be traced the material comforts of modern travelling—roads, bridges, hostels, hospitals, and cemeteries in bone-strewed districts. The 'Itinera Hierosolymæ' formed the manuals of the Arnulphs, Benjamin de Tudelas, and Mandevilles, and ushered in the exhaustive works of easier times, in which truth is at last distinguished from guesswork and hearsay. All honour to those daring explorers, the telescopes that first brought dark and distant lands near, the mirrors which held up outlines at least of the unknown.

At Padron, the threshold of Compostella's shrine, our note-takers stared with due awe at the stone on which Santiago voyaged from Joppa to the peninsula, and which retains, waxlike, the form and pressure of the apostolic person. Moreover, the stout Zehrovitz was nearly strangled in squeezing through the hole of the cave into which Santiago fled when pelted by the heathens, of whom he only converted two. Leo declined that attempt, but, with all his mission, drank of the fountain which gushed out 'enough to turn a mill,' when the apostle struck the ground with his staff, and whose saline draught 'is a certain febrifuge for a year.'

Our



Our Hadgis found no peace in the Mecca of Spain; the town had risen against the gown, and the archbishop was besieged in his own cathedral. Such things were frequent enough with church-militant 'Seynte James of Galiz:'—thus, in 1116, Gelmirez,\* the founder of the primacy, was shut up, and finally burnt out; consequently, like the Bedouin-threatened monasteries in Palestine, this 'great mynster large and long' of our Purchas was fortified with strong towers. When Leo arrived it was garrisoned inside with horse and foot; and all admittance impossible. A number of the suite having, however, rescued from death—that is, from Spanish surgeons—the only one of 4000 combatants wounded in a 'terrible' engagement, when 'prodigies of valour' were performed—a day's armistice was granted by the assailants, to which the Archbishop, catching a glimpse of 'costly offerings,' assented. Hereupon the Bohemians, having first been absolved by curious formalities from the ban of excommunication incurred by their intercourse with the anti-clerical party, were permitted, unarmed and barefooted, to worship the relics, the silver idols, the miraculous palmer-shells and staves, &c. &c. Finally they were all 'shriven and assoiled' of every trespass past, present, and future. We have no space to compare the hagiography and ancient practice detailed here and in the metrical record, with the actual processes, as chronicled by the last literary pilgrim—our guide, philosopher, and friend—who, by especial favour of the Grand Penitentiary, was allowed to *embrace the cape and shoulders* of the great graven image—the consummation—as Mr. Richard Ford boasts—*el fin de la Romeria*.

These sinners of Prague and Nuremburg, whitewashed and comforted, made, before they turned homeward, an excursion to the then Land's End, Cape *Finisterre*, which catching, and not unpoetically, at sound, they term *Finstern Stern*—that is, being interpreted, the site where the star of Eve set in darkness over an ocean deeper than ever plummet sounded. And, if the thoughts were serious that crowded even on us when standing upon this huge backbone of Europe—which bluffly proclaims to the vasty yeasty Atlantic, Thus far shalt thou come and no farther—how solemn must have been the sentiments of those old inlanders as they gazed on this mysterious expanse of 'sky and sea, and what beyond God only knew.' However cagerly they listened to every

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\* See for singular particulars Florez, *España Sagrada*, vol. xix. p. 220. How Gelmirez worked at Rome is detailed in the extraordinary *Historia Compostellana*, written by his chaplains and printed in the same work (vol. xx.). He stripped the altars to bribe the Pope (p. 226). The cash was conveyed to Rome by the not uncommon church-agency of *pilgrims*, who, it seems, obtained so many years' grace for their souls as they smuggled ounces of gold to the Successor of the Fisherman (p. 283).

holy legend—especially when shown the very ship, now converted into a mountain, in which the Virgin and Saviour sailed to visit these regions—they also noted the ancient tales of less exalted mariners; *e. g.* how, in times past, three galleys, manned by young sailors, with twelve scribes in each to record observations, were sent across these unpathed waters by the King of Portugal; how one vessel only returned after three years, its crew grown bald and old in the sea-change, and telling of antres vast and islands of gold. One thing is evident—that a notion of the existence of trans-atlantic regions was current long before the master-mind of Columbus converted conjecture into certainty.

As we ponder by his son's grave in the cathedral of Seville, and look down on the slight caravels, engraved on the tombstone, which conveyed the great sire to the New World, how insufficient in every appliance seem these fragile boats when compared with the floating palaces that now in one brief month cross and recross the Atlantic—how the courage, the *æs triplex*, of the illustrious navigator stands forth—how full of dignity his sense of his high calling—how deep his trust that Providence would still the winds and waves, and waft safely over its special messenger—how colossal and whole-length the portrait drawn in his own simple earnest despatches, the fresh *ipsissima verba*, the first descriptions of his own new discoveries! \*

At Badajoz the legation finally quitted Portugal—having found, we read, little difference between that realm and Spain in regard either to the hardships of the way, or the heathenish life and manners of the people. Riding on, in the greatest danger and insecurity, they passed Merida, with its stately Roman ruins, inhabited then by Moors, Jews, Gentiles,—‘the professors of no less than six creeds.’ Hence they struck across a wild district to the convent of the Virgin at Guadalupe, where 150 monks and 50 lay brethren gave pious occupation to 600 pilgrims, who did mason's work for the good of their souls. The revenues exceeded those of ‘two German potentates.’ The royal sepulchres, but above all the St. Luke-painted image of the Virgin—who ‘herself had aided to build the convent’—are duly commemorated. Tetzels, as usual, is full of the excellent hospitality of the cloister.

This magnificent institution has been sequestered, and in the

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\* These scarce letters have been recently reprinted by the Hackluyt Society, into which literary travellers will do well to enroll themselves. So called after the Ramusio, Barros, and Couto of England—its object is to print and preserve early rare and unpublished voyages and travels. These incunabula are illustrated with all the knowledge of the present; and ten volumes of infinite interest have already appeared. How wide the field may be gathered by a perusal of the ‘*Geschichte der wichtigsten geographischer Entdeckungen*’ of M. C. Sprengel, Hall, 1792, of which M. von Humboldt remarked in 1840, ‘*Vous connaissez sans doute le petit volume de Sprengel duquel Mallettebon a fait ses 17 volumes*’—*Cosas de Francia*.

edifice, now a barrack, the coarse jest and oath of the soldier replace the chant and prayer of the monk. He also has been scheduled away, as an anachronism, by the avarice and ingratitude of modern Mendizabals. He had served his turn. In the dark ages of turbulence, when the armed man bowed to the cowl, these shorn functionaries tempered violence and brutality; in these asylums of peace the lamp of learning flickered, amid the circumambient palpable obscure. The eremites who first rescued these sites from the desert—*ab eremo*—and bade the lair of wolves smile with corn and wine, were alike spiritual and temporal benefactors. The orderly community did the offices of guides and teachers, of gardeners, agriculturists, bankers, chemists, and physicians to soul and body of the fatherless, the orphan, and the poor who have no friend. Let not their memory be anathema!

Thence Leo passed to Toledo, the widowed metropolis of the Goth. Its princely archbishop possessed a revenue of a thousand crowns a day, and made and unmade kings. In the cathedral all bowed before the *Caſulla*, which the Virgin brought down from heaven to San Ildefonso; they also inspected what our literary friends will value more—that famous gift of St. Louis—the ‘superb bible in three volumes, written with letters of gold and illuminated by the first painter in the world.’ This in Mr. Ford’s day was still there, having miraculously escaped the Soultic ‘snappers-up of unconsidered trifles.’ The legation passed through Madrid, then the insignificant hamlet of a dreary district; and thence, threading countries held by the Moors, they reached Zaragoza, the capital of troubled Arragon. John II., amid all his perplexities, received Leo kindly—gave him his *order*, which he accepted, and offered gold, which he declined. Here our Baron and suite beheld the miraculous image of the Virgin, the Palladium, which she brought herself from heaven to Santiago, who, although he could not make even one convert at Zaragoza, built her a chapel there with his own hands.

John, who knew his country and countrymen, did his utmost to dissuade his guests from facing the ‘desert’ of Arragon and its rebellious natives. After hairbreadth escapes, however, and miseries inconceivable, they reach Barcelona. They admire the girdle of palm-trees, all of which have disappeared; nor will future travellers easily meet with the ancient planter they equally commend. ‘Why,’ he was asked, ‘do you sow the seeds of a slow-growing tree, whose dates will not ripen ere a hundred years be passed?’ ‘Am I not,’ was his reply, ‘eating the fruit from trees planted by my forefathers, who took thought of posterity, and shall I not do likewise?’ Now-a-days, the maxim of the cotton-spinning Catalan is, Every man for himself—*après moi le déluge*. Schassek, who was nearly kidnapped by these land-rats and water-rats, and  
sold

sold for a slave, thus describes your ~~old~~ Manchesterians of the Peninsula:—‘Homines perfidi et scelerati, Christianæ quidem professionis, verum quibusvis ethnicis deteriores’

Barcelona, then, as now, a hotbed of rebellion and radicalism, had within six years changed its sovereign six times, and in 1466 was upholding René of Anjou against John II.; the good old dilettante being represented by his son, the Duke of Calabria. His passport secured Leo a civil reception—though the suite were cautioned never to go out in the streets singly. The Catalan authorities allude to this particular passport in one they gave, November 2, 1466, which Schassek has preserved—and in which, fortunately, the independent democrats use their own Limousin dialect,—the first polished of all the Romance class,—instead of the diplomatic Latin of other potentates. It is curious enough to compare the diction of this document with the German of Tetzcl or the contemporaneous English of our Paston correspondence.

The wayworn pilgrims, having shaken from their sandals the dust of hard Iberia, entered Perpignan, passing by Hostalric, which Schassek calls ‘Castelrico—*Starlic in Mappâ.*’ This geographical gem, the map, has unluckily been consumed in the wear and tear of time’s edacity. By and by they reached Avignon, and noting neither Petrarch nor Vacluse, wondered at the grand old bridge, now broken, and the vast pontifical palace, now a barrack. Hence they climbed the Alps, and descending into beautiful Italy, rode to Milan, and amid the elegant hospitalities of Duke Galeazzo Sforza forgot the scanty fare, the stones for bread, of Spain. As Leo ‘swam in his gondola’ to Venice, the Doge, Christofero Mauro, sent his Chancellor to welcome him to the Queen of the Adriatic. The suite put up at the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*—*domus Germanorum*—where travellers of all nations could dine apart, and *à la carte*. The Venetians were very civil to Leo; but when he wanted them to ‘cash a bill,’ declined, after the fashion of wary traffickers. They, however, liberally let him look at their famed treasury and arsenal, the ruby platter of St. Mark, and the horses of bronze; and the rare honour was done the envoy and his suite of admitting them to a senatorial council, where a Proveditor was elected by more than 3000 voters by ballot—a process, with its gilt balls, minutely described, and to which we respectfully call Mr. Grote’s attention. No less detailed is the account of the magnificent luxury of a princely merchant, who, having made a fortune at Alexandria, had just returned to his native place, there to sink—like our indigo and opium nabobs—the gains of a life in brick and mortar, the raw material of ruination. Perchance it is among the ‘old stones’ of this millionaire’s Aladdin-palace, a *Cà d’oro* rising in 1466 like  
Venus

Venus from the sea, that our good friend Mr. Ruskin is ruminating and reconstructing in 1852.

The Baron of Rosmital departed from Venice the 16th of December, and was received by the Emperor at Gratz with words of finer promise than performance. He, too, with the royal and imperial impecuniosity hereditary in the house of Hapsburg, could not or would not cash our Bohemian's bill. It would seem that those unspeakable comforts and conveniences of continental travel, the circular notes of great Bankers, were not then anticipated like the restaurants of Venice.

At Neustadt, near Vienna, Leo became the guest of the Empress, who, with all her lords and ladies of the bedchamber, was enchanted by the apes and negroes;—but when the legation sang the *seguidillas*, and danced the *fandangos* they had learned beyond the Pyrenees, Eleonora's nationality and maternity overflowed—and her son, the future Emperor Maximilian, then eight years old, was taught them forthwith. Meanwhile his Excellency was so hard up that he was compelled 'to sell to a Jew for 1200 guldens a bracelet worth 12,000.' The heart of the Empress was either less liberal than her brother's of Portugal, or her Majesty's pin-money was more pinched and Austrian.

Political difficulties were soon superadded to those of purse; all passage through Hungary was denied. In the end, however, our insolvent pilgrims reached home. No prodigal's return was more fêted. Leo could not stir without being pointed at—'This is he!' The population of Prague turned out to a man, with drums, trumpets, Rockysana and his chapter—

'Loud shouts and salutations in their mouths,  
E'en in the presence of the crowned king.'

The monarch himself welcomed the plenipotentiary most cordially—and created him hereditary Court Chamberlain. On the Queen's joy at her brother's safe delivery we need not dwell, nor on the feast she gave, or the wines presented by the city. The company that had so long braved the battle and the breeze together was paid off and broken up—its worthy constituents never to meet again in this world. Leo the hero died October 23, 1480, and 'now sleeps well' in the fine old cathedral of Prague. Of Secretary Schassek nothing more is recorded; Tetzl, his colleague, settling at Nuremberg, speedily became Burgomaster thereof, and, having passed the chair and a good and garrulous life, there he died in 1479, full of honours and gout—for

'His friends the more for his long absence prized him,  
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay  
With dinners—where he oft became the laugh of them  
For stories—but I don't believe the half of them.'

- ART. VII.—1. *A Treatise on Naval Gunnery, dedicated by special permission to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* By General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., &c. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. 1851.
2. *Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-Arms, and on the probable effects in War of the New Musket; with a Proposition for Re-organizing the Royal Regiment of Artillery.* By Col. Chesney. 8vo. 1852.
3. *Observations on Muskets, Rifles, and Projectiles.* By Henry Wilkinson, M.R.A. and M.S.A.
4. *Des Nouvelles Carabines, et de leur Emploi.* Par Favé, Capitaine d'Artillerie. Paris. 1847.

WE are not among those who would either condemn or treat with levity such warnings as our journals of almost all colours have lately given on the subject of invasion. These admonitions, whether immediately called for or not, indicate that the spirit of the nation at least has not degenerated—and that, let war come when it may, we shall meet it with the whole strength of the empire. Yet newspaper discussions, when fleets and armies happen to furnish the subject, are attended with some inconveniences. To say nothing of the risk of provoking an attack, for which we tell the whole world that we are unprepared, it is impossible not to be struck with the tone of gross exaggeration which pervades many of their recent statements. Take, for example, the case of the regulation musket. Undoubtedly it is neither elegant in appearance nor fabricated according to the strictest laws of mechanical art; but to describe it as a weapon which cannot kill is mere folly. We, who write this paper, have known it bring down seven French soldiers at seven consecutive shots; and the most eminent of the authors on our list testifies that at the siege of Flushing a British rifleman knocked over, in like manner, eleven of the enemy. And surely, if musket and rifle were capable of accomplishing such feats while flint and steel exploded the priming, they are not likely to effect less now. We readily concede that the regulation musket is capable of many improvements. Instead of a single length of stock, which fits nobody, you might have three scales, to suit the long-armed man, the short-armed, and the man of medium size. You may diminish the wind-age likewise, loosen the spring of the trigger, perhaps get rid of some unnecessary weight in the instrument itself, and assimilate the lock more to that of an ordinary fowling-piece. Indeed it is manifestly unjust, as well as unsafe, in a matter of

such vast national importance, to compare the musket in its present rude state—a thing made by contract, and costing, we believe, between two and three pounds, including the bayonet—with a highly-finished and high-priced rifle. Let the *improved* plain-bore musket be tried against the improved rifle, and we shall then see wherein, and to what extent, the one is beaten, as a general service instrument, by the other. But to condemn the musket ere *fairly* tried, and advise its consignment to museums, among the catapults and balistas of bygone times, is to write at random. For what is it that has put us out of conceit with poor old Brown Bess? Our red-coats, it appears, did not kill so many Caffres as we expected them to do; whereas the Caffres picked off our best officers, and slaughtered our men by the score: and so the war has been protracted—our victories often causing a far greater amount of loss to the victors than to the vanquished. This is possible enough; but why lay all the blame upon the musket? Are the Caffres better armed than our people? Do they carry needle-prime guns or any other weapon which takes effect beyond the range of our fire? Quite otherwise. Many of their firelocks are constructed on the flint and steel principle—many are transmitted to them—*proh pudor*—by English houses, and have all the defects which usually appertain to muskets fabricated for the African market. Yet they tell, where the fire of our troops is ineffective. Shall we not, therefore, exercise a sound discretion if we look for other causes of failure than the armament of our troops? The truth is that—while our neighbours train their infantry to march thirty and forty miles on end—bringing corps d'élite (the Chasseurs de Vincennes for example) to such a state of perfection that they will keep up with cavalry for days together—while they simplify their musket-exercise, get rid of the slow time in marching, reduce their parade-formations to the few which war requires, and, clothing and otherwise equipping their men with a view to personal ease and flexibility, give them ample practice in target-firing, and discipline and train their vision;—while this is their system, we manipulate our recruits so as to render them pretty playthings for smart field-day officers at home, and send them, uninstructed in the use of their weapons and loaded like so many jackasses, to hold their own in the bush against naked savages, with eyes like an eagle, and hands accustomed to obey with promptitude and accuracy every movement of the will. We protest, therefore, against laying to the charge of Brown Bess mishaps for which she is very little to blame. Let her be thoroughly overhauled, in Fate's name. Tinker her up, if she will bear tinkering, or get rid of her entirely—when you are quite ure of your substitute. But do not make her the scapegoat for

gross neglects in your drill; nor, above all, delude yourself by supposing that a mere change of weapon will set you right, either at the Cape or anywhere else.

With public attention turned to these subjects, we cannot but regard as very opportune the appearance of the two works which stand first in our list. In strict propriety perhaps neither of them can be said to be new. Sir Howard Douglas's has been before the world many years; indeed there is scarcely a nation in Europe which is not in possession of a carefully-executed translation of it; while Colonel Chesney's, though recently put together, recapitulates opinions which had all been delivered on previous occasions, either by himself or by others. Both, however, are acceptable, for this among other reasons, that both touch with a strong yet tutored hand the heart of the grievance under which John Bull believes himself to suffer.\*

The history of the *Treatise on Naval Gunnery* is rather curious. Entering early into the army, and actively engaged throughout the wars which arose from the first French Revolution, Sir Howard appears to have watched with great, perhaps with hereditary interest, the operations of the sister profession in all parts of the world. He saw the marine of France and Spain go down, with comparative ease, before our own. Combats, whether of squadrons or of single ships, might be more or less protracted, but they ended almost invariably in the same manner. The enemy were chased, overtaken, and engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and by sheer strength of hand and bull-dog courage beaten and captured. Tactics of this description required a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but they hardly called for much practical acquaintance with gunnery. Notwithstanding certain brilliant exceptions,† that  
matter

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\* Sir Howard Douglas's third edition, which was well noticed in almost all the daily and weekly papers at the time, had the start of Colonel Chesney's volume by four months at the least. Sir Howard enters fully and scientifically into what may be called the rifle controversy, and is followed by Colonel Chesney in the same order, through the same line of argument, enforced and sustained by the same quotations, to the self-same conclusions. We do not, of course, distrust the Colonel's declaration that he had never seen the General's chapter on the new rifle till the last of his own sheets were printed off. But if the merit of originality do not belong entirely to Sir Howard, so marked a coincidence of thought, and even of expression, between two authors, never, upon any other subject, arrested our notice. This however is merely by the by. The main objects which the two writers seek respectively to accomplish are sufficiently distinct to require that, up to a certain point at least, we should deal with them separately.

† On this point we beg to refer our readers to a little 12mo. compiled with judgment and skill by Mr. Edward Giffard of the Admiralty—*Deeds of Naval Daring and Anecdotes of the British Navy* (1852). Undoubtedly the author produces facts which must somewhat qualify Sir H. Douglas's statement: it is to be observed, however, that those brilliant episodes belong, almost exclusively, to the earlier period of the war—while Sir Howard's chief point is the condition of things towards its close,



matter was, as Sir Howard broadly states, very much neglected. Indeed, the more distant firing on both sides appears to have been often ludicrously ineffective.

‘In the latter years of Napoleon’s reign,’ says Sir Howard, ‘though considerable improvement had been made in the marine of France, the state of practical gunnery among French seamen was so wretched, that we have seen ships strongly manned playing batteries of twenty or thirty heavy guns against our vessels, without more effect than might have been easily produced by one or two well-directed pieces; and we have seen some cases in which heavy frigates have used powerful batteries against our vessels for a considerable time without producing any effects at all.’

It is in the nature of things that they who prevail over their rivals should feel well contented with the superiority which they have established, and with the means which led to it. Had the men of Lancashire been able, without the spinning-jenny, to establish a monopoly in the cotton markets of the world, the chances are that no such machine would have ever been invented. The Prussians, glorying in the military system of Frederick, went forth full of confidence to meet Napoleon at Jena, and were destroyed. So it was with the British fleet and the new enemy with which it came into contact after the maritime nations of Europe had all been overthrown. Equal to ourselves in seamanship—nowise inferior in courage—and excelling us both in the build of their ships and in the attention which they had paid to artillery practice—the Americans met our headlong daring with wariness and science, and soon snatched, to our surprise and mortification, more than one chaplet from our crown. Their naval commanders, says Sir H. Douglas—

‘so cautiously adapted their tactics to the superior powers of their armament, that, even when opposed to very inferior numbers and quality of ordnance, they would neither approach nor permit us to join in close battle, till they had gained some decisive advantage from the superior faculties of their long guns in distant cannonade, and from the intrepid, uncircumspect, and often very exposed approach of assailants who had long been accustomed to condemn all manœuvring, and who only considered how soonest to rush into yard-arm action. . . . Our vessels were in almost every instance so crippled in distant cannonade by encountering rashly the serious disadvantage of making direct attacks under the powerful fire of broadside batteries, that all those close actions which terminated unfavourably to us may fairly be said to

We are happy in the opportunity of directing attention *obiter* to Mr. Giffard’s most interesting and *well-timed* volume. His access to authentic documents and other evidence, his generous spirit, and his unaffected style (previously shown in the narrative of his Greek travels) ought to secure for it an extensive popularity. ●

have

have been fought under very disadvantageous tactical circumstances, even had the force of the contending ships been equally matched.'

It was impossible for the son of Admiral Sir Charles Douglas—the real author of the manœuvre which gave to Rodney his brilliant triumph over De Grasse on the 12th of April, 1782,\* and the first who applied locks to ships' guns—to witness such failures without extreme regret and anxiety. The causes, however, lay upon the surface of things. We were become so satisfied of our own invincibility, that we ceased to pay any attention to the training by which we had achieved it. Our ships' crews knew nothing, or next to nothing, of their duty as artillerists. In some instances it was proved that till they came into action they had never been drilled to the gun exercise at all; and in many more the substitution of carronades for long guns had rendered them helpless, when opposed to an enemy better appointed, and able and determined to fight on his own terms. To a student like Sir Howard the most decisive symptom of a systematic neglect in our gunnery was this—that, as often as an American vessel captured a British one, she did so without sustaining any hurt at all proportionate to that which she had inflicted. He dwells at some length on the salient case of our *Macedonian* and the *United States*. The American frigate, keeping two points off the wind, hindered the *Macedonian* from bearing down upon her for a full hour, during which the superiority of her metal, and the exceeding accuracy of her fire, cut our vessel to pieces. At last the two frigates closed; they closed, that is to say, when the American saw that his enemy was disabled—and, in spite of the desperate courage of Captain Carden and his men, the British flag came down. What was wanting here, in a crack ship and a picked crew? Neither courage nor seamanship. Yet the *United States* sailed away comparatively in good order, having lost but 12 men:—the *Macedonian*, besides sustaining a loss in killed and wounded of 104, lay like a log upon the water. There was no getting over or misinterpreting these facts. 'It is not disgraceful,' writes Sir Howard—and all the world will agree with him—'that a vessel should be compelled to yield to another of superior force, but it is so that the enemy should not be made to smart for his conquest. The defenders of the devoted vessel could not in justice be blamed, so long as naval gunnery was not a matter of *professional cultivation and absolute obligation*.'

Feeling keenly what he regarded as a serious diminution of

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\* We are surprised to find Colonel Chesney giving even an equivocal support to the claims of Mr. Clerk on this subject. We had thought that question was settled long ago: assuredly Sir Howard Douglas's vindication of his father's fame left no doubt upon our own mind as to the facts of the case.

the national *prestige*, and grudging no labour with a view to a reform—Sir Howard, on the return of peace, devoted his two first years of leisure to the composition of a work upon Naval Gunnery, and in 1817 sent his MS. to the Admiralty, with an intimation that they might make of it whatever use they should judge best for the public service. Throughout every stage Sir Howard's strict delicacy in publishing nothing on subjects of this class without the distinct authority of the higher powers, is an example that cannot be too much commended. He received immediately an official acknowledgment of his MS., and—after some delays, into the history of which we need not enter—in the winter of 1818 their lordships were pleased to express themselves very highly of the work, and to request that they might be allowed to retain a copy of it, 'with a view,' says the author, 'to carry into effect the whole or any part of my plans hereafter, when those considerations and financial circumstances, which at that time prevented their adoption, might admit.'

These 'plans' of 1817 embraced all that has yet been done for the establishment of schools of instruction in naval gunnery, and a great deal more. The work was, with the express sanction of Government, printed and given to the public in 1819; but at that period peace promised to be enduring, and John Bull insisted on the most watchful economy; and, in a word, it was not until clouds again gathered over the political atmosphere of Europe in the memorable year 1830 that the first step was taken towards the realization of our author's 'plans.' Then at last a gunnery establishment, on a very limited scale, was instituted on board her Majesty's ship *Excellent*, at Portsmouth. Put under the charge at first of Captain George Smith—the well-known inventor of the moveable lever-target, and other useful nautical improvements—it passed successively into the hands of Sir Thomas Hastings and Captain Chads, the latter of whom still retains the appointment. By degrees the establishment has received many improvements. Especially, the school of gunnery has been enlarged, and its sphere of usefulness greatly extended, by the junction therewith of a naval college, originally intended as a place of study for naval cadets. The building which had been set apart in the Dockyard for academical purposes was in 1839 made over to Captain Chads, and is now occupied by twenty-four naval officers, from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant on half-pay; by a certain number of marine officers intended for the Marine Artillery; and by mates who compete there for lieutenants' commissions, and win or lose the prize twice in every year. The marine officers and mates, before entering the college, must have gone through a course of practical gunnery in the *Excellent*.

lent. The half-pay officers, who remain in college from twelve to eighteen months, are supposed to be perfect in this branch of their education before they come; but all study, under an able professor, the higher branches of mathematics, besides receiving instruction in the theory and practice of steam-engineering, mechanical drawing, fortification, and gunnery. In addition to the above, the establishment now includes twenty cadets for the marines, who are allowed to reside two years, unless previously passed, that they may study fortification, gunnery, history, and the French language. Finally, field-works are thrown up on a small island in the harbour, as an exercise of practice by the officers and men; and in a laboratory adjoining they go through a course of instruction in making rockets, tubes, cartridges, fuzes, &c. The field practice with shot and shell takes place at Southsea.

This seminary—for the existence of which the country is deeply indebted to Sir Howard Douglas—has already instructed, as gunners, 2500 men, of whom 2100 have passed examinations and received certificates of their fitness to serve as captains of guns, gunner's mates, and gunners of ships. Out of the whole number, 273 have been appointed at different times as gunners, and 500 as gunner's mates; and there are now actually afloat 1140 well-trained seamen, who act as first or second captains of guns, or in other confidential stations. But important as these results are, they neither come up to the purposes intended by the originator of the scheme, nor meet the wishes of the nation. For our single college of instruction, the French can show five, each having sea-going frigates connected with it, and all supplied with barracks wherein regiments of seamen are lodged, trained to their guns, and kept ready for embarkation when needed. Surely something of this sort might be tried here in England. No doubt in the little corps of seamen-gunners belonging to the *Excellent* we have the nucleus of an improved system of manning the fleet; and the recent addition of the *Edinburgh*, which is to cruise all the summer, and in winter take her moorings at Devonport, encourages the hope that the importance of such establishments towards the maintenance of our naval power will be recognized. At the same time, let us be pardoned for whispering that such a miserable addition as a penny a day to the seaman-gunner's pay offers no adequate inducement to give up the privilege of choosing his own ship, his own captain, and his own station. Why do we not enlist our *gunners*, at all events, for a term of years, insuring to them increased pay proportioned to length of service, and affording them all reasonable indulgence for visiting their friends on the return of their ship from a foreign station? Why have we not a gunnery ship  
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at every one of our great naval depôts, into which we might discharge our crews when their ships are paid off, and so keep them in training till their services are again required afloat? Ten thousand men thus educated, and permanently attached to the service, would barely meet the exigencies of the case. For the handful now scattered through the fleet, even if we were assured of keeping them all, would be lost, so to speak, among the swarms whom a declaration of war would bring under the pennant; but who, or their vast majority, would put to sea utterly unfit, as far as gunnery practice is concerned, to cope with the drilled artillerists of Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon.\*

To return to Sir Howard Douglas's Treatise. In 1826 he gave a second and considerably enlarged edition; and now, in 1852, we are put in possession of a third, so elaborately revised throughout, and enriched by so many additions, that practically it must be regarded as a new work. In truth such a work was very necessary after such a lapse of time. In no point connected with pyrotechnics or navigation had science stood still. Ever watchful and zealous, Sir Howard had permitted no change or experiment whatever to escape him—nor has he now failed to point out both the manner and the degree to which they confirm or seem to modify conclusions at which he had previously arrived. And we are happy in being able to add, that so well satisfied were both the late Board of Admiralty and the Directors of the East India Company with the value of the instruction communicated, that very soon after the publication of the book they respectively gave orders for the supply of a copy of it to the commander of every ship of war under commission.

Of the five Parts into which the author has divided his enlarged work, the first, which treats of the general organization and training of naval gunners, is historical rather than didactic. It abounds indeed with useful hints and instruction throughout, but will scarcely bear abridgment, for the diction is as concise as the themes could allow. It is not so with Part II., which, dealing with the theory and practice of gunnery, more particularly applied to the service of naval ordnance, takes of necessity a wider range, and involves the reader in numerous and important calculations. First we have the mathematical theory of projectiles explained, and

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\* Since the preceding remarks were in type an order to enrol 5000 seamen as a reserve for manning the fleet has been issued. But besides the inadequacy of the force in regard to numbers, the permission given to the enrolled men to serve on board coasters must operate as a grievous bar to their usefulness in the event of a sudden call. You will want them all in a hurry, and at least a fortnight must elapse before you can lay your hand on half of them. This must be seen to—and doubtless will by such a Board as that on which the navy and the country are now congratulating Lord Derby.

a well-executed parallel drawn between the properties of the parabolic curve, *in vacuo*, and the laws which govern the actual progress of a cannon-ball through the resisting medium of the atmosphere. The history and uses of the ballistic pendulum are then detailed; after which comes a list of formulæ for determining the velocity of a shot at the various stages of its progress, from the point of departure to that of impact. These lead by a natural process to the examination of the causes which produce deviations from the direct line of fire—both lateral and longitudinal—whether they arise out of defects in the construction of the shot, such as its non-sphericity or non-homogeneity, or are occasioned by the diurnal rotation of the earth or the rotation of the projectile on a vertical and horizontal axis. The rule is next laid down whereby we may find an elevation producing the maximum range of a shot of a given weight, fired with a given charge of powder from a gun of a given calibre.—Having thus gone through our process of abstract reasoning on the theorem, we begin to apply it to practical purposes in the corollaries, which tell all that is to be told of the results of a naval battle, waged upon scientific principles, under every conceivable variety of circumstances. In nine sections Sir Howard explains how the fire of a ship's battery can be rendered most effective at different ranges and in different ways. They deal with it now as succeeding, now as failing to produce the desired result; and in no instance omit to suggest a remedy for the evil when it is accounted for.

From the vast range of statement and discussion thus briefly indicated, the following deductions are drawn:—That splinters are more destructive to life on board ship than any other species of missile; that in close action a diminished charge of powder is more effective in producing splinters than a full charge, provided the gun be of heavier metal than a twelve-pounder, but not otherwise; that, though hollow shot discharged at a short range occasion more splinters and a wider breach in a ship's side than solid shot, a result directly opposite is produced if the range be distant—because their relatively lower momenta, arising from diminished weight, deprive them of that accuracy and certainty of practice which are attainable only by the heavier projectiles. Hence Sir Howard doubts, and we confess that we doubt with him, whether we are right in the general adoption of shell-guns for the bow and stern armaments of steamers, in preference to long solid-shot-guns possessing in a higher degree power of range, accuracy, and penetrating force in distant firing; and whether, in the armament of our navy in general, we have not so reduced the number of guns, in consequence of the introduction of shell-guns into the broadside batteries of some classes of ships  
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(the Thetis and Castor class in particular), as to place those vessels in disadvantageous circumstances when opposed to such as—though not superior to them in size—carry a greater number of guns, and are therefore able to deliver in a specified time a greater number of discharges.

With respect to the use of heavy and compound shot, it is shown that, since the extent of range increases with the weight of the projectile, as long as the charge of powder is kept in due proportion, so in the chase hollow shot filled with lead produce excellent effect: but that oblong or double-headed shot are so uncertain in their range that it is never prudent to make use of them, except at close quarters. The same argument applies to double and triple-shotted firing, which becomes positively worthless after a few discharges, unless care be taken to diminish judiciously the amount of powder used. On the other hand, the more closely your shot fits the gun, that is to say, in an inverse ratio to the amount of windage, will be both the force and the accuracy of each discharge. Hence attempts have been made, particularly in Sweden, to project cylindrico-conical balls from rifled cannon; but the want of ductility in iron renders it extremely difficult to fit a solid shot to the grooves without spoiling them; while hollow shot and shells have hitherto broken into shivers in the gun, unless fired with a charge so diminished as to render the effect very trifling.

In dealing with the controversy between long and short guns Sir Howard decides that the point-blank range of a long gun is somewhat greater than that of a short gun of the same class, both being equally well balanced. This superiority seems, moreover, to increase as degrees of elevation become necessary. For while in point-blank the mean out of three ranges of a 24-pounder, measuring 9 feet 6 inches, was 248 yards, that of a 24-pounder, measuring 6 feet 6 inches, was only 222 yards—the charge of powder, 6 lbs., being in each case the same; whereas two 32-pounders, at one degree of elevation, threw the shots to 853 and 734 yards respectively. At the same time it is acknowledged that the rule here laid down admits of some modification. Where one gun has the weight of metal more accumulated than the other at the breech, it will, in point-blank practice, throw its shot farther. But besides that the fact may be accounted for on the ground that a gun so balanced is apt, ere the shot escapes from the muzzle, to throw its nose slightly into the air, it is certain that, as soon as elevation becomes necessary, this superiority of the short over the long gun disappears. On the whole, therefore, long guns appear preferable to short, except for close action.

Something, though not much, as regards the initial velocity of a shot,

a shot, seems to depend upon the nature of the wad. A hollow shot with a wooden bottom obtains, for example, increased velocity over a plain hollow shot, at the rate of 1 to 0·98, or thereabouts. But the advantage thus gained is more than counterbalanced by the loss of time which occurs when a wad is so stiff as to require a blow instead of a push to ram it home. Besides, more depends upon the diameter of the cartridge than upon anything else—a cartridge of increased diameter throwing a plain hollow shot with greater velocity from the gun than a cartridge of smaller diameter throws a shot of the same description, even when it has a wooden bottom. In musketry two wads of paste-board, placed one over the powder and another over the ball, produce a greater amount of velocity than either felt or crumpled-up paper.

We recommend to especial attention the eighth and ninth Sections, which treat of the penetration of shot into materials, and the comparative efficiency of cylindro-conical and excentric-spherical projectiles. We may here satisfy ourselves—if any doubts still hang upon our minds—that of all materials for building ships of war iron is the worst; that you cannot so fortify it as to render it at the same time buoyant and shot-proof; and that the destruction to be caused by splinters, should a shot pass through the vessel's side, would be terrific. On the other hand, the resisting power of water is represented as quite prodigious. Two feet, we read, are sufficient to repel the impetus of a ball fired with full charge from a 32-pounder, which, instead of penetrating, rebounds, and takes a distant range of perhaps 500 or 600 yards. We confess that of the reality of this phenomenon we are not as yet quite convinced. No doubt the universal indemnity from shot-holes of all those sections of a ship's bottom which lie below the water-mark, seems to support the opinion here advanced; and probably a few more experiments, carefully made, would set the question at rest for ever. But there is no need of further experiments to prove that in his estimate of the comparative value of spherical and elongated balls for cannon Sir Howard determines justly. It will never do to supersede the spherical by the elongated cannon-ball. From time to time you may make with the latter an astonishing hit—and we observe that experiments are again in progress at Woolwich, with a view to ascertain how far, by rifling a piece of ordnance and applying a four-grooved tail to the shot, that which has as yet been occasional only may be rendered certain.\* But Sir Howard's reasoning satisfies us that nothing will or indeed can

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\* The results, as we learn while correcting our sheet, have fully confirmed Sir Howard's view. The leaden ring, which was intended to rifle the ball, fell off, after the shot had ranged about 300 yards—and the further progress of the elongated projectile could not be traced.



come of it—because, if all other difficulties were surmounted, the extreme degree of accuracy required to fix the centre of gravity in its proper place, would render a wholesale manufacture of such projectiles impossible—while, without such accuracy, the shot would scarce be clear of the gun ere it would topple over; and then, though it might wobble along for a hundred yards or two, its range must be as limited as its flight would become excentric.

Into the contents of Part III.—except so far as they bear upon what may be considered as the great question of the hour—it is not our purpose to enter. They are of exceeding importance; but the range which they take is too wide to admit of abridgment, or critical examination. We learn from them that the practice of boring up, or *reaming* guns, though very fashionable for a time, has sunk into disrepute. 18-pounders converted into 24-s, and 24-s scooped out into 32-pounders, proved, on a fair and lengthened trial, to be failures. They would not bear an adequate charge of powder, and, though efficient enough at close ranges, were worse than useless beyond them. *Monster Guns* next began to be cast—the French, under the guidance of Colonel Paixhans, setting the example: but these, however formidable in battery on shore, strain too much, for general practice, upon a ship's timbers. And even in regard to range, their superiority over the more manageable ordnance in our own service proved to be very equivocal. The English 56-pounder, the largest gun in ordinary use, will throw a solid shot, at 15° of elevation, 4087 yards. The 138-pounder fabricated for the Pacha of Egypt about ten years ago, ranged, at the same elevation, 4040 yards; and the United States gun, cast at Liverpool in 1845, with a bore of 13 feet and 12 inches of calibre, did not exceed 3267 yards.

Two sorts of guns have come into use in the British and French naval services respectively—the canon-obusier in the latter, first introduced in 1824, and the large chambered gun, for the projection of shells and hollow shot, in the former. We believe that as yet our shell-guns have the superiority in range: but they are inferior to the canon-obusier in this respect, that—while we have given to our guns chambers in the Gomer form—the chambers of the canons-obusier are cylindrical, and connected with the bore of the gun by an enlargement in the shape of the frustum of a cone. The first does extremely well as long as the firing with a full charge continues: but the moment you begin to diminish the charge the powder falls away from the centre, and the gun is apt to miss fire. The last, to a considerable extent, guards against this inconvenience, though there is at all times greater difficulty in introducing the cartridge into it. On the whole, therefore,

therefore, strong objections lie to the chambering of guns at all for naval service, particularly if they are to be employed in broadside battery. Neither, indeed, is it by any means self-evident that either we or our rivals are pursuing a judicious course when we thus accumulate shells, and the ordnance necessary for throwing them, on board of ship. Think of the confusion which in the best disciplined man-of-war never fails to arise between decks after action has fairly begun! See how enormous loaded shells lie ready for use everywhere within reach of the enemy's projectiles, and imagine what the effect must be if so much as one of them were struck by a solid shot! Nay in the very act of loading there is hazard—as is covertly admitted by the strict orders issued, in no case to unscrew the metal cap which covers the fuze till the shell has been introduced into the muzzle of the gun. Why is this? Because experience has proved, as in the case of H.M.S. *Medea*, that the accidental introduction of a particle of gravel within the rings of the screw may ignite a fuze while yet in the hands of the man whose duty it is to put it into the gun. And though the screws have, since that occurrence, been fitted on the outside of the fuze, it were too much to assert that the recurrence of a similar catastrophe has thereby been rendered impossible.

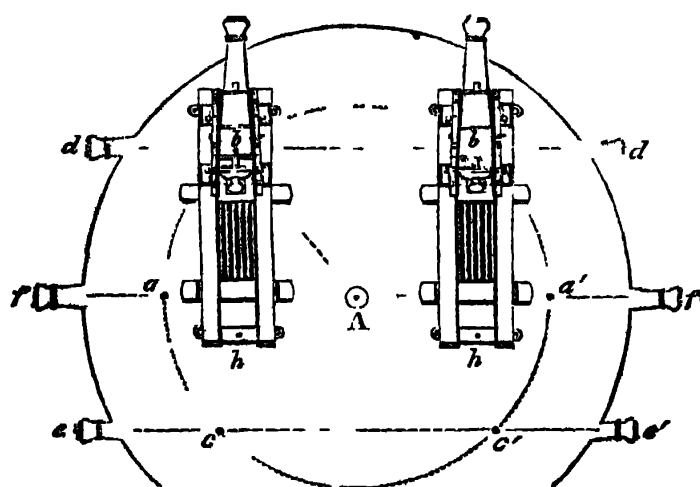
Though we are getting gradually into the practice of more and more arming our steamships of war as broadside batteries, the importance of having them furnished at the bows with guns of long range and adequate calibre cannot be overrated. At first, indeed, little else than this was thought of, and many expedients were resorted to with a view to make the arrangement complete. At last the principle of the pivot for traversing cannon, as acted upon in the French service, was adopted—and of this Sir Howard says:—

‘The great disadvantage of the pivot traversing principle, as heretofore applied, is that the bulwarks must be struck for action when, the gun being what is called *en barbette*, the men working the piece are exposed to be swept off, if within the range of musketry, grape, or case-shot; whilst the absence of all cover, however slight, is, besides the physical disadvantage, most prejudicial in its moral effect. On the other hand, the installation of heavy guns in ports or embrasures, the sweep or open of which is limited to about 14° or 15° on each side of the directrix, renders frequent shifting of the guns from port to port necessary—an operation which must always be difficult and objectionable in action, on account of the time it requires, and which, when there is much motion, may be almost impracticable. In the British service, the two principles appear to be very happily combined by the following simple contrivance:—the slide is made to traverse on shifting centres, and to take up fighting points which are established on the deck correspondently with suitable points in the several ports which each gun thus

thus mounted is intended to serve.\* Thus the serious disadvantage of striking the bulwarks is avoided, and the advantages of the pivot-carriage are retained. In the first application of this principle, ports 4 feet wide, embrasured with sloping sides, were opened in the bulwarks, the height of which was 5 feet; the upper sill of the ports was made to unship when great elevations were required—whilst in close action the men were sheltered to this extent. The embrasures admitted of the guns being trained three points forward, and as many aft, but the ports are at present very much enlarged, in order to increase the sector of fire, and the height of the bulwarks is lowered. The expediency of this alteration may be doubted. A very ingenious contrivance, invented by Colonel Colquhoun of the Carriage department, a skilful and scientific officer, has been adopted for facilitating the operation of shifting the centres upon which the slides traverse, and for establishing in the deck housing-points or centres upon which the guns are with great facility turned.†—*Naval Gunnery*, p. 237

Among other inventions of modern date, Sir Howard describes the French incendiary shell, which being filled with combustibles ignites in the act of bursting, and scatters in all directions flame, which there is no extinguishing, and volumes of smoke, accompanied by intense heat, such as cannot fail of driving the men

\* ‘This simple method of changing the centres on which traversing platforms turn, so that they may be readily shifted from the *turning* to the *fighting* point, which was



applied by the late General Millar to the bow and stern guns of steam ships, was, as the General acknowledged in a letter to the author, borrowed from his invention of that principle, in 1805, for mounting guns on round towers and circular batteries (see fig.) A bolt passing through the hole *h* in the rear of the traversing platform, being inserted in the socket at *A*, the gun is turned upon that point in the direction of a radius passing through any fighting point *a*, *a'*, *c*, *c'*, &c

in the circle in which those points are established. The bolt at *A* being then taken out, and that of the front pivot *b* or *b'* dropped into the corresponding socket underneath the gun (which not being seen in the figure, is indicated by a dot perpendicularly over it, on the top of the gun), the platform is turned on this new centre into the position shown in the figure. The other gun is traversed in like manner, and thus the two guns may be pointed at the same object, or both to the right in the directions *d'* and *e'*, or to the left in the directions *d*, *e*, or one on each side in the directions *d* and *e*, or *d* and *e'*.

† Colonel Colquhoun's authority upon any subject connected with artillery is of the highest order, and we are glad to find that he has been selected as a member of the Commission which is to provide for the proper armament of the Channel islands and the improved defences of our great dockyards and naval arsenals.

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from their guns. These, while he indignantly denounces them, he considers as destined, sooner or later, to take a place among our armaments—unless, indeed, by making still further advances in the science and art of gunnery, we manage to render the approach of an enemy to close action impossible. But it would be unjust towards this chivalrous soldier were we to withhold the following passage :—

‘ The Vengeur was sunk in the battle of June 1, 1794, by the fire of the Brunswick, 74, Captain Harvey. When in a sinking state, all the boats of the Alfred, Culloden, and Rattler cutter, that could swim, were sent to save as many as they could of her people. Thus 213 men were saved by the boats of the Alfred, whilst those of the Culloden and Rattler rescued nearly as many more.

‘ But these noble and generous impulses—these humane exertions—far from being cherished and practised, will be smothered and repressed in that merciless, ruthless, and inglorious system of warfare for which we have been compelled, with the utmost repugnance and at enormous cost, to prepare. The black flag displayed over the depository of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, in a besieged fortress, is ever held sacred by the usages of war, as marking a locality appropriated to purposes of humanity. There the medical officers—non-combatants—perform their mournful duties in safety ; the sick and the wounded are no longer exposed to the casualties of war ; and the dying depart in peace. But what shall be said of that inhuman system prepared for naval warfare, in this age of enlightened humanity, which would advisedly, purposely, and deliberately consign the whole of these, and all other survivors, to indiscriminate and instant death or mutilation? A ship may be sunk in action ; yet, as we have seen, there is always time to remove the sick and wounded, and save the survivors ; but who shall approach a ship on fire to rescue her crew from the sudden and awful effects of that merciless and barbarous system, the object of which is to set fire to her at heart, and if possible blow her up? To prove that we are not the originators of that “ odious ” system, it is enough to refer the reader to M. Paixhans’ original work, 1825, “ Sur une Arme Nouvelle, et Conséquences qui paraissent devoir en résulter,” in which it is avowed throughout that it was designed expressly to destroy the naval power of England by means of incendiary projectiles of every description, but not, as it appears, without serious misgivings as to the adoption of so barbarous a system by the warriors of a high-minded, brave, and chivalrous people.”—*Ib.* pp. 325-7.

We cannot relinquish Parts III. and IV. to professional students without regretting that we lose the opportunity of showing, by extracts, with what clearness a writer who is thoroughly master of his subject can bring it down—in spite of innumerable technicalities—to the level of the most ordinary capacity. This, indeed, is the grand test of writing ; and well does our General stand it. The dissertation headed ‘ On the Service of Guns  
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in Action' gives a perfect view of the machinery of a ship of war and of the means of dealing justly by it. The determination of distances at sea—the pointing and laying of naval ordnance—the facilities afforded by locks and tubes to accurate firing—are all commented on and explained. The proper uses of various kinds of projectiles, of riflemen in the tops, and of spherical case-shot turned against troops on shore—these, with the manifest hazard of laying ships broadside on before well-appointed batteries, and the comparative uncertainty of vertical shelling, are likewise placed in the clearest point of view. But perhaps the chapters which will most arrest the attention of the general reader are those in which an action between two ships is described. Taking for his *chevaux de bataille* the combat of the Java and the Constitution on the one hand, and that of the Shannon and the Chesapeake on the other, Sir Howard points out as well the errors into which the respective combatants fell, as the tactical manœuvres which, if adopted on both sides, might have brought about a different result in either case. The impression left on us by his sketches is that his perception of a ship's capability—considered as a moveable column of attack and defence—is not less correct than his knowledge of the powers and pliabilitys of cannon. At all events he has satisfied us that, though battles must hereafter be fought at sea with far greater caution and skill than during former wars, it will be the close yard-arm action—*brought on* judiciously and by scientific manœuvring—that will, after all, decide them.

Here, then, for the present, we leave our master in the art of naval gunnery, that we may look a little into the volume of his coadjutor, which, being dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, comes before the public with more than ordinary claims to attention. Colonel Chesney, it appears, being dissatisfied with the reception which was awarded, by some of the members of a late Committee of the House of Commons, to his evidence as it affected the state and prospects of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, considered it judicious to explain himself in print—and warming with his work, went on from point to point, till at last he completed the book now before us—and which, although, as already signified, we do not find in it much that is absolutely new—and though, where there is novelty, we cannot always go along with its suggestions—is nevertheless very creditable to the Colonel's science, diligence, and literary accomplishments.

An introductory chapter, vindicating his own right to be heard, leads to a succinct sketch of the history of artillery through all its stages from the remotest antiquity. The term *artillery*—(a corruption of *arcualia*, derived from *arcus*, a bow)—was originally

nally applied to all missiles, as well as to the engines from which they were projected. Its meaning was, however, long restricted in Europe to the balista, catapulta, onager, scorpio, &c. &c., by which stones, varying from 100 to 500 pounds in weight, were thrown to a distance of 100 yards, and arrows and iron bolts in some instances as far as 200. But Colonel Chesney sees no reason to doubt that, while our forefathers assailed or defended towns with these comparatively feeble engines, the nations of the east had discovered gunpowder, wherewith they shot balls of stone and of iron out of iron tubes. The Colonel, in support of his views, favours us with an extract from the old Life of Apollonius of Tyana, where we are told of Alexander the Great, that,—

‘ had he even succeeded in passing the Hyphasis, he never could have mastered the strongholds of the Sages. For, if an enemy were to make war upon them, he would be driven off by tempests and thunders as if sent down from heaven. Such was the case when they were attacked by the Egyptian Hercules and Bacchus, on which occasion the sages remained, as it were, unconcerned spectators till an assault was attempted, when it was repulsed by whirlwinds and thunders, hurling destruction on the invaders.’

The authority of Philostratus as a historian is not of much weight, especially in the Romance, for it is nothing else, to which Colonel Chesney refers ; but were the case otherwise, we confess that the connexion between these Braminical tempests, and the opening of a battery of cannon on the Macedonian phalanx, is not quite so evident to us as to our gallant author. But we freely concede to him, that both in India and in China gunpowder was fabricated long before the Christian era, and that great guns were used against the first European visitors to the coasts of Hindostan, very much to their astonishment, and to the astonishment of those to whom they made a report of the circumstance.

Artillery, in the modern acceptation of the term, seems to have been introduced into Europe by the Moors, who, as early as A.D. 1118, made use of it in the siege of Zarragoza. By slow degrees other nations followed the example. Our own Edward III., in 1327, brought ‘ crackkeys of war ’ against the Scots ; with what effect no record remains. He is often said to have had cannon in his line of battle at Cressy in 1346 : though Froissart, no mean authority in such cases, takes no notice of the fact. In 1340 the Duke of Normandy experienced some opposition before Quesnoy from the artillery fire of the place, while Alphonzo XI. of Castile, in 1343, was baffled by similar means in his assault of Algesiras. But the cannon of those

days, and for many years afterwards, were at once inconvenient in the calibre and cumbrous to manage. Made up of bars of iron, welded together by rings, they were destitute of travelling carriages; and being laid upon trucks, could fire only in some fixed line, and with very uncertain aim. Of these rude implements, specimens are still preserved both at Woolwich and in the Hôtel de Ville at Bologna; among the curiosities of the Musée de l'Artillerie of Paris are five wrought-iron bombards, which the English are said to have left in 1422 at Meaux.

The progress of artillery, and of fire-arms in general, was slow. Neither the hand cannon, the cannon cart, nor the best of the improvements which arose out of them, availed to bring the long-bow into disrepute, or deliver man and horse from the incumbrance of steel armour, till far in the sixteenth century; and the seventeenth was advancing ere they attained the degree of respect due to them. To three great men of that age—Henri Quatre, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus—must be ascribed the complete revolution in the art of war.

Henry IV. followed the system of Henry II., using however improved missiles, such as tin cases filled with steel bolts or darts, also canvas cartridges filled with small bolts, and hollow shot filled with combustible materials. But the introduction of small arms also occupied his particular attention, especially for the cavalry. Pistols had been given to some of the latter, and a short arquebuse to another portion, since known as Carabineers. And as regarded the protection of the infantry from the enemy's cavalry, a complicated square formation was adopted, by which some 2500 men, chiefly pikemen, were placed in a body, composed of four small squares, having arquebusiers in the intervals, and again other arquebusiers placed in small squares at the exterior angles, and also opposite to the centre (outside) of the great square; the fire of the latter however at this period, about 1611, was only efficient at a very short distance. Maurice of Nassau adopted for his artillery the system of the Spaniards, with however only three calibres instead of four, but, as in their case, amply horsed. Except that two of the pieces were too heavy, being 48 and 24 pounders, the equipments differed little from those of the present day, having limber-boxes and other improvements in the carriages; and his gunners attained great facility in working the pieces. But the genius of Gustavus Adolphus extended to every branch of his army, of which an uniform mode of clothing was the least important part. His infantry was divided into regiments and companies, and the latter again into sections and squads; his army was formed into divisions, each comprising portions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and every division, being under a particular commander, was, whether on the march or in action, complete of itself, and ready for service. In addition to this, an improved fire-arm, now known as the musket, of a lighter construction and carrying a smaller ball, was also adopted.

Not

Not satisfied with the improvements which had taken place in the German artillery about the beginning of the seventeenth century, he introduced important changes by the creation of calibres of 3, 4, 6, 12, and 30 pounders, all cast of a lighter construction than heretofore; and by the adoption of the use of cartridges with shot attached, these pieces might be discharged eight times before the musket could be fired six.'—*Chesney*, pp. 67, 68.

From Gustavus Adolphus to Frederick the Great the step is easy, and it may in some sort be regarded as bringing us to the state in which we now are. For Frederick did little else than create, by the application of increased horse-power, a flying artillery, which, acting with his cavalry, and doing good service, soon came to be adopted in all the other armies of continental Europe. We, in England, were somewhat tardy in following the example. It is a standing reproach against us, that in all that relates to the equipment and organization of our armies we refuse to be taught except by dire experience. In time we had our lesson, and profited by it well. After striving for a while to wage the war of the first French Revolution with the same clumsy machines which had served our purpose at Dettingen and Fontenoy, we were driven by the progress of events in the Peninsula to wiser expedients; so that an army, which in 1794 had hired horses to drag its guns, and engaged by the job a waggoner in a smock-frock, with a long whip in his hand, to direct each team, wound up by bringing into the field at Vittoria and Waterloo the best equipped and best served batteries that ever showered destruction on an enemy's columns. No doubt our guns, from the beginning to the end of the war, were out of all proportion too few for the services required of them. The Duke of Wellington repeatedly and urgently complained on this head. Painful indeed it is to look back on those passages in his immortal volumes; but, thanks to him and his men,—in spite of the deafness of Tory Ministers—or rather, to speak justly, of the bitter badgering of Napoleonizing, Duke-despising Whigs, against which ministers had eternally to struggle—in spite of all, the honour of England escaped tarnish. What it lacked in physical power, our great chief's artillery made up by devotion and zeal without parallel. Whatever our gunners were desired to do they did well, in defiance of an internal organization, of which the defects continue to be as apparent at this time, as the means of applying a remedy seem hitherto to have been hard to discover.

With every civilized nation in the world—save one—the artillery constitutes an integral portion of the armed force of the country. For all military purposes it is under the general control of the officers commanding districts and corps d'armée; who,



in their turn, report upon every branch of the service, either to the sovereign directly, or to him through his minister of war. The accounts of the artillery are kept and audited by the same persons who look after those of the other arms. All that appertains to quartering, feeding, clothing, and means of transport is cared for in the same department of the War Office that manages these matters for the cavalry and infantry. Nor is its internal organization different from that of any other branch of the service. There are regiments, brigades, and divisions of artillery—each supplied with its due proportion of officers, from the regimental second lieutenant, through the captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, up to the brigadier and general of division. So organised, the artillery act on all occasions with cavalry and infantry—the number of companies, of regiments, of brigades, and of divisions, being proportioned to the general strength of the corps of which they form a part. The case is very different with us in Great Britain; our artillery is altogether a distinct service. The Commander-in-Chief cannot move a gun from one station to another except through the Master-General, nor the Secretary-at-War exercise any control over what is called Ordnance expenditure. Departments are thus accumulated beyond all precedent, and constant impediments thrown in the way of important business. Meanwhile as the artillery itself, consisting of 12,000 or 13,000 men, is organised as a single regiment, so it brings only regimental rank, and rarely so much as regimental command, within the reach of its officers. In a force so constituted promotion could not, under any circumstances, be rapid; in our artillery, which promotes according to the strictest rule of regimental seniority, it is miserably slow. Thanks to the many additions which have of late years been made to the corps, young men are advanced to the rank of captain in a reasonable lapse of time. They become second captains after an average of seven or eight years' service, but there they stick. There are so many rounds on the ladder above them that none can hope to earn his lieutenant-colonel's epaulets under the age of fifty-five at the soonest. But he who begins to do field officer's duty at the age of fifty-five must be made of extraordinary stuff, if the last remnant of zeal, to say nothing of mental energy and bodily vigour, be not worn out of him: for of all the contrivances whereby these essential requisites to military efficiency may be exhausted, a long continuance in subordinate rank and responsibility is the surest. Hence, during the war in the Peninsula, the Duke, after vainly endeavouring to work with major-generals and even with colonels of artillery, was forced to recommend the removal of these elderly gentlemen to garrison duty at home, and to place at the head of his own ordnance a captain still in the  
vigour

vigour of his days. And should this country be again involved in hostilities with any European power, a similar anomaly must be submitted to, if she desire—things remaining as they are—to take the field with artillery competent to its work. Now, even in a commercial point of view, no state of matters can be more unsatisfactory than this. To retain upon the list of effective officers, and to pay them as such, a number of old gentlemen of whom, when need arises, no use can be made, is about as judicious as it would be to fill our arsenals and dock-yards with the halt, the maimed, and the blind, on the plea that they had been excellent workmen long ago. Far be it from us to advocate the adoption of a system which, either in civil or military life, should cast adrift upon the world public servants unpensioned and uncared for. But we do protest against the absurdity of so organising either a public office or a military body, as that all the higher and more onerous departments shall be held by individuals whom age and infirmities incapacitate from doing their duty. And we are ready to give a fair hearing to any one who shall propose a plan for the establishment of a better order of things, more especially if he set out by assuring us, that in the matter of immediate outlay he is not going seriously to increase the cost to the public. Such a plan Colonel Chesney offers to our consideration.

The British artillery, classified as a single regiment, is made up at this moment of a horse brigade, containing seven troops, and twelve battalions of foot artillery. The horse brigade, maintained at considerable expense, seems to be a pet corps with the authorities at the Ordnance Office, and is never employed, except in European war, out of Great Britain and Ireland. It is officered according to the same law of selection which to a greater or less extent seems to hold good wherever men administer patronage; and astonishes the uninitiated from time to time by the marvellous feats which it performs on Woolwich Common. Yet even the horse brigade, though more nearly resembling a distinct corps than any other section of the royal regiment, labours under this disadvantage, that the officers, on promotion, retire from their own branch of the service; and if brought in again, which depends on the disposition of the Master-General for the time being, return only when some other move in the entire force shall make an opening for them. The horse brigade, as our military readers do not require to be informed, mounts all its gunners, and works with the lightest order of guns. Its proper place is with the cavalry of an army; and no army can be considered as rightly appointed which is destitute of horse artillery.

Though the officers of the horse artillery come and go at long intervals—

intervals—and its method of working by troops—as regards both service in the field and internal economy, the *men* originally chosen to supply it never vary. They are selected on account of their lighter weight, and the assumed superiority of their intelligence, and they serve with their respective troops till age or infirmity cause them to be invalided. The foot artillery is differently circumstanced. Its twelve battalions might as well be called one battalion or ninety-six battalions. It works altogether by companies; and according to a roster which is so settled that at every relief companies either find themselves isolated, or are thrown into contact with other companies which they perhaps never saw before. The men rarely exchange from one battalion to another—among the officers such exchanges take place continually; of which the consequence is, that they seldom remain long enough together to become thoroughly acquainted with each other's tempers and dispositions. So at least we are told by Colonel Chesney, and in part we are inclined to agree with him; though such experience as we possess leads us to suspect that he somewhat exaggerates the extent of the evil. \*

In strict agreement with this organization is the nature of the artillerist's professional training. The manipulation which he is supposed to go through ere drill ceases, fits him for service in every situation into which he is liable to be thrown. He learns company and battalion movements on foot—the carbine or musket exercise—the art of gunnery in all its varieties—equitation—all the management of a horse in the field and in the stable. His course in the laboratory is as curious as it is extensive; in fact, you put him to so many things, and require that he shall make himself so thoroughly master of the whole, that you cannot honestly pass him as fit for duty under three years from the date of his enlistment. We do not mean to say that an artillery recruit is invariably kept three years at Woolwich. The demand for gunners is so great that recruits can seldom be kept at drill beyond one year, and very often take part in the general duties of the arm before they have completed even that term. But the training of the artillerist is, when least perfect, a very tedious affair, and, looking to all which it is considered necessary to teach him, we cannot see how the curriculum is to be altered.

Colonel Chesney offers no objection to these preliminary arrangements. It would be extraordinary if he did; for it is this admirable system of initiatory drill which renders the English artilleryman the creature of universal service which in all parts of the world we find him. But the Colonel does object to the manner in which, after having been trained to his work, he is thrown, according as accident shall direct, into situations where the training

ing may or may not be turned to profitable account. In other words, this scientific veteran condemns not only our present practice of company organization, but our persevering efforts to keep, theoretically, as one corps, companies doing garrison duty in all parts of the world and those employed from time to time with the field batteries. He therefore suggests that the regiment shall be distributed, in perpetuity, into a certain number of battalions, containing six companies a-piece; that to each of these a given complement of officers shall be attached; and that officers and men shall do duty together in all parts of the world, except when promotion calls the latter away, as in the line, to some other battalion. After pointing out what he considers to be the crying vices of our artillery system, and glancing rapidly at the measures adopted under the late Marquis of Hastings to remedy similar defects in that of the East India Company, he goes on to propose the following 'basis for the reorganization of the Royal Artillery:—

' 1st. To diminish the number of officers by dispensing with the second captains and second lieutenants; thus reducing the grades to four. 2nd. To alter the existing proportions between the ranks, so that there shall be more field officers. 3rd. To form smaller companies and battalions having field officers attached, and doing duty with them, which may be better suited than those of the present strength for foreign stations. 4th. To divide the service into field and heavy or garrison artillery, as in the continental armies.

' It is assumed as the basis of this change that there should be a subaltern for two, and a captain for four guns, so that a field battery might either consist, as in the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian armies, of eight guns, or merely the present battery of four guns. The latter, or rather the company attached to it, has been chosen as the unit, on account of the numerous detached services which fall to the lot of the British army. In conformity with this idea, it is proposed that a company, in time of peace, shall consist of one captain and two first lieutenants (one to each demi-battery), nine non-commissioned officers, thirty-four gunners, twenty-four drivers, four artificers, and one trumpeter, or in all seventy-two non-commissioned officers and men, with fifty horses, which in time of war would be augmented to eleven non-commissioned officers and eighty-nine gunners, drivers, &c., or one hundred in all, having for a 6-pounder battery, with two spare ammunition waggons, eighty or eighty-five horses, and for a 9-pounder battery, also with two spare waggons, ninety-five or one hundred horses; six such companies, or 452 non-commissioned officers and men in the former case, and 600 in the latter, to constitute a battalion, and to do duty invariably as such, at home as well as abroad, whether in time of peace or of war. A battalion on this scale will be found suitable for most of the foreign stations; and, when taking the field, it would, besides having two companies with the reserve, be sufficient for sixteen guns. This  
number

number would be only a fair proportion for a division of the army, or it might occasionally, though inadequately, suffice for two divisions. In the latter case there would be a lieutenant-colonel and two batteries (eight guns) to each division, or a battery to each brigade, having the third field officer and two companies, or one-third, in reserve. The latter may seem a large proportion, but it should be borne in mind that, besides keeping complete those field batteries which are more actively employed, many important duties devolve upon this portion of the service, such as the battering artillery, guns of position, and reserve ammunition, both for the batteries and small arms.'—*Chesney*, pp. 148-150.

It would be strange if we failed to discover in this scheme much which deserves commendation, seeing that we ourselves proposed something very like it in a former number.\* But on one point we cannot go along with our author. A permanent severance of the field from the garrison artillery would, in our opinion, not only tell against the general efficiency of the corps, but must, in the course of time, lead inevitably to the same sort of nepotism which is said (whether truly or not) to prevail in the horse artillery at the present moment. Besides, it is not called for. Garrison artillery, for home service at least, will soon form itself in the event of a European war. Garrison artillery, formed on the scale suggested by Colonel Chesney, would be hurtful to the public service in times of European peace. What would Sir Harry Smith have done, for example, at the opening of the Caffre war, had the artillery at the Cape consisted of one or more companies of gunners past the prime of life? Whereas, having at his disposal men drilled to the whole duty of artillerists, he not only went forth with his field battery against the savages, but was ere long able to equip a troop of horse artillery into the bargain. And that which has happened at the Cape may happen again at Gibraltar, or in Canada, or in any quarter where we have fortresses which overlook a foreign country or guard our own continental territories. Is not a company of artillery doubly effective which, besides being adequate to work your garrison guns, you have only to mount that it may become a field-battery; or which, as was the case last war, you may embark in a flotilla and send to keep the lakes against an enemy's squadron? Nor will it avail to contend that arrangements which are found to answer in France, Prussia, and Russia, cannot but be expedient for us in the long run. In France, Prussia, and Austria, all strongholds are in the interior of the country or within the frontier lines. Ours are everywhere except in the interior of the country, and cannot, therefore, be entrusted without risk to the care of an inferior order

\* Quarterly Review, vol. 52, p. 472.

of gunners. By all means redistribute the regiment so that it shall work by battalions, if the best authorities consent to the arrangement, and construct each battalion on the scale recommended by Colonel Chesney—but do not wilfully create temptations to favouritism, or enable skulkers to earn promotion at the risk of lives better worth preserving than their own.

Are we then to sit down contented with the present inefficient condition of the artillery, and to flatter ourselves that a few changes in the *personnel* of its construction will meet the exigencies of times so little settled as these? Surely not. In addition to the organization of battalions of artillery, we must, if we desire to maintain even a nucleus of future formations, add to the number of our field batteries, and keep men longer at work with them. It has been shown that in all Great Britain and Ireland there are but 52 guns, including the horse brigade, equipped on the peace establishment for service in the field. Taking a proportion to the other branches of the service far below that which is accepted in every other European army, there ought to be at least double that number; and if we look to the sort of infantry which we might be called upon on an emergency to improvise, our ordnance force would be under the just mark even then. For—though a raw militia may do tolerably well, provided there be an overwhelming artillery to cover and support it—the first shock of regular columns, preceded by a few rounds of case-shot and rockets, would scatter it to the winds unless so supported. The sooner, therefore, we begin to augment our field batteries the better, and the more closely we connect the artillery in general with other branches of the service, the more efficient the whole will become. And whether the battalion system be adopted or not, take care that officers shall attain to rank and its responsibilities before vigour of body and mind has left them. The charge of a battery of artillery is in no way less important—it is much more complicated—than the command of a battalion of foot. Why not give to all your first captains the rank of major, if you will not place them on an equality with captains of the Guards? And give us, at least, a set of efficient inspectors, who will see that at all our stations uniformity of system is observed, and our batteries kept in order for active service at a moment's warning.

But why make so much stir about artillery at a moment when its preponderating influence is on the wane—when the progress of science has brought within our reach a weapon in the presence of which no field-battery whatever will be able to show itself? Have we not the Minié rifle, which kills with unerring certainty at the distance of a thousand yards? And do not almost  
all

all the 'organs of public opinion' assure us that, when brought into full play, it will change the art of war by rendering both artillery and cavalry well nigh useless?—May we be allowed to suggest a little caution respecting these sweeping statements and conclusions?

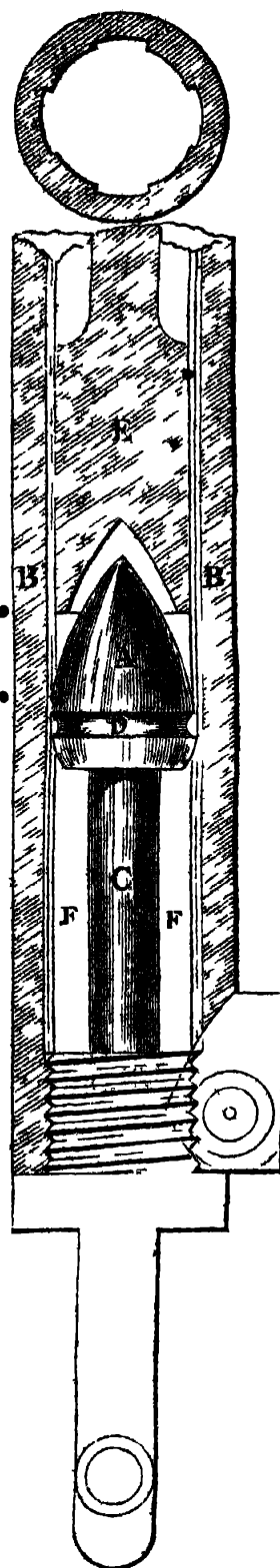
The rifle, or grooved musket, has long been used by sportsmen, and select bodies of light troops, both in Europe and America. Most of the states of Germany can boast of chasseurs so armed; and Austria in particular raises, from among the chamois-hunters of the Tyrol, sharpshooters whom she can match against any in the world. She brought them into play at every stage of the wars of the French Revolution; yet the French, with their smooth barrels, drove her out of the field. For it is a remarkable fact that the French, except in the campaign of 1793, made no use of the rifle, either in skirmish or line-firing; and that the few which they then had were, after a brief trial, laid aside, as too complicated in construction, and too difficult to load, for people so rough and ready as the soldiers of the Republic. But the rifle always had its advocates in France, as it has elsewhere, and, among the rest, M. Delvigne, who, after the Restoration, laboured to bring it into notice, and in due time succeeded. He undertook to deal with the inconvenience of slow loading by giving to the ball increased windage, so that it should pass without difficulty through the grooves to the chamber, and there, by a few smart blows from the ramrod, be moulded into the rifled form. But the experiment failed—because the edge of the chamber did not offer sufficient resistance, and the ball, instead of expanding so as to fill the grooves, went off marred in shape, while the grooves became leaded.

Matters continued in this state till 1828, when Colonel Thouvenin, of the Engineers, undertook to remedy the defect by getting rid of the chamber and screwing into the breech of the piece a cylindrical *tige* or pillar of steel, which receiving the ball upon its flat surface, should hold it there, till by blows from the ramrod it should be sufficiently expanded and forced into the grooves. Colonel Thouvenin's device, however, proved upon trial inadequate. As the *tige* or pillar occupied a large space in the centre of the barrel, and the charge got diffused round the annular hollow, the main force of the powder took no effect upon the axis of the piece and the centre of the projectile, but expended itself upon the spherical portion of the bullet, gave to it an oblique direction, and expelled it with diminished force. Upon this, M. Delvigne again came forward. He made the bottom of the projectile flat, the body cylindrical, and terminated the whole with a conical point. The form of the projectile was thus assimilated to that of  
 Newton's

Newton's solid of least resistance, and its progress through the air, as compared with a body hemispherical in shape, very much facilitated.

M Delvigne's pillar-breech, or tige-musket, was first brought into use in 1840. The army of Algiers, after having been a good deal harassed by the Arab horsemen, who, though few in number, managed to fight with their matchlocks at a distance which common muskets failed to compass, was supplied, in part, with tige-rifles, and ten battalions of chasseurs (the Chasseurs d'Orleans) did with them excellent service. Immediately the attention of military men was turned with increased eagerness to the subject. M Tamisier, captain of artillery, and one of the professors at the ordnance school of Vincennes, obtained in 1841 a patent for his method of giving steadiness to the flight of cylindrico-conical balls, by cutting thin grooves,—each 0.28 of an inch in depth—round the cylindrical part of the projectile. These grooves, operating upon the ball as the feathers operate upon an arrow, and the stick upon a rocket, increased the resistance of the air behind the centre of gravity, and kept the axis of rotation more steadily in the direction of the trajectory. We subjoin a description and sketch of the tige-musket, as thus improved, which Sir Howard Douglas appears to have received from M. Lovell, her Majesty's Inspector of fire-arms.—

'The pillar-breech musket is loaded at the muzzle with a leaden projectile of the form shown at A, this projectile is 0.657 in. diameter, and weighs 728 grains. The barrel, B B, of the musket is 34 inches long, rifled with four grooves, and has an elevating scale or sight  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, the tige or pillar, C, is screwed into the face of the breech-pin. The cartridge, containing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drams of powder, is made of strong paper, which is tied round the projectile at the groove D, near its base. In loading, the soldier breaks the cartridge, when the powder falls into the space, F F, round the pillar, and he throws away the paper of the upper part of the cartridge, the ball, which is nearly of the same diameter as the bore of the piece, is then





made to rest with its flat end on the head of the pillar; the end, E, of the rammer being countersunk of the same form as the point of the ball, the soldier gives three or four smart blows upon the latter, which, being supported by the pillar, is shortened in length and widened in diameter, so as to force the lead and paper round it into the grooves of the rifle. The point of the ball is held in the axis of the barrel by the head of the rammer, which is so nearly of the same diameter as the bore, that no sensible variation in the position of the ball can take place: when fired, the projectile is constrained to follow the grooves of the rifle, and the paper protects the barrel from being leaded.'—*Naval Gunnery*, pp. 332, 333.

Captain Tamisier's weapon, though a decided improvement on that of M. Delvigne, was not, however, perfect. Considerable difficulty occurred in cleaning out the chamber, which soon became foul; and the tige or pillar, on the accuracy of which all depended, was apt to lose its shape, or to break off. It was to correct this evil that M. Minié applied his energies. He did away with the tige entirely; and scooping out a conical hollow in the flat or lower surface of the ball, inserted into it an iron cup. This cup being laid upon the charge would, according to his calculation, be driven home by the expansive power of the powder, when exploded, and the leaden ball thereby fixed, regularly and symmetrically, in the grooves of the barrel. Moreover, as this ball in its unrifled state was made to slide easily down upon the charge, he wound about the grooves just so much cartridge paper as might prevent its being shifted, or possibly thrown out of the tube, by any accident of marching or running. It is to be observed that all these rifles load from the muzzle; that the ramrod takes its shape from the form of the ball; that the charge, which in the cartridge is suspended from the ball by a ligature passed round the grooves, must, at entering the tube, be reversed—and that this is done by shaking the loose powder into the barrel, biting off the paper, and then turning the ball in the hand, so that the cylinder shall fall upon the charge, and the cone face the muzzle.

Our readers will, we suspect, be surprised to learn that this weapon, of which so much has been said in England, in France is still upon its trial. The Chasseurs de Vincennes do not carry it; they are armed, as they have been since 1841, with the tige-musket. Indeed, if our information be not very incorrect, M. Minié's weapon has as yet passed into the hands of only four regiments of French light infantry. Probably, however, public surprise will be lessened when we add that the experiments made with it in 1850 at Woolwich led scientific inquirers to the conclusion that the Minié rifle had by no means reached then to a state of perfection. It was found, for example, that the force  
with

with which the iron cup drove into the bullet, not unfrequently separated the cylindrical from the conical part altogether, of which the consequence was, that, while the shot failed, the hollow lead remained within the rifle and placed it *hors de combat*. Sir Howard Douglas, it is true, tells us that 'in the trials now in progress with a Minié rifle lately brought over, no such failure has yet occurred,' and we are bound to believe him. But that something must still be wrong seems clear from this circumstance—that while our Government are directing 23,000 rifles to be formed, ingenious men continue to cast about for a better sort of projectile wherewith to load them.\* You cannot, it appears, depend upon the consistency or even upon the balancing of the lead. The iron cup is apt to damage it; and now we are told that possibly the cup may be dispensed with, and the expansive force of the powder left to force the hollowed ball, without any external aid whatever, into the grooves of the barrel.

Meanwhile in other countries than France frequent attempts have been made to give to the soldier's musket increased efficiency by extending the range and improving the accuracy of its fire. Among ourselves we have had Mr. Lovell and Mr. Lancaster, both successful operators upon the three-grooved rifle, to which they have equally given a spiral process and a belted ball; the latter gentleman adding a tige or hollow breech. At 400 yards the practice with the Lancaster rifle seems to be superior to the French Minié rifle by 29 to 28, though the Belgian, which we take to be an improvement upon the French, carries off the palm, at long odds, from both. But it remained for the northern nations to make a return to the ancient practice of breech-loading; and to add to it a process of needle-priming, of which the principle is likewise old, however novel may be the method of dealing with it. M. Dreyse, the eminent gunmaker of Sommerda in Thuringia, seems to have been the first to strike into this line. He produced a piece, to which he gave the name of *Zundnadelgewehr*, or needle-gun, so early as 1831, and it was subsequently copied, improved upon, and brought into use in Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and even in Austria. A word or two will explain the principle on which this fire-arm acted.

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\* We have been favoured with the sight of a new rifle-ball which Mr. Purday, the gunmaker, has invented, and regard it as a vast improvement upon all its predecessors. Mr. Purday, we believe, has been directed by Lord Hardinge to construct a model rifle of his own, which is to be loaded with this projectile; and we imagine that it is likely to prove far more effective than any as yet submitted to trial. But do not facts like these more and more urge upon our military authorities the wisdom of pausing, ere they adopt, as a weapon for the army at large, either the Minié or any other rifle of foreign construction? Surely there is skill enough among our own gunmakers to compete successfully with the artisans of Vincennes and Berlin.

The original Zundnadelgewehr consisted, like other muskets, of a barrel, a lock, and a stock. The barrel or tube was fastened, as other gun-barrels are, to the stock. But near the point where stock and barrel met, a portion of the latter was so constructed as to move back and disclose the chamber within. This latter was fitted to receive a cartridge—consisting of a ball placed over a given quantity of powder, but separated from the powder by a wooden wad, into which a portion of detonating composition was inserted. In connexion with the lock was a needle or steel tube, which, *when the gun was at full-cock*, but not otherwise, left space for inserting the cartridge into the chamber; over which, as soon as the cartridge was settled, the marksman pushed the lid, and fastened it by shooting a bolt through rings prepared for the purpose. The piece was then put upon half-cock, shouldered, and made ready for service.

Though far from perfect, the Prussian government was so much taken with this musket, that it ordered fifty thousand stand to be made. These were in small portions issued to the troops, and for a while a discovery of vast importance appeared to have been effected. But experience showed that the same causes which operated long ago, to drive breech-loading fire-arms into disuse, operated still. The gas could not be prevented from escaping; and the bolt which held the trap-door down grew stiff and unmanageable by much firing. The government became dissatisfied, as it had reason to be, but it did not persist in an error, only because error had once been committed. The needle-gun was withdrawn, and *carabines à tige*, constructed on M. Thouvenin's principle, took their place. And it was this fire-arm, and not the Zundnadelgewehr, as Colonel Chesney erroneously supposes, which gave to the Prussian light infantry so marked a superiority over the Danes in the battle of Idstedt, fought on the 25th of July, 1850. 'It was in vain,' says the official despatch from the Danish headquarters, 'that a couple of guns threw grenades at a short range on (the enemy's) skirmishers; it was in vain that a body of the cavalry made three separate attacks; in vain it was endeavoured to bring up the infantry from Oberstolk, which was now in flames, while a fierce engagement was going on in it from the house-windows and in the streets. In less than an hour we suffered a great loss.' Have we not then convincing proof, that against a body of people so armed artillery and cavalry are useless; and that infantry itself, unless similarly appointed, fights at a disadvantage? Not quite—so far at least as the Prussians can be said to have trusted to the long-range of their weapons. Their weapons may have carried with a more accurate aim than can be attained with the ordinary fire of regulation muskets. But that the

the Prussians were too prudent to rely on accuracy of elevation the same despatch proves, for it says, 'the enemy's skirmishers, under cover of a hedge, fired with pointed balls (*spitzkugeln*) at a distance of 100 or 150 yards.' Now at a distance of 100 or 150 yards, with a good hedge to cover them, we will engage to say, that a few companies from any of our crack light infantry regiments—from the 43rd for example, or the 52nd, or the 85th—will make either cavalry or artillery, or both, feel extremely ill at ease, even if they undertake the combat with their much abused regulation muskets; and that the Rifle Brigade, or the 60th, will stop infantry too, if they persevere in advancing either in column or in line, having no skirmishers out to clear the way for them. It is one thing, however, to fight guns against rifles thus, the latter being under cover and the former exposed: it is quite another to institute the duel where 1000 or 1200 yards of open plain divide the belligerents.

While the Prussians were thus fighting abroad with muskets of French invention, clever men were exercising their ingenuity at home, in the hope of giving to the needle-prime and breech-loading instrument increased efficiency.

Mr. Mosar, of Berlin, was the first to take the matter in hand. He greatly improved the mechanism of the lock, rendering it safe, which originally it was not, in the process of loading; and then came Mr. Seares, to whom an English patent has been granted, and who is resident in this country, and challenges inquiry into the worth of his invention. He undertakes at once to prevent the escape of gas at the breech, and to diminish the recoil, which more than any other secondary cause induces in every species of fire-arms a deviation in the course of the ball from its intended line of progress. 'The projectile adopted by this artist,' writes a scientific friend who has favoured us with his views upon the subject, 'is cylindro-conical, and consequently is less arrested in its flight by the air than the Minié shot, the anterior part of which is nearly of a spheroidal figure. The mechanism of the firing apparatus, though still complex, presents some important simplifications when compared with the Prussian rifle, and a recess or back chamber is provided to contain air, by the elasticity of which the recoil of the piece is diminished and the expansive force of the powder increased; it also receives the residuum of the fired gunpowder. The nether extremity of the barrel is screwed into the stock-tube, and terminated within the latter, in the form of the frustum of a cone. On the shot with the cartridge being introduced into the barrel, a sliding tube, the extremity of which is bevelled, is pressed up till it covers the conical end of the barrel, the parts fitting one another so tightly that

that no gas is likely to escape. It remains to be proved, however, whether or not the fittings will preserve such accuracy when the rifle becomes heated by frequent discharges.'

Thus far then science has carried us in the fabrication of improved small-arms. We have the tige and Minié muskets of the French and the Belgians, the breech-loading needle-guns of the Germans, our own Lancaster's rifle with its belted ball, and another of which Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, is the advocate, but on which we are unable to pass judgment, not having had any opportunity to inspect it. Taken one by one, we are ready to admit, that in the main, they all beat poor brown Bess out of the field. They are constructed, even the most defective of them, on more scientific principles; they ensure a longer range, and a far greater accuracy of fire; and were our soldiers universally mechanics or gamekeepers, and enlisted for the sole purpose of acting independently against Caffres and wildbeasts, we should advocate their immediate armament with one or other of these rifles, as strenuously as either the 'Times' or the 'Morning Chronicle.' But our soldiers, instead of being mechanics and gamekeepers, are, in nine cases out of ten, country bumpkins and unemployed weavers, of whom a considerable portion never had a gun in their hands till they enlisted, while the remainder know nothing more of its uses than they are taught in the manual and platoon exercise. Moreover, neither our soldiers, nor any other infantry in the world, are enlisted for the purpose of acting exclusively *en tirailleurs*, whether they take the field against civilized or barbarous enemies. We have been forced at times, having but a handful of troops at our disposal, to use them all as light infantry ought only to be used, and to make the most of it. But when great battles come again to be fought, they will be fought and decided, as they have been fought and decided for a hundred years, by masses acting in column and in line, and by the judicious application of the three arms of war—infantry, artillery, and cavalry. For infantry, however, which is to act in the mass, and to deliver its fire in volleys against masses, every departure from perfect simplicity in the construction of the musket and the cartridge is a mistake. It was the steady, rolling fire of the line which, as French officers have repeatedly acknowledged, gave to our troops their superiority in all the great battles of the Peninsula. And should our military authorities be induced to put into the hands of the successors of the Peninsular troops a weapon which will not admit of this sort of firing, they may live to repent that either the press, or any other influence from without, should have driven them to act in opposition to the dictates of their own  
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better judgment. Let us see what grounds there are for the apprehensions which we now venture to express.

The superiority of the new over the old style of weapon is assumed to consist in this—that, whether the Minié musket or the needle-gun be adopted, you acquire a much longer range, a truer aim, and increased quickness of loading. The first of these advantages is owing, in a great degree, to the form of the ball, which offers the least attainable surface to the atmosphere which it dislodges; the second, except at point blank, will, of course, depend upon the perfection of the stadia, or other means which are adopted to calculate distances; the third arises from the facility with which, in the Minié musket, the ball slides down upon the charge, and, in the needle-gun, from the peculiar method of loading at the breech. If we make an exception against the supposed facility of loading with the Minié musket (and even this we are inclined to do only as a hypothesis), we see nothing to object to in these assumptions. But regarding the weapons as destined for general use, many points on the other side of the question deserve to be considered.\*

With respect to loading, let us not forget that the peculiar construction of the Minié cartridge will require an entirely new and careful drill, ere it can be put into the hands of British soldiers in general. At present the soldier bites off the end of his cartridge, and thrusts it into his firelock with the ball upwards. The Minié cartridge demands that he shall bite off one end of the paper, then shake the powder loose into the tube, then bite off the other end of the paper, and last of all give the bullet a twist in his hand ere he insert it. If, in the hurry of action, he forget any one of these motions, the chances of the shot are spoiled; if he omit them all except the first, the ball goes down with the cone towards the powder, and comes out when the powder is exploded—bottom upwards. Its flight will in this case be a mere wobble, and its range less than that of the worst description of spherical ball.

Again, in the Minié—indeed in all muskets which require elongated balls and depend upon the action of the charge to rifle them—there is great risk of failure, unless the lead be so cast or otherwise compressed as to ensure in the projectile perfect consistency, with equal power of resistance on every side. The slightest giving in any part is sure to destroy the equilibrium, and the progress of the ball, when discharged, becomes of necessity excentric. But this is not all: an elongated projectile will either effect no ricochet whatever, or its start after each graze must be at an angle more or less obtuse from the point of contact. Now, in firing with spherical balls, there is almost as much chance of execution by the ricochet as by the direct shot.

Hence the caution always given to our men, that they level low—not, as we have heard even military officers say, because every ball makes a curve in passing through the air, but because the recoil of the musket is usually such as to throw up the muzzle while the ball is passing through the tube. Accordingly the soldier who levels at his enemy's knee has some chance of hitting him in the chest, or, failing that, of reaching him by a glancing shot somewhere. In firing with the new projectile, however, this latter advantage is sacrificed; and as the range of the two weapons, both keeping the plane of the horizon—in other words, at point blank—is pretty much the same, the soldier armed with the finer firelock is less likely to kill his man at a moderate distance than he who makes use of the coarser—provided the latter be cured of its windage and rendered sufficiently flexible in the trigger.

But it is not with a view to close firing that the substitution of the Minié rifle for the regulation musket is proposed. We want to be so armed as that we shall be able to open a heavy fire on our enemy's columns being yet 1000 yards distant from us, and to render deployment into line, at any point within that range, a service of extreme danger—if not an impossibility. And we further desire to render his artillery useless against our own columns by peppering each gun with elongated musket-shot as often as it shows itself anywhere within 1000 yards of our skirmishers. These are very reasonable wishes on our part, as are others intimately connected with them: such as to stop all close reconnoitring by staff-officers, and to keep cavalry in such awe as shall prevent their riding down upon our infantry, whether extended or in line, till ample time is given to form. But are our wishes attainable?—and if attainable, wherein would they advantage us—other armies seeking and achieving similar objects? Let us see.

The point is conceded, for experiments have proved it, that the new foreign rifles command a very extensive range; that the accuracy of the flight of their peculiarly shaped projectiles—no flaws in construction interfering to counteract it—is very great; and that a comparatively small object may be struck by them with something like certainty, provided the distance between the marksman and the mark be accurately known. The momentum preserved by them, likewise, and the penetrating power, up to 800 or even 1000 yards, are considerable; they constitute, in fact, an admirable engine for target-practice, deer-stalking, or any other species of shooting which can be conducted leisurely and with deliberation. The same things may be conceded to any of the best descriptions of ordinary rifles, which, with equal length of barrel, and charges of powder bearing the same proportion to the weight of the shot, produce like results in the hands of practised marksmen. But with every sort of fire-arm  
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the chance of doing execution must depend, after you once pass the point-blank range, upon the accuracy of the knowledge which you possess of your distance from the object aimed at; and the greater the degree of elevation which it is necessary to give to the piece, the more uncertain, without this knowledge, your fire becomes. Besides, when you take to very long ranges, to 800 yards, for example, or to 1000, the elevation necessary to reach your target is so great, that not only are all objects intervening between you and it safe, but the target itself cannot be hit, except within a very narrow space of its surface. Take  $8^{\circ}$ , the elevation required to throw a ball 1000 yards, and what follows? The flight of a ball fired at  $8^{\circ}$  of elevation carries it to the extreme height above the plane of the tube's axis, of about 150 feet; and the angle of depression, which is  $19^{\circ}$ , cuts off all chance of a ricochet, even if the ball be spherical. Supposing, then, that your fire is directed at a single man on foot or on horseback, or at a line of men, the individual or the line has only to advance four or five paces (which there will be ample time to compass ere your projectile reach the termination of its flight), and the shot passes harmlessly over him; or if he think better to retire the same distance, it will lob down into the ground at his feet. Of what possible advantage, in a sharp skirmish, which implies a continual passing from point to point of the combatants, can it be to commence firing at a distance which makes certain such results as these? And how are lines to be stopped in their advance, or cavalry checked in their career, by turning against them weapons the very accuracy of whose range ensures that they will do no execution unless the parties aimed at all stand still for the purpose of being killed?

But means may be devised—means indeed exist—whereby intervals of a thousand yards can be very accurately measured; and experience has shown that, when rightly applied, they never fail. This is true, and has been true as regards target practice for half a century or more. In the year 1799 one Catter Raud obtained a patent for what he called 'a military and naval telescope;' of which he explained the construction and the use in a pamphlet dedicated to the late Duke of York. The telescope contained, within the eye-tube, a micrometer, similar to that which is commonly used for astronomical purposes, but simpler in its mechanism. There an object, such as the image of a man or of a ship, being made to occupy the interval between two moveable wires, the subtended angle was read upon a scale; and after reference made to a small table, the distance proved, on multiplying the tabular number, to correspond with the angle, by the height of the figure. Nothing could be more ingenious than this invention, or, in theory, better suited to military purposes;



poses; but when reduced to practice in the field it came to nothing. The telescope could not be used without steadier support than a man's hand; and the estimated height of the object tried by it turned out, in a vast majority of cases, to be incorrect.

So recently as the month of May, 1850, Major Beamish, late of the 52nd regiment, published in the *United Service Magazine* a description of an apparatus of which he declares himself to be the inventor, and of which the object is similar to that of Mr. Raud's military telescope. The similarity between the two machines is indeed so remarkable, that a good deal of faith is necessary to bring us to the conclusion that the gallant Major did not borrow his ideas from Mr. Raud's pamphlet; but however this may be, if they correspond in their excellences, the two instruments are open to the same objections—Major Beamish's telescope being, if possible, less applicable to service purposes than Mr. Raud's. The Major gives us a sort of wire micrometer, provided with a scale; of which the unit is equivalent to the angle ( $11^{\circ} 27' 5''$ ) subtended by the image of a man, six feet high, at the distance of 600 yards. These wires, be it observed, are fixed; and admitting that the image is exactly contained between any two of them, the error of an inch in estimating the height of the object would amount to an error of eight yards of distance in 600. But this is the least serious of the mistakes which would be apt to arise from trusting to this instrument. Supposing that the man can be seen, from the soles of his feet to the top of his hat, it will scarcely ever happen that the image on the telescope is contained exactly between two wires; and as often as it is not so contained, the observer must calculate, with the greatest nicety, the fractional part of the interval between two wires which the image subtends. The most practised eye, however, could scarcely estimate such fractional part within less than one-eighth of the interval between two wires; and, from the unsteadiness of the hand, the error would almost always be greater. But an error of one-eighth of interval would produce an error of about 80 yards in 600; and in a distance of 1000 yards the error would be more than 200.

Besides his micrometer, Major Beamish recommends, for the benefit of non-commissioned officers, the use of a stadia, which he adopts from the army of the Swiss Confederation, and describes. But he may depend upon it, that for practical purposes the Swiss stadia is as little to be trusted as his own micrometer. Think of the difficulty to a soldier—hampered with his knapsack on his back, and rendered unsteady in his grasp by fatigue or excitement—of holding out at arm's length two or three feet of string, and taking an accurate view, through a triangular hole in a piece of brass, of objects removed from him to a distance of

800 or 1000 yards. Consider, too, the effect of rain, or of ordinary wear and tear, upon this string, the slightest contraction or irregularity in the twist of which will at once destroy the accuracy of the measurement. And inasmuch as the brass stadia is marked on one side for infantry, on the other for cavalry, think what the consequences will be if in the hurry of action the soldier should turn the wrong side to the enemy—ensuring thereby the loss of every shot which he shall afterwards deliver: or, supposing him confronted both by cavalry and infantry, against which shall he direct his deadly aim, seeing that he cannot possibly do hurt to both? Nor is this all. Assuming that the exact distance of the object to be fired at may by some process or another be settled, there still remains the difficulty of enabling the soldier to give to his musket the required elevation, which can, of course, be done only by means of some apparatus applied to the musket near the eye. Perhaps the ingenious contrivance recommended by Sir Charles Shaw, in his letter of 20th January last, to the Editor of the ‘Times,’ might serve the purpose. But an iron frame, five inches long, standing on the barrel of the piece, perpendicular to its length, would be so much in the way that it may be doubted whether a soldier, even if persuaded to carry it in his pocket or his pack, would ever think of affixing it to his firelock previously to the commencement of a battle. As to his consulting the sight-piece before delivering each shot for the number expressing his exact distance from the enemy, and then adjusting a slider to the mark, the idea is preposterous. The most intelligent soldier living would not take this trouble, even if he had time to do so, in a skirmish, and in line firing all such contrivances are out of place. To ‘prostrate Sindella,’ therefore, being a thousand yards off, by the mere pulling of a trigger, would require a minuteness and accuracy of calculation much more easily imagined than attained; and if Sindella, instead of standing still, should, after the manner of his tribe, prove a little restless, the shot, however scientifically delivered, would go wide of its mark.\*

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\* Our readers will observe that, in thus seeming to depreciate the worth of the stadia, we look only to its capability of being turned to account in the field of battle. Considered as an instrument of drill it may be of considerable use. Something is gained if we so practise the eye that it shall be able, by the mere exercise of vision, to calculate distances within fifty feet in a thousand yards; and this habit is, doubtless, to be acquired by observing objects through a micrometer, and comparing the judgments formed at sight with the results of actual measurement. But, when all is done, constant practice, and nothing else, will make a good shot—that is to say, if the individual practising do not belong to that numerous class in society whom nature has debarred from ever acquiring expertness in marksmanship.—By all means, therefore, give us the stadia as you give the pace-stick and the plummet for the use of the undrilled man; but do not expect more important results from it than you are likely to obtain.

N.B.—We

There is yet another and by no means a trivial objection to the substitution throughout the whole army of the cylindro-conical for the spherical ball. Either you must keep your firelocks at their present bore, in which case the new ball will weigh half as much again as the old ball; or if you reduce the bore so as to equalise the weight of the two projectiles, the spherical ball will become far less effective as an instrument of destruction than it is at present. Now we cannot imagine that a ball which tells so well in ricochet will ever be discarded in order to make room for one of which the ricochet must, from the shape of the projectile, tell for little or nothing; and we are confirmed in this opinion by observing that the Minié muskets ordered to be supplied to our army are suited to receive the spherical as well as the oblong shot. What then is the consequence? The soldier, of whom it is already said with truth that he is overweighted, must carry an increased load, to the extent of five pounds at the least; or, with a view to escape this, you must diminish the number of rounds in his cartouch-box from sixty to forty. But here experience has shown that—though in the longest actions the average expenditure of ammunition seldom comes up to thirty rounds per man—sixty, and even a hundred, are often delivered by particular corps. Whatever inconvenience therefore may attend the arrangement, it will never do to subtract from the stock of the soldier's service ammunition—especially since, among other promised advantages, the new musket will enable him to load and fire with increased celerity.

Then why not diminish the bore? Will not a ball weighing one-third less than our present regulation-bullet destroy life as effectually if it touch a vital part?—nay, is not a still smaller bullet, the pea-size, for example, which fits a duelling pistol, calculated, by lodging in the body, to inflict a more troublesome wound than the larger projectile which passes through? Admitted—but let us not forget that troops in the field do not engage in duels. The momentum of their projectiles must be sufficient to carry them, at considerable range, through the different kinds of screens which an enemy may be able to oppose to them in action, and then to kill. Steel cuirasses, slight stockading, banks of earth, gabions inadequately rammed—though all pervious by shot of the weight and consistency of our regulation musket-balls—would stop the bullet of a duelling pistol, or of a fire-arm much more effective. We do not mean to say that the regulation

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N.B.—We recommend the curious on this subject to consult the fourth edition of the '*Cours sur les Armes à Feu*,' par M. L. Pannot, from page 99 and onwards. They will find there a full account of every one of the expedients adopted in the French army for the purpose of training the soldier's eye.

bullet might not continue to be very efficient although it were somewhat diminished in weight, and therefore in diameter; but if, as is shown in Article 80 of the 'Naval Gunnery,' the resistance of a material struck by a shot be proportioned to the square of the diameter of the projectile, care must be taken not to carry the reducing practice too far. During the late war the bore of the French muskets was considerably less than ours: and because the barrels were longer, our people got it into their heads that the range of the ball was greater. But this was quite a mistake. The French musket, being less carefully balanced than ours, was apt to fly up after the trigger was pulled—a movement which often gave to the piece a higher degree of elevation than the soldier intended. Hence its apparently long range: but whether at long or short range, the French balls were constantly stopped by obstacles through which the larger ball of the British soldier made its way. We should therefore object to the universal adoption of a bore in our service even equal to that of the carabine used by the Chasseurs de Vincennes: because, though the latter discharge a ball which, with its cap, weighs  $1\frac{2}{3}$  ounce, its diameter is only 0.68 of an inch, whereas our spherical ball measures 0.732 of an inch.\* On the other hand, if you increase the diameter of the elongated ball till it equal that of our present spherical shot, you will carry the weight to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ounces—a difficulty which, apart from the necessity that would arise of rendering the musket stronger and heavier, is not to be surmounted. Unless, therefore, we determine to lay aside spherical balls entirely—an arrangement which, as we have just shown, would be attended with very serious hurt—it seems idle to speak of putting a Minié musket into the hands of every soldier in our service: for the large Minié musket would be too weighty for general use, and the small too insignificant, except when loaded with its own conoidal shot. A spherical ball dropped into the latter, besides being feeble, on account of its minute size, would go forth with a momentum diminished manifold—the consequence of increased windage. You would shoot from a rifle a ball which could not take the rifle shape, and therefore shoot very much at random.

But we have not yet done with our scruples. The Minié shot is so peculiar in its construction, that except in one or two districts in Europe, and perhaps in India, British soldiers will find it nowhere else than at home. From the moment they reach those shores, therefore, they must be dependent for their

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\* It is worthy of remark that, while we are talking of a diminution in the bore of our muskets, the French have increased theirs. Next to our own their balls were always the largest in use throughout Europe, except, perhaps, the Russian. They have been considerably enlarged since the peace of 1815. See M. Pannot's work.

ammunition on the safe and timely conveyance of supplies across the ocean; and a storm, or a capture by an enemy's cruisers, may reduce them; at the most critical moment of a campaign, to a state of helplessness. And even if all go right in this respect, the slightest carelessness on the part of the home manufacturer, whether arising out of haste, or from any other cause, is sure to lead to mischief. In the Minié projectile the centre of gravity, after the shot has been lodged in the piece, is situated in front of the centre of the figure; and with extreme delicacy in the construction, the preponderance thus produced may allow the resistance of the air to keep the axis of the projectile, during its flight, in the direction of a tangent to the trajectory. But should the preponderance be too great, the shot will certainly tumble over, and all its effect is lost. Mr. Wilkinson of Pall-Mall, we observe, has noticed these and other drawbacks to the Minié musket, in a pamphlet published with a view to recommend a rifle of his own—which he has adopted from the Swiss. But—however good his case may be as regards equal range and greater simplicity of construction—the excessive tenuity of his ball puts him out of court as the advocate of a war-weapon. Balls which measure about a third of an inch in diameter, however shaped or accurately rifled, would make but a slight impression on a half-rammed gabion at a few hundred yards distance.

Finally, we object to the Minié rifle as an arm for the infantry of the line on this ground—that, as at present constructed at least, it has no point-blank range whatever. We admit that the soldier who looks over the lowest term of the sight and covers the bull's-eye of the target will send his shot, at a distance of 200 yards, either through that part or very close to it. And we further allow that, after 75 or 80 yards, a shot delivered in the same way from the regulation-musket almost always fails. But what is the reason? The regulation-musket is so sighted that the line of metal, or point-blank range, does not give an elevation of more than 22 minutes above the plane of the axis of the bore; whereas the lowest term of the flexible sight which is fitted to the Minié rifle gives an elevation of about one degree. What is the consequence? The ball from the regulation-musket traverses its course so nearly in a straight line that, if aimed at the chest of a man of ordinary stature 80 yards off, it must hit any object of similar size which it may encounter between the muzzle of the piece and the target. The curve made by the Minié projectile is such that a direct aim at the chest of a man 200 yards off will carry the shot about two feet and a half above the head of another man standing in the same line at a hundred yards from the marksman. It is impossible to over-estimate the

inconvenience, nay the danger of this; for the new weapon, unless radically altered in the construction of its sight, will fail at that precise moment of battle when correct musketry-firing becomes of vital importance. Consider what the consequences will be when a regiment, armed with Minié rifles, is pressed upon by a line of infantry wielding improved plain-bore muskets. The former, giving their fire eagerly, perhaps accurately, will be astonished to find that the nearer the enemy approach the less fatal their volleys become; while the latter, encouraged by the immunity from danger which they experience, will first shake the riflemen with a telling discharge, then level their bayonets and sweep them from the field. And so it will be when cavalry fall upon squares, of which the fire, though very destructive at 200 yards, is even more uncertain within these limits than beyond them. Such squares will as certainly be broken as they are attacked; for it is the fire from the faces of the square, not the chevaux-de-frise of bayonets so formidable of aspect in Hyde Park, which alone can stay the progress of resolute horsemen who have set their lives upon the die.

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of the fire of these muskets, that we must compress our remarks upon their *loading* within very narrow limits. And the little that we have to say will refer chiefly to the breech-loading rifles. For in truth the Minié weapon has only this superiority over the best of our own, that, as the cartridge requires less ramming, it may be assumed to take its proper place in a shorter time. But the breech-loading musket is recommended by the increased security which it is supposed to give to the soldier in a skirmish; who, in a ditch, or behind a hedge, or lying flat on the ground, will be able to charge his piece without exposing himself, as he necessarily does in drawing his ramrod and returning it. It is also asserted that with a breech-loading rifle, as tried against a regulation-musket, two shots at least can be delivered for one. We are not going to dispute the accuracy of any of these statements—but what then? In skirmishing, especially with rifles, it is not celerity but accuracy of fire which you seek to establish. Your rifleman is ill trained, indeed, if he does not think more of covering his object ere he pull the trigger, than of firing against time; indeed the great complaint against him has always been, that he throws away his ammunition without producing adequate results. What shall we find when you have supplied him with an instrument which enables him to throw it away in a ratio so largely extended? And as to the increased security which he derives from his peculiar method of loading, let us examine the subject in all its bearings before we come to a conclusion on that head.

The needle-gun is loaded with a cartridge which carries within itself the means of its own ignition. A quantity of detonating matter being let into a wooden wad, which separates the ball from the powder, is so placed that the needle, in order to reach it, must pass through the powder; and it cannot be denied that the process of igniting from above ensures a more simultaneous explosion than if the powder caught fire from below. But consider the consequences of such a construction. Not only is every tumbril and ammunition-barrel which you carry about on mules or in waggons, filled with stuff which a transient concussion, whether arising from the progress of a musket-ball, or the upsetting of the carriage, will explode; but every individual soldier is exposed, by a similar accident, to be blown up. For a shot in his pouch will ignite without fail the detonating powder diffused through his cartridges—a result which may likewise attend any one of the many accidents to which all persons running or leaping, or forcing their way through hedges and enclosures, are exposed. And if, through excess of care, all these hazards be evaded, has it yet been shown that even Mr. Seares's chamber will stand the wear-and-tear of protracted firing—that the gas will not, in the end, begin to escape, and the bolt which fastens the slide in its place grow too large for the socket or get out of its proper line? We confess, that on these grounds, not less than on account of the general delicacy of the weapon, we are not by any means prepared to advise its adoption into the English service. For after all, what is gained either by extreme rapidity of firing, or by breech-loading? In the line, *nothing*; in the skirmish so little that it seems to be more than counterbalanced by attendant evils. And in regard to the general question we are free to acknowledge, that any sort of armament which shall tempt British troops to waste time in distant and uncertain fusilades will receive our hearty opposition. Other nations begin their battles long before their shots can tell, except by accident. The French, the Germans, and most of all the Spaniards, blaze away as soon as they can well see an enemy. British troops shoulder and slope their muskets, and march on till 60 or at most 80 yards divide them from their antagonists—then halt, give their fire, and charge. We can answer for it that their tactics are at once more sparing of life to themselves, and far more effectual in routing the enemy, than those of any other army in the world. We have no wish to see them changed.

And now for a few words, and they shall be very few, as to the probable effect of this improved rifle-shooting on the agency of great guns and cavalry. That it must tell to a certain extent no one is likely to deny. Guns must always be stationary objects;

objects; and if you once take an accurate measurement of the distance, your skirmishers at 800 or 1000 yards may commit severe havoc among the gunners and their horses. In a siege again—from every trench you will be able to keep up such a fire upon the embrasures as shall render it impossible for the gunner to stand to his gun and live. Recollect, however, that whether in the field, or during siege-operations, both parties can play at this game! Guns are always supported in the field by infantry or cavalry on their flanks. Hereafter the duty must devolve on infantry alone—who must be armed with muskets of long range, so as to meet the assailant with equal weapons. And should the enemy crowd their line of skirmishers, and the cover prove indifferent, the guns will help to fight their own battle at no serious disadvantage. The Shrapnel, or spherical case shot, is a terrible implement. Fired from a six-pounder, with proper elevation, it ranges with perfect accuracy from 1000 to 1200 yards; it then bursts, and throws forward to the extent of 400 yards farther, with all the momentum of its own force, 27 musket-balls, besides splinters of the shell. A 9-pounder is still more effective, both because its range is greater and it contains 41 balls; a 12-pounder throws 63, and a 24-pounder 128. How long could a crowd of skirmishers, however armed, much less a brigade, a line, or a column of infantry, stand against a sustained fire of this sort kept up from a dozen or two of well-guarded guns? And as to the beleaguered place, care must be taken to stock its armoury in good time with rifles constructed on the newest and best principle. They will prove even more important as weapons of defence than as a means of annoyance on the part of the besiegers.

As far, therefore, as artillery is concerned, we are satisfied that neither the Minié musket, nor any other weapon which an infantry soldier can carry, is likely to produce any important change in the general art of war. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that every fresh improvement in small arms will force nations like our own, who cannot afford to keep on foot large standing armies, more and more to increase their artillery, and by bringing, if possible, guns of larger calibre into the field render it, when massed, more decisive of battles than ever. Nor can we see that the power of cavalry will be seriously shaken, in countries suitable for that arm. Detached squadrons will still sweep down upon unsupported skirmishers and destroy them. And if the fire of squares begin hereafter somewhat sooner than in the late war, it will probably be as little destructive till the horsemen come within point-blank range. And then—with sights so defective as those now in use—of what value is it? No doubt

Generals



Generals will take care not to mass their squadrons within reach of the new arm. And occasions may arise when this shall produce inconvenience—as, for example, when a rush is meditated with a view to secure some commanding position, or an opening in the enemy's line suggests a rapid movement of penetration. But for charging a column not upon its guard, or a broken line, or tirailleurs retiring across an exposed plain, the cavalry will be as formidable as it ever was, or more so.

In conclusion, we must take leave to remark that—in contrast to so many bold opinions put forth by unprofessional scribes—the greatest reluctance prevails everywhere among scientific men to pronounce judgment on the perfect adaptation of any one of the new muskets to purposes of war. How, indeed, can the case be otherwise? Scarcely a week passes without bringing into public notice some invention later, and therefore better, than those which went before; and each inventor, while he praises his own weapon, points out undeniable defects in those of his rivals. We ask, with all humility, whether, under such circumstances, it would be prudent to decide in a hurry among the several arms that are pressed upon us? And, above all, we deprecate the adoption, as a general arm, of any musket which shall either deprive us of a most efficient spherical ball, or materially reduce its diameter. By all means give us more rifle-corps—and arm them with the best weapon, whether foreign or domestic, which you can find. We shall thus have a number of light regiments adequate to cover our formations, and to protect both guns and columns in their advance and retreat. But all beyond this would be a grievous mistake; for, even in the Caffre war, it is impossible to doubt that a more frequent use of spherical case-shot would have saved some valuable lives, as well as driven the enemy from their fastnesses. Sir Howard Douglas must needs be about the best possible authority on this subject; and we shall close with a quotation from the *Treatise on Naval Gunnery*, which seems to us as just in sentiment as eloquent in language:—

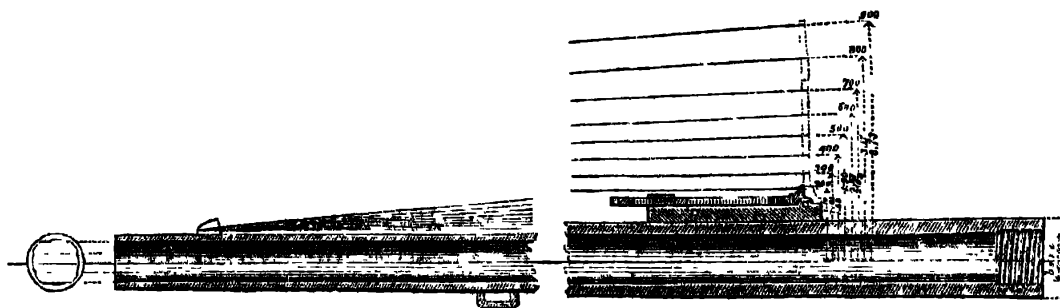
‘ Under the powerful effect of spherical case-shot, together with the menaces and charges of cavalry, clouds of infantry, acting *en tirailleur*, will either be compelled to rally into masses, or retire upon their supporting bodies, columns, or lines, where round shot will exercise its wonted power; and thus the battle will become general in the ordinary way. The three great arms, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, combined, will act according to their distinctive faculties; and the general who, according to the proposed scheme, had hoped, by infantry armed with rifle-muskets, to drive artillery out of the field, and overpower infantry and cavalry in a general skirmish, will only commit the serious error of bringing on a general action under circumstances highly disadvantageous to himself; since a commander, forced to fight  
in

in a manner different from that which he had intended, and from which he had proposed, is always, as has been well said, more than half beaten. The opponent following up with all his arms the advantages which well-combined movements must produce, the army, which should rely on the random range of the new rifles, would be penetrated, thrown into confusion, and even driven off the field.'

If proofs were needed of the wisdom of delay before any change is effected in the armament of our infantry of the line, the results of experiments made at Woolwich since the preceding pages were made up would alone supply them. Already a new and flexible sight has been applied to the rifle, of which we have only this to observe, that it seems to render the weapon quite unfit for all except select corps. We subjoin a sectional drawing of the barrel, and of the implement by means of which a soldier is expected, in the hurry of battle, to regulate his aim ere he deliver each shot; and we append to it an accurate statement, in degrees and minutes, of the inclination which is necessary for each range.

*Dimensions.*

|                                            | Inches. |
|--------------------------------------------|---------|
| Length of barrel . . . . .                 | 59      |
| Do. between the sight and muzzle . . . . . | 34.3    |
| Do. grooved . . . . .                      | 58.50   |
| Bore . . . . .                             | 0.10    |
| Thickness of metal at muzzle . . . . .     | 0.9     |
| Do. at breech end . . . . .                | 0.26    |



|                                                        |   |    |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| The inclination of the axis of the bore to the line of | ° | '  | "  |
| metal (without any sight) in this rifle is . . . . .   | 0 | 16 | 3  |
| To the line of sight for 200 yards . . . . .           | 0 | 58 | 37 |
| Do. . . for 300 ,, . . . . .                           | 1 | 19 | 40 |
| Do. . . for 400 ,, . . . . .                           | 1 | 16 | 42 |
| Do. . . for 500 ,, . . . . .                           | 2 | 21 | 58 |
| Do. . . for 600 ,, . . . . .                           | 2 | 59 | 20 |
| Do. . . for 700 ,, . . . . .                           | 3 | 42 | 45 |
| Do. . . for 800 ,, . . . . .                           | 4 | 31 | 44 |
| Do. . . for 900 ,, . . . . .                           | 5 | 28 | 40 |

The

The angles of descent thereby produced are,—

|               |   |    |    |    |
|---------------|---|----|----|----|
| For 200 yards | . | 1  | 17 | 0  |
| 300 „         | . | 2  | 7  | 0  |
| 400 „         | . | 3  | 0  | 20 |
| 500 „         | . | 4  | 50 | 0  |
| 600 „         | . | 6  | 40 | 0  |
| 700 „         | . | 8  | 45 | 0  |
| 800 „         | . | 10 | 50 | 0  |
| 900 „         | . | 13 | 27 | 4  |

A calculation of these tables will show that the height of the trajectory, above the line of aim, in the middle of the 200 yards range, is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet; and that in the middle of the 900 yards range it is 110 feet.

A man, 6 feet high, standing 25 feet in front of the longer of these two ranges, would not be touched; the shot would pass over his head. Let him be removed by an equal distance to the rear, and he will likewise escape—for with such an angle of declension there can be no ricochet, even if a spherical ball be used. Indeed, with respect to ricochet in general, the form and rotation of a conical ball are so unfavourable to it that, except at some of the smallest of the above angles, few pointed shot striking the ground would ever rise again; and such as did would have their rotation so much reduced (it might be stopped entirely) by a deep and long graze, that they would inevitably tumble over. On the other hand, if the rotation survive the graze, the shot will be deflected in the direction of the rotation by its action on the medium grazed, whether it be land or water.

It is evident from all this that we have no business to accept the new arm as more than a step in that march of improvement on which our military authorities have recognized the propriety of entering. While the service effect of the long range has been grossly and extensively overrated, there is positively no point-blank range, nor any approximation to it, in the Minié rifle as now constructed. Its lowest, or 200-yard sight, carries the line of the trajectory so far above the line of sight that in order to hit a man in the chest or head, at 100 yards from the muzzle, you must aim at his ankles; and if he be 150 yards off, you must fire at his knees. Now, the line of metal range of the musket, which is 22', will carry, if the windage be small, a well-cast spherical ball 150 yards with great accuracy. Reduce both weapons to a real, not a fictitious, point-blank range, and the one will give you 85 yards, the other 75 yards. Is it worth while, for the sake of ten yards gained in point-blank firing, to arm any except special corps with weapons requiring, to render them available,

able, such a machine as the rolling-sight here described—and on which you cannot count with any certainty, unless you know within a yard or two the exact distance to which your enemy is removed?—In the navy they have begun to observe that vertical firing is comparatively useless. Are we going to adopt it in the army just as our seamen are getting rid of it? At least let us take time to consider.—In like manner we must suggest that it will never do to form a judgment in regard to the effect of spherical case-shot in action, with the long-range rifles, from the late trial at Woolwich. The artillery practice was, we understand, very bad; but this can easily be accounted for. Old and defective fuzes were used, which either burned so fast as to explode the shell prematurely, or did not burn at all. Besides, how can artillery improve in good practice in a country like this, which has not provided one solitary field on which gunners may learn how to open their fire with sudden and overwhelming effect, at every known and unknown point of range? We do not doubt that Lord Hardinge will see to this; and we have reason to believe that he has already discovered the defect in construction, which, if it be not removed, will render the new rifle useless in the very crisis of a battle.

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P.S.—Already has the prediction, hazarded in the preceding paragraph, entered upon its fulfilment. Lord Hardinge's vigilance and activity seem to have outstripped the course of time;—at least, after the lapse of only one week, difficulties which appeared insurmountable are melting away. An improved sight has supplanted that which we took the liberty to condemn. A new ball, dependent on no secondary operation for its consistency, has been invented; and a fire-arm, which weighs little more than eight pounds, throws its shot with increased velocity, so as to scour the whole interval between the muzzle and the object at a hundred yards distance. If these things, after careful trial, fulfil the expectations formed of them, there will then remain only the objection, that no elongated ball can ever be so fully depended upon in the ricochet as a sphere; and even this we may expect that mechanical genius will, in some measure, overcome. At all events, the care of adjusting this point has fallen into most able hands—and on the whole we doubt not that our infantry will take rank ere long as the best armed in the world. Let us add, that it may be advisable to look next to the clothing and general equipment of the men.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Conservative Principles and Conservative Policy—  
a Letter to the Electors of Tewkesbury.* By Ed. W. Cox, Esq.  
1852.

2. *Speech of C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., in the House of Com-  
mons, March 15th, 1852.*

IT was Marius, we believe, who, when insolently challenged to battle by an army of barbarians, replied, that it was the part of a good general not to fight when his enemies chose, but to make them fight when he chose.

Even were there a probability that the New Ministry could succeed in giving full effect to its own views on Protection, there are considerations which should induce it to act with great caution and forbearance. It is not the part of a prudent Premier to lightly set aside the great controlling and superintending power of the State, and to show that not single statutes only, but systems of policy, are to be completely changed with a change in the persons of administration. We have heard that doctrine proclaimed from Manchester, but we are not among the converts. We think it may often be better to counteract an erroneous course of policy by modifying and compensatory measures, than to retrace our steps for years back, and sweepingly annul their legislation. Such a course—as it is to be supposed there is always a party in opposition aspiring to office—would be to keep up for ever old subjects of dispute—to introduce a principle of perpetual fluctuation and uncertainty, inconsistent with all good government—and in fact to render real progress impossible. It is true there is nothing irrevocable in the letter of our laws; Parliament does not profess infallibility. The interests of the country are, or should be, its rule, much rather than dogged adherence to its own decisions. But those interests would be the first to suffer were our legislation to assume a purely experimental character. The exclamation of the old barons at Merton, ‘*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari,*’ was the voice of a truly English spirit. All those forms with which the Constitution has jealously guarded the passage of bills through both Houses, even to the steps of the throne, affording time not only for their full consideration in those assemblies, but for the sentiment of the nation at large to be pronounced on them, suppose the enactments to be generally of no transitory character.

It is very easy to imagine cases in which a statesman should rather decline the task of framing a Government than afford any sort of tolerance to a policy not in harmony with his opinions. If that policy, for example, were clearly ruinous—and of such a nature as no modifying or compensatory measures could amend—and if there were well-grounded reasons for believing that a con-  
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tinued and energetic opposition to it would ere long open the eyes of the nation at large to its evils—it would then, we apprehend, be his part to decline making any attempt to better adapt that policy to the actual circumstances of the country. Considerations of this kind no doubt influence such Conservatives as adopt *Protection* (in the common meaning of that term) for the whole sum and substance of their political creed. We certainly do not go with them so far. We think there are other and even greater objects to be contended for—that *Protection* is urgently wanted for still higher interests than those in question.

We retain now the same opinions which we held when Sir Robert Peel first brought forward his bill for the abolition of the Corn-laws. We think that measure was most directly calculated to depress and burden the industry of the country, and to sap the foundation of our existence as a great independent State—that it was no less menacing in its consequences than treacherous in its character. But we are bound to confess—and our opponents may make the most of the admission—that it has not effected all the evil we anticipated from it. We have nothing to retract, but we have something to explain.

With the development of Free Trade an action has been proceeding *pari passu*, which, though it could in no degree be foreseen by the most sagacious, and least of all by the bold heralds and popular champions of that policy, has very materially counteracted its effects. We allude to the new gold-fields, which have already had some influence in upholding prices, and consequently in stimulating industry—and which will, as most merchants foretell, produce much more decisive effects when the mining operations are conducted, as they soon will be, on a more systematic and extensive scale.

The produce of gold from California during the year 1851 cannot in sterling value, we suppose, be set down at much less than 20,000,000*l.*—and this yield, fabulous as it appears when it is remembered that the existence of gold in that soil was only ascertained a few years since, will in all likelihood be very greatly augmented in future. The intelligent correspondent of the *Times* in New York tells us that, in consequence of the large arrivals of gold, 100,000 people will start for California in the next six months. The same communication thus describes the effect of the influx of ore:—

*‘ Our foundries are overloaded with work. Our manufactured goods, bread-stuffs, provisions, and even our importations from abroad, are seized hold of with an unheard of eagerness. Money is becoming abundant; the countenances of merchants look cheerful; an electric*

*impulse has been given to our entire business world.*—New York, Feb. 17, 1852.

In this country the same effects are in degree experienced. The bullion in the Bank very far exceeds the quantity it has held at any previous time. It approaches 20,000,000*l*. The excess, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, is upwards of four millions sterling. As a natural consequence, money is abundant for all the legitimate purposes of trade; the value of real property, after a period of depression, is again rising to about as high a price as was ever known; the commercial markets are 'looking up;' all branches of manufactures are in marvellous activity; even agricultural produce seems to be slowly rising; and men no longer go to bed with the uncomfortable apprehension that when they rise in the morning they may find that, by some action beyond their control, their property has been depreciated while their debts and liabilities remained at the same figure. It is the contrary action which is now taking place; and hence the general prosperity of the producing classes.

We bear our testimony to this prosperity with unfeigned joy. We share in its effects, and thankfully acknowledge the bounty of Providence. But when we are told that it is owing to Corn Law Repeal and our other late enactments of that class, we point to the above extract describing the state of things at New York, and ask to what are we to attribute the prosperity of America? America, as Lord Derby justly states, retains her protective duties:—

'The tariff of the United States levies on almost all articles of importation duties more or less extensive—duties which in some cases reach to an extravagant and almost oppressive amount, but which in almost every instance are levied avowedly on those articles which come into competition with the produce of their own soil and industry.'—(*Speech*, Feb. 27, 1852.)

Yet we see that America is increasing in every element of wealth—in numbers, in commerce, in credit, in manufactures, in money even—beyond all former precedent. She receives on her shores a thousand souls daily of the 'surplus population of Europe, and, cherishing them in her bosom, makes them minister to her opulence and power. If the present activity of industrial pursuits in England is owing to *free trade*—to what is it owing in the United States? May not the well-doing of both countries—but especially of our own severely and, as we think, most unfairly tried one—be mainly referred to that increased production of gold, which, as the great circulating medium of the world,  
has

has always had the effect of stimulating industry in proportion as it became more abundant?

On this point we are not left to conjecture. In the Introduction to Holinshed's History there is a remarkable description of the progress of—what the worthy old writer terms—'luxury' within the memory of people then living. Owing to the discovery of Mexico and Peru, and the vast influx of the precious metals, a great alteration was made in the money value of commodities. In the reign of Elizabeth it may be said in general terms that prices were doubled; but this rise, so far from producing distress, which, according to the doctrine of the Manchester economists, must have been the result, had a very marked effect in promoting the comfort and welfare of the people:—

'I do rejoyce,' says the ancient chronicler, 'to behold how that, in a time when all things are grown to most excessive prices, we do yet find the means to obtain or achieve such furniture as heretofore has been impossible. There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain which have noted three things to be marvelously altered in England within their sound remembrance. One is, the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many, in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and peradventure some great parsonage), but each made a fire against the reredosse in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat. The second is the great amendment of lodging; for, said they, our fathers and we ourselves have lain full oft on straw pallettes, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dogswaine or hop-harlots (I use their own terms), and a good round log under their head instead of a bolster. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women in childbed. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was well—for seldom had they under their bodies to keep them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvass and rased their hardened hides. The third thing they tell of is the exchange of treene platers (so called, I suppose, from treene or wood) into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin. For so common were all sorts of treene vessels in old time, that a man should hardly find four pieces of pewter (of which one was peradventure a salt) in a good farmer's house. In times past, men were contented to dwell in houses builded of sallow, willow, &c., so that the use of oak was in a manner dedicated wholly unto churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, navigation, &c. But now sallow, &c., are rejected, and nothing but oak anywhere regarded: and yet see the change;—for, when our houses were builded of willow, then we had oaken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. Now we have many chimneys, and yet our tender limbs complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses; then had we none but reredosses, and our heads did never ache. For as the smoke in those



days was considered a sufficient hardening for the timber of the house, so it was reputed a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quack or pose, wherewith, as then, very few were acquainted.'

Should the historian of England under Queen Victoria have to record a similar improvement in the condition of the people—that they are better lodged and clothed, and have greater command over the comforts of life—it will little matter though he should lament the degeneracy of the men and the spread of luxury. This amelioration of our ancestors' social state took place together with the growth of 'most excessive prices.' With that forced and unnatural depression which it was the object of the Peel policy to effect, we had reason to fear that all classes—all our producing classes at least—would be greatly (and swiftly) impoverished; and we must repeat our entire conviction that, if the result has not answered our fears, it has been not from any error in the reasoning which guided our judgment, but from the introduction of an element—wholly unforeseen in 1845\*—which has greatly and most beneficially altered our commercial and monetary state.

Price is not an arbitrary term. It is the relation which one commodity bears to another—as regulated mainly by the amount of labour which each kind represents. As gold in this country is the standard by which all other commodities are measured—as it can know no fluctuation itself, remaining at its fixed price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, whatever the supply of it may be—it follows that the price of all other things rises or falls with its abundance or scarcity. With wheat so low as 40*s.* per quarter, a little consideration will show that it must be as easy to raise two quarters of wheat from the earth (we speak in round numbers) as to procure from it one ounce of gold. But if from new gold-fields being discovered, and from improved processes being applied to the extraction of the ore, it should be as easy to procure one and a half ounce of gold as two quarters of wheat, then the grain would surely rise to sixty shillings a quarter; or should it be as easy to raise two ounces of gold as two quarters of wheat, then, the ounce of ore and the quarter of grain balancing each other, we should have wheat at 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per quarter. And of course all other commodities would rise in the same proportion.

Without doubt the level is not likely to be very speedily

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\* See our note *ante*, p. 427. The gold from our own Australia now bids fair to turn out another very important feature in the case. It is, we believe, the opinion of the best judges that the import from that quarter will not, by the close of 1852, fall under three millions sterling!

attained. These proportions in the general commerce of the world have a *tendency* to equalize themselves—but for some time they may remain very unequal. In California the relation between gold and wheat—as estimated by the labour each represents—would seem to be about four ounces of the ore to one quarter of the grain. Able-bodied miners were receiving by the last accounts 100 dollars per month (something over 20*l.*), with ample rations—which is about eight or ten times as much as labourers can earn in most other parts of the world. This disproportion must be lessened as more labour flows into the country; but from what is now known of the extent of these gold-fields, and of the richness of the quartz, we can hardly escape the conclusion that a general rise in prices is about to take place.

Had not these supplies produced some practical effect already, we believe that the rate of agricultural produce would be very much lower than it is. The harvest of last year was an abundant one—those of 1849-50 of a fair average. With the three good harvests of 1833-34-35 wheat sank to a much lower figure than rules in our markets now. Mr. Newdegate, we can believe, is not extravagant in his surmise, that had matters remained in *statu quo*—that is, had there been no removal of protection on the one side, and no increased supplies of gold on the other—prices would not have ranged materially higher than the present average. For the whole year 1835 the price was only 3*9s.* 4*d.*

It suits the factious purpose of the Manchester confederacy to represent the home-agriculturist in the odious light of wishing to keep out food from the people, and to stint them in its consumption. Nothing can be more false. All he desires is—being in this respect neither better nor worse than other producers and traders—such a price as will enable him to exercise his industry with a fair prospect of advantage to himself. With such fiscal arrangements as were imposed on this country by a high range of prices, he knows that he cannot prosper—more, that with a very low range he cannot live. In what way the low or the high rate is brought about is of very little consequence to him. Though he was secured from foreign competition on the return to cash payments in 1819, yet the sudden depression of price resulting from that measure occasioned him great distress; and so, now that he is exposed to the competition of the world, he would very cheerfully face it, and, we believe, in the end fairly beat it, should an action of another kind proceed. Supposing that the increased supply of gold should continue to give an upward movement to rates, he would soon be as independent of Protection as could be desired, and, with the greater encouragement afforded to his industry, would

would probably render this country to a very great extent—if not wholly—independent of foreign corn.

The supply of the precious metals, after having been stationary for a great number of years, was increased about the middle of the last century by the greater productiveness of the mines of South America. The result was fairly stated by Mr. Huskisson in his speech (May 1, 1818) on the resumption of cash payments :—

‘ He remarked on the great stimulus which the increase of the circulating medium had given to the arts and industry of the country. To show the improved condition of the country he stated that from the year 1658 to the year 1754 there had not been a single bill of enclosure, and corn was imported. From 1754 to 1796, during which period there had been a rapid increase of the circulating medium from the mines of America, the enclosure bills amounted to 3500, and we became an exporting country.’

Mr. Huskisson was no loose talker. The rise in prices caused by the increase in the precious metals so stimulated the growth of agricultural produce, that in the ten years 1760-1770, with wheat at the then almost unprecedented price of 45s. 10d. per quarter, we not only fed our own people abundantly, but exported 1,384,561 quarters of wheat. We need not insist that like causes must produce like effects.

The probable effect of the increasing production of gold has not escaped the attention of our monetary men. Some letters in *The Times*, and some remarks in the City article of that journal, have directed attention to the advance in prices now taking place, and a few of its correspondents go so far, if we understand them rightly, as to advocate an *appreciation of our standard*. For our own part, we very earnestly deprecate discussion on that point—and for several reasons. In the first place, prices—we adhere to grain as the rule of other commodities—must advance considerably before they attain the range of the last forty years of the eighteenth century, and must become double what they are at present before they reach the average of the first twenty years of the present century, when the greater part of our burdens was contracted. Evidently, then, there is a wide margin for advance before any single class of the community would have a title to complain; and therefore even a call to consider the subject is plainly premature.

But, further, the return to cash payments, and the restoration of, or adherence to, the old standard of the country, was as much in the nature of a solemn national compact as any legislative enactment could be. It was admitted that the arrangement must be greatly to the advantage of the national creditor who had lent his money

money during the war :—but adherence to the standard—certainly as old as the reign of Elizabeth, and deliberately restored in the reign of William III.—was, though at great cost to the indebted nation, urged as an act of faith and honour, and as a settlement of the much-vexed currency question for ever. The language held by the adherents of the bill of 1819 was conclusive as to the final character of the measure. In the debate on Mr. Western's motion in 1822, Mr. Huskisson proposed as an amendment the memorable resolution of 1696,—‘That this House will not alter the standard of gold or silver, in fineness, weight, or denomination;’—and carried it by an overwhelming majority. In that, the ablest of his speeches, he stated the grounds on which the standard was to be maintained, whether gold became thereafter more or less plentiful:—

‘In this country, where gold is the standard of value, what is it which the parties stipulate for, and the State guarantees, in every contract for a money payment? Why, that the sum tendered in satisfaction for such payment shall not be less in weight and fineness than is required by the standard; but the contract does not stipulate, neither does the State guarantee, that the quantity of gold contained in that sum shall bear, at all time to come, the same value in relation either to land or to other commodities as it did at the time when the parties contracted together. *It is among the highest and first duties of the State, in relation to property, to maintain that standard inviolate and immutable*, and it is because we have neglected that duty that we are now suffering all the evil consequences of our neglect. . . . Inasmuch as any diminution in the value of the precious metals, —either from *natural* causes, such as an abundant supply from the mines, or from *legitimate* causes, such as the substitution of paper really payable on demand, or the other contrivances of credit,—involves no breach of a pecuniary contract, however prejudicial to the creditor—so, on the other hand, an increased demand for the precious metals in this or any other country (for the effect would be the same should the demand arise elsewhere), or a diminished supply from the mines, affords no ground for the interference of the State with the conditions of that contract, by which it would be violated for the benefit of the debtor.’

Considering what it has cost this country in times past to maintain the existing standard, it is hardly likely that any party will ever seriously propose an alteration of it. Should such a proposition be made, the money interest would, we are satisfied, stand alone in its support; and, with nearly every other class of the community arrayed against it, we need not doubt the result.

While we anticipate a rise in prices, we do not anticipate that it will be so great or so sudden as to lead to any practical inconvenience.

venience. We abandon all speculation of what would ensue, were gold to become as plentiful as iron, to that limbo—

‘large and broad, since call’d

The paradise of fools.’

We see how great an amount of gold may be absorbed merely by banking corporations, without any very decided or perceptible effect. Should it be produced in still greater abundance, a larger proportion than hitherto would be used in various kinds of manufactures; and it would doubtless penetrate to countries where now it is little known, and enter more extensively into their circulating medium.

Looking, then, only to natural causes, we conceive that the prospects of the British agriculturist are not of a nature to lead to despondency. But even though there may be no distinct and formal return to protective duties, it may make a great difference to him whether he lives under a friendly or an adverse government. In all late financial measures he has been wholly overlooked. Mr. Cobden proved, in one respect at least, a hard taskmaster to the Russell administration. He seems to have made it the condition of his support, that the landed interest should not be equally favoured with other interests in the remission of taxation. Thus, for example, when last year the window-duty was repealed and a house-duty substituted, farm-houses were not as before exempted, and the consequence is that the better sort of rural tenants find themselves now rated to a tax they had not paid previously by the very act which was a great boon to residents in towns. So, while various classes of duties have been remitted or reduced, those which especially press on agriculture have been retained.

In Lord Derby’s great speech of February 17 there is one profound reflection which those who call themselves free-traders might do well to ponder:—

‘While we admit with entire freedom such articles as come into competition with our own produce, we load with extensive taxation a certain small number of articles which enter to an immense extent into the necessary consumption of the masses of our community.’

The Manchester gentlemen are bound to tell us how they reconcile their practice with their profession. Free-trade in its primary meaning, of which its modern disciples have strangely lost sight, signifies the exchange by different countries of those commodities which are peculiar to the growth of each, or for the production of which each has particular aptitude. England is a corn-growing country, and one of the best adapted in the world for that purpose, but it is not a tea or a sugar-growing country.

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It would be free-trade for us to receive the wines of France, the teas of China, the sugar of Jamaica, the tobacco of Virginia, clear of all duties; giving them in exchange the produce of our mines and our workshops. This would be the free-trade which Nature has designed to promote intercourse between the different populations of the globe, and to bring all its best products—as necessities, or comforts, or luxuries—within the reach of civilized man. But as there must be import duties for the sake of revenue, the rational rule would be, one would think, to impose duties on those commodities which can be produced at home, rather than on those which cannot. A duty on imported corn, and on agricultural produce generally, is justifiable on free-trade principles, rather than duties on products which are wholly foreign to our clime.

But whether such duties are now possible or advisable, and if so to what extent, are among those questions of practical statesmanship which the agricultural community must be content to leave to Lord Derby. They may be satisfied that their claims to fair consideration will not, under that Government, be overlooked. There is the desire—of this surely they cannot be doubtful—to befriend them to the utmost extent consistent with justice to the other classes of the community—on which point the voice of those other classes must be deliberately heard. In the Whig adjustment of interests one scale has been unduly depressed that the other might be unduly exalted. It will, we feel assured, be Lord Derby's aim to restore the balance rather than to set the inequality the other way.

Circumstances may occur—we say this very advisedly—which may render it prudent to refrain from the reimposition of protective duties, though the next Parliament should seem favourable to them, as circumstances may emerge which would render it necessary to afford relief in some shape to the agriculturist, though the elections may appear adverse to his interest. Positive declarations of conduct in respect to purely political measures may perhaps be allowable; but when the safety and welfare of large classes of the people are in question, and when no one can possibly tell what circumstances may arise to influence legislation affecting them, we incline to the opinion that any absolute resolves of what shall or shall not be done, founded as they must be on purely abstract grounds, and in profound ignorance of what the future may bring forth, are not only impolitic but wicked, and unlikely to have any other consequence than the most odious one of substituting new wars of classes for the old wars of parties. We hope other electors besides those of Tewkesbury will attend to Mr. Cox's sensible letter:—

'If (says he) the Conservatives will make it their *first object* to maintain the

the *principles of Conservatism*, leaving fiscal questions to be dealt with as circumstances may arise, without pledging either their Government or their representatives to any other course than *to do the best they can*, they will secure for their *principles* a long and prosperous ascendancy, because they *are* principles that recommend themselves to the good sense of the vast majority of the intelligent portion of the community.'

We regret that we have not room for strengthening the same views by copious extracts from the candid and vigorous speech of Mr. Newdegate on the 15th of March. Long distinguished as the steady opponent of the Peel Policy of 1846, that independent Member in no respect shrinks from his old opinions as a financier—on the contrary, he gives to them most emphatic expression: but we think we may safely say, nevertheless, that he defers to the general sentiment which dictates the wisdom, the necessity, of leaving to Lord Derby the choice of means towards a counteraction or modification of that system. What we, however, should have been most delighted to quote in full, is the manly passage in which Mr. Newdegate, rising above the questions hitherto most identified with his name, asserts the right of his Party in Parliament to their title of *Protectionists*, as the sole and already proved upholders of our real interest, as well as honour, in reference to far higher matters. 'Our limits admit only a few sentences:—

'—They had proved themselves *Protectionists* of the interests of the poor. Would honourable gentlemen deny that the members of this party had formed the bulk of the majority which had carried Mr. Etwall's motion and Mr. Christie's amendment for the inquiry into the abuses which had taken place in the Andover Union—the result of ~~which~~ was the revision of the New Poor Law? No one could deny that they had carried those motions. The party had proved themselves *Protectionists* of the labour of young people employed in factories—for the members of that party had formed the strength of the majorities which carried the Ten Hours Act. They had proved themselves *Protectionists* also of the Christian character of the State—that Christian character which constituted the guarantee given by the State to the people of this country that the laws which passed Parliament, and the administration of them, should be based upon the morality of the gospel, while it secured for the laws thus passed the sanction of religion. The party with whom he had the honour to be connected had, moreover, proved themselves *Protectionists* of the Protestant character of the Constitution, and of the national independence; for they had for ~~years~~ protected the laws which guard the Protestantism of the Constitution against the assaults of honourable gentlemen opposite; for years they had defended those laws, before their quondam opponents had become aware of the reality of the danger and consented to extend and declare those laws by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.'

- ART. IX.—1. *The Grenville Papers; being the Correspondence of Richard Grenville, Earl Temple, K.G., and the Right Hon. George Grenville, their Friends and Contemporaries.* Edited by W. J. Smith, Esq. Vols. I. and II. 8vo.
2. *Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham and his Contemporaries, with Original Letters and Documents now first published.* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 2 vols. 8vo.
3. *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht.* By Lord Mahon. Vols. V. and VI. 8vo. 1852.

THERE are periods in history on which the calm of impartial opinion never settles. The passions evoked by the conflict of great principles have an enduring vitality, which descends to influence and animate future ages. The grave softens no animosities—time clears away no prejudice. There is little less of the spirit of party at this day in discussing the character of Cleon than when he recommended to the Athenians the massacre of the people of Mitylene; or in estimating the policy of the Gracchi than when they divided Rome on the Agrarian law. We have still Cavaliers and Roundheads as hot in argument, at least, as when they met before Whitehall to cheer or hoot Charles I. and Maria-Henrietta. All the merciless fanaticism and devoted loyalty of that time—even to the exultation of the Regicide judges when the ‘man Charles Stuart’ was brought to their bar, and the grief and pity of the wailing multitude when the head of ‘the martyr’ was ignominiously held forth by his executioner—are faithfully reflected among us at the present day.

Nearly a century has elapsed since the accession of George III., yet misrepresentation is as busy with his name now as when the mob chalked 45 on every wall in London, and Wilkes, Horne, and Junius propagated their calumnies. This cannot be from ignorance—for the most secret events of the early years of his reign are disclosed; still less can it be from personal feeling, for the men of those days are now represented by their grandchildren and great-grandchildren; we must look deeper for the cause, and refer it to those political sentiments which, descending almost unchanged from age to age, are unconsciously associated with dislike or admiration of individual characters.

The personal qualities and motives of the young king have been illustrated so authentically by recent publications, that we imagined intelligent writers—to whatever party in the State they might lean—would be forced into a show of candour when discussing his actions. But we were deceived. That Lord John Russell, indeed, in editing the Bedford Correspondence, should write of the ‘foolish prejudices,’ the ‘narrow intellect,’ the ‘brooding sullenness,’



ness,' and the 'uncharitable temper' of George III. might not excite much of our surprise, considering that he had to support the credit of family tradition, and to maintain in full force that antipathy to the king which, strange as it may seem, forms a very important part of the regular Whig stock-in-trade. But that Lord Albemarle—with all the Rockingham papers which he has printed before him—and especially with the letters of the king himself, which, on any fair construction, establish beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil his firm good sense and undeviating honesty—that a man of obvious ability and not, to our knowledge, much mixed up hitherto with the movements of faction—that he should endorse all the wretched inventions of old malignity, does really move our wonder. We may often feel doubtful whether we should refer to deliberate purpose or thoughtless unconcern the glaring frame-work of misrepresentation in which he has set nearly every one of the documents entrusted to his skill. That we may charitably give him credit for knowing very little of the transactions on which he writes, is, however, evident from his numerous errors when no end is to be answered by perversion.

Thus, for example, he asserts that Charles Townshend was Premier at the time of his death, and on the point of giving the Great Seal to Charles Yorke (vol. ii. p. 157)—when in fact the Duke of Grafton was at the head of the Treasury, and Townshend's hold of office as Chancellor of the Exchequer was very precarious. A single passage, early in the first volume, will show how little he is to be trusted even in the relation of well-known incidents:—

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'When Mr. Pitt quitted the government [in 1761] *the Court resolved he should leave his character behind him.* Unconnected by birth with any of the old Whig families, the source of his power lay in the affections of the people. *His haughty bearing towards the late Sovereign* had long excluded him from that place in the administration which in public opinion he was entitled to fill. This proscription had obtained for him a high reputation for independence, while his refusal to appropriate, when paymaster of the forces, the emoluments of his office, had produced an opinion highly favourable to his disinterestedness. To destroy his character for these two qualities, *the Court persuaded him to accept* the barony of Chatham for his wife Lady Hester Pitt, and an annuity of three thousand pounds a-year for three lives for himself. *In the first instance he appears to have been duped by these insidious boons*, for in his interview with the king to give up the seals he was so overcome by the apparent graciousness of his reception that he burst into tears.' &c.—vol. i. p. 47.

The 'haughty bearing of Pitt' towards George II. will call forth a smile from those who have read to any purpose the history of that reign. From policy, no less than from temper, Pitt acted

acted on the principle of storming the royal closet—but when once he had gained admission to it no minister was more humble or more complaisant. When he was out of office, ‘the veil was to be stripped which covered the treachery of the Court;’ when he was in, ‘a most benignant sovereign, pursuing nothing but the welfare and happiness of his people,’ was to be protected ‘from the preposterous union of clashing factions.’ His courtliness in power, contrasting so curiously with his violence in opposition, excited many a sneer from contemporary critics—as Lord Albemarle will see on reference to his own work (vol. ii. p. 83). His old friend Lyttelton characterised him as ‘a skilful courtier.’ Chase Price, a shrewd and graphic humourist, said that ‘at the levee he bowed so low you could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs.’

The charge against the Court, of hoping to destroy his character by conferring on him honours and rewards, is tainted by that traditionary spleen which we are sorry to trace throughout Lord Albemarle’s narrative. Here the plea of ignorance will hardly avail him. Can it be possible that he never took up the ‘Chatham Correspondence’ or the ‘Annual Register’? The peerage for Lady Hester and her descendants, and the pension for three lives, were notoriously the choice of Pitt himself. He was not so enlightened as Lord Albemarle; he at least *was* duped by these *insidious boons*; for he received ‘with veneration and gratitude those unbounded effects of beneficence and grace which the most benign of sovereigns condescended to bestow on him.’—(*Chat. Corr.* ii. 152.)

What is meant by the cool statement that the Court resolved he should leave his character behind him? Will Lord Albemarle say that those tokens of the king’s approval of his ministry were not deserved? In what respect could they be insidious, since they were honourably earned, freely given, and have been universally approved from that hour to this? Had the king allowed Pitt to quit his service unrewarded, would not those who now cry out against the ‘insidious boons’ have been loud in denouncing the royal ingratitude? Men with pretensions to character in that day put a more gracious interpretation on the liberality of the king. ‘There is a sentence by Burke, for example, which we commend to Lord Albemarle’s attention:—

‘With regard to the pension and the title, it is *a shame that any defence should be necessary*. What eye cannot distinguish, at the first glance, the difference between this and the exceptionable case of titles and pensions? What Briton, with the smallest sense of honour and gratitude, but *must blush for his country if such a man retired unrewarded from the public service*, let the motives to that retirement be what they would?’—*Ann. Register*, 1761.

No one will think that there was too much of the courtier in the disposition of Earl Temple—yet he writes to Wilkes:—

‘I found the King, upon Mr. Pitt’s resignation, had not only acknowledged his great and eminent services in the highest terms and most gracious manner, but insisted likewise on rewarding them, which was finally done in the way the Gazette sets forth—thus confirming by the testimony of the sovereign all those honours which the public had heaped upon him with such unanimous approbation. The Duke of Marlborough, Prince Ferdinand, Sir Edward Hawke, &c., did not disdain to receive pecuniary and honorary rewards for their services, perhaps of a very inferior kind to the deserts of Mr. Pitt; and *I think he would have been the most insolent, factious, and ungrateful man living to the King, had he refused an offer of this sort*, which binds him to nothing but to honour and love his Majesty.’—*Gren. Pap.* i. 404.

We have dwelt on this passage as it occurs at the threshold of Lord Albemarle’s volumes, and exactly indicates the style in which he has performed his part in them. Nor, as to mere compilation, are they very fairly made up. A portion of the first is composed of letters which had already been printed in N. Harris’s ‘Life of Lord Hardwicke.’ We recognize them as old friends, but as they are not acknowledged, except in one instance, the reader is left to suppose, from Lord Albemarle’s title-page, that they are ‘original documents, now first printed.’\* He would have acted more wisely had he published his really new correspondence in a single volume, free from the apocryphal narrative with which he has encumbered it. We object very decidedly to such ‘cooking’ of historical papers as he has resorted to. It is not fair either to the dead or the living. Every man has a right to exercise his talent for composition in what manner he pleases, but he should stand on his own bottom. It is an intolerable nuisance when he takes advantage of the chance which has placed some valuable papers in his hands to foist his own crudities on the public under shelter of them.

In the Grenville Papers we have a fairer example of what such publications should be. The information they supply on all those public transactions in which the Grenvilles—and especially Lord Temple and his brother George—took part is full and complete. The two volumes now before us commence in 1742, when the elder brother was 31, and extend to the close of 1764; but they are most valuable as respects the closing years of George II. and the commencement of the next reign. The letters of both brothers are numerous, and there is besides a copious

\* We do not pretend to congratulate the Hardwicke family on their choice (if it was theirs) of a biographer for their great ancestor. Mr. Harris performed his task in a very clumsy style; but, however his book may have deserved its fate as a popular failure, its documentary materials are far too important not to have secured for it a place in every historical library.

diary kept by George Grenville during the whole period when he was, as Prime Minister, in confidential communication with the king. The notes of the editor are somewhat meagre and not always correct. Mr. Smith quotes Lord Mahon's 'Forty-five' in apparent unconsciousness of the History whence the fragment is extracted, though containing by far the most authentic account we have of that very period which it is his business to illustrate. Nor can we say much for his discretion. The covert sneer at the King in vol. ii. p. 144, for example, has no ground whatever but one of the lying rumours of the day.

Lord Mahon's laborious work approaches its close. He means, it seems, to end it with the American War, and one volume more will, he thinks, bring him to that point. According to his Lordship's judgment, then, a period of something like seventy years should elapse before events come fairly within the province of the historian. The term cannot be arbitrary; it must have some foundation in natural feeling. So long a time it has taken to overcome that honourable reserve which respects the secrets of the tomb. There is something resembling common consent in the publication, within the last few years, of the papers of those who played the most conspicuous part in that drama which began with the fall of Walpole and ended with the rise of North. The collection is nearly complete, and perhaps will be quite so when the papers of Lord Bute are added to the number.

It is not necessary that we should discuss Lord Mahon's merits: the public has already pronounced judgment on them. His diligence and impartiality are universally recognized. When he is quoted as an authority, the epithet 'judicious' is seldom withheld. His pen is always under guidance of conscience. A fine sense of justice and scrupulous regard for truth are perceptible throughout, but in no degree impair the freedom of his style. The salutary restraints which guard the approach to excellence in every intellectual pursuit impede the advance of a weak or undisciplined mind:—they give grace to the vigour which can master them. The unwearied research of Lord Mahon, and the caution with which he weighs conflicting testimony, are visible only in their results. That easy lucid flow of his narrative, which gives at first an impression almost of carelessness, is in reality derived from the certainty of his knowledge.

We have turned, after some lapse of time, to various passages relating to periods where the transactions were not only complex in themselves, but obscured by conflicting testimony—and have been, on reconsideration, the more surprised to find how easily he guides us through the labyrinth. In his research he insinuates no claim for extraordinary industry, and in his impartiality  
there

there appears nothing severe or rigid. He rightly decides that controversy and history belong to essentially different departments of literature. If we accept an historian as a teacher, we must place confidence in his integrity; it is his part to show that he deserves our confidence, not by particular proofs and instances, which after all may be specious rather than real, and may subsist with great dishonesty, but by a spirit of genuine fidelity pervading every page of his work. To himself alone must he be accountable; having satisfied his own judgment, he must commit the results of his labour to the fair construction of the world. This is the principle on which Lord Mahon proceeds; and we are bound to say that he well deserves the confidence he claims.

His portraits are quite equal in excellence to his narrative, and for a similar reason—the simplicity with which they are drawn. We can detect no effort to heighten lights or darken shades. They present the subject so perfectly that we rarely think of the artist. We believe that a slight degree of exaggeration may be defended. Every character contains in it some salient points, and by seizing these and throwing them into strong relief—which is the art of every kind of caricature—a striking resemblance is obtained by a few bold touches. This, in some cases, is to raise nature rather than to sacrifice it. But even to this allowable degree of exaggeration Lord Mahon will not lend himself; his taste leads him to soften not obtrude peculiarities, and the effect which others produce by the bravery of their strokes and the brightness of their colours he attains by delicate marking and softer tones. The characters of Thurlow and Wedderburn, in the fifth volume, are true masterpieces. Such particulars—we only regret that there are not more of them—impart vitality to narrative—giving us the very form and features of the men who most influenced their generation.

But, as different kinds of excellence are usually incompatible with each other, there are historic qualifications, or adjuncts rather, which find no place in Lord Mahon's mind. To that profound reflection, so conspicuous in some ancient masters, which springs from a thoughtful survey of great characters in action, and great events in progress, he lays no claim. He relates for us—it is his part; but he leaves us to think for ourselves. When, occasionally, he does fall into reflection, he seems to go out of his way for the purpose, and we must frankly say that we recognize not a beauty but a blot. His thoughts on such occasions take rather awkwardly the form of ejaculations, and have a commonplace air, at variance with the manliness of his usual style. The historian, of all writers, should be most on his guard against notes of admiration.

These

These volumes commence with 1763, and trace events for the sixteen years succeeding. A considerable portion of them is devoted to the American war, the whole story of which is told with ease, animation, and admirable candour. The reader will be amused by some specimens which are given in the Appendix of the manner in which Mr. Sparks has dealt with the letters and despatches of Washington. But this theme, and others equally tempting, we must not suffer to detain us at present. Lord Mahon has had to contend with the great difficulty of all modern historians—the multiplicity of incidents and documents. We bear willing testimony to his general mastery over the mass of material which presses upon him from every side, yet we almost doubt the prudence of omitting all mention of Indian affairs—which certainly exercised some influence on our home politics—during the long period comprised in these volumes.

As the Grenville and Rockingham Papers relate almost exclusively to our ministerial history, it is to that branch of Lord Mahon's labour that we shall now confine our attention. By the light these publications afford much of the obscurity is cleared away which has long hung over the changing politics of the early years of George III.

‘The first ten years of the reign,’ says Lord Mahon, ‘are marked by frequent change of ministers and intricate revolution of parties. To thread the maze which these afford is not always a pleasant nor always a profitable task.’—v. i.

With Pope we say—

‘A mighty maze, but not without a plan.’

In those ten years a revolution was proceeding not assuredly less worthy study than those political convulsions which, presenting, by reason of the blood and strife which has attended them, a more imposing aspect, have been far less lasting and beneficial in their effects.

It is not often in great affairs that any man can fix his mind on a definite object, to be attained only after years of struggle and the conquest of innumerable obstacles. Still less frequently is it permitted him to march straight forward towards his design, and accomplish it by the very means he had projected. But this is what George III. did. On his accession to the throne it was scarcely a secret that he contemplated the overthrow of that Whig domination which had enthralled his two predecessors, and made the legitimate head of the nation the slave of a party. The courtiers most eager for royal favour soon learnt the leading idea in the King's mind, and adopted it with more zeal than discretion.

They put it forward in an offensive shape, and thus aggravated their master's struggle. 'To recover monarchy from the inveterate usurpation of oligarchy,' wrote Doddington to Bute just two months after the King's accession, 'is a point too arduous and important to be achieved without much difficulty and some degree of danger.' True; and had not the King possessed far more sense and nerve than any of those who ostentatiously ranked themselves among his friends, the enterprise must have been abandoned almost as soon as commenced.

The character of the King well qualified him for the work he had undertaken. Whether merely 'firm' as represented by one party, or 'obstinate' as urged by the other, it is unquestionable that he possessed a strong will, decided ideas, and that nothing could deter him from carrying into action his own conception of right and duty. In principles he differed from his two predecessors as widely as in morals. Hanover to him was nothing—or nearly so—England was all in all. As he had not to make concessions to his ministers for the sake of gratifying personal predilections in foreign policy, he felt the less disposed to give up to them that share of discretionary authority which the constitution has lodged in the hands of the monarch to secure the harmonious and healthy action of the several powers of the state. Still less was he likely to be influenced by any pandering to low and sensual passions. He had no mistresses whose ear was to be gained; his tastes were simple; his desires virtuous. Franklin wrote of him in 1769:—

'I can scarcely conceive a King of better disposition, of more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the welfare of his subjects.'—*Mahon*, v. 82.

Fortunately for the success of the King's project the Whig party at his accession was broken up, as Lord John Russell has stated, into a number of 'small factions'—each fighting for its separate interest under a distinct banner, and agreeing on no point, except perhaps that the sovereign should be allowed no will of his own. That mischievous principle, from which France in our own day has reaped such infinite misfortune—*le roi règne, et ne gouverne pas*\*—had been uniformly acted on by English

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\* This phrase, though commonly ascribed to M. Thiers, and adopted as the 'dogma' of his Cabinet of 1832, is of much older date. There is an elaborate exposition of it in Benjamin Constant's '*Cours de Droit Constitutionnel*.' In the *Assemblée Constituante* of the last century it was much dwelt on by Lally Tollendal and Clermout-Tonnerre; and as they agreed that the maxim was of the '*école Anglaise*,' there can be no doubt that it originated with our Whigs, and was transplanted from this country to pave the way for the triumph of republicanism in France. It is a pity that our neighbours will borrow from our constitutional system only the evils which are incident to it.

ministers from the death of Anne; and as the result of the absolute authority intrusted to the Whig ministry formed by George I. on his arrival, the government remained for nearly half a century in the hands of men who scrupled not at the most shameless corruption to maintain themselves in power. During the whole, or nearly the whole, of that period, the principle of popular representation may be said to have remained in abeyance, so completely was it overlaid by that system of management which enabled the government to gain a majority and to keep it together by open and direct bribery of the members. Votes were openly trafficked for in the House of Commons, the price of them varying according to the ministerial necessity and the importance of the question. At Walpole's parliamentary dinners it was a common thing for each guest to find a 500*l.* note folded up in his napkin. To support this infamous profusion, copious drains were made on the public purse. For the ten years previous to his ministry—that is, from 1707 to 1717—the secret-service money amounted to 337,960*l.*, while in his last ten years it amounted to 1,453,400*l.* This fourfold increase is the more remarkable as Sir Robert prided himself on his pacific policy. Nor is it likely that in distributing this plunder Sir Robert forgot himself. A Norfolk gentleman, with an inherited estate of not 2000*l.* per annum, lived in a style of regal magnificence, and during his tenure of office expended a quarter of a million sterling in the purchase of lands, on buildings, and on pictures. The reluctance of the Legislature to inquire into his practices on his fall is far less a proof of his innocence than of the general enormity of the system by which he governed. Of the application of the secret-service money no account could be gained; there were too many members of both Houses deeply implicated in his criminality to render a fair inquiry practicable.

After the Septennial Bill it became the great business of Walpole and his successors to carefully pack the House of Commons, and it was a common phrase that a minister carried his majority about with him, and could transfer it to whomsoever he pleased. The great Lord Hardwicke, in a letter to Pitt on the death of Mr. Pelham, frankly states that the principal object which he endeavoured to fix on the attention of the King was 'to secure a good House of Commons on the plan Mr. Pelham had left unfinished, and thus to preserve and cement the Whig party.' The 'pocket list' of the one brother went over to the other, who thus acquired the mastery, not only over his colleagues but over the King. So potent was this pocket list, that at a later date we find Mr. Pitt expressly stating that 'he borrowed the Duke of Newcastle's majority to carry on the public business.' The



'management' of the Commons became a regular and, next to the interior management of the Whig Magnates, by far the most important branch of ministerial duty.

Nor was this direct and flagrant bribery the only abuse of Walpole's system. His Chancellor, with all his merits, was not over scrupulous in political matters; but when his chief went so far as to delay the appointment of a judge that he might more conveniently perpetrate some job he had in view, Yorke earnestly remonstrated, advised the vacant place to be immediately filled up, and pleaded in a constitutional manner against tampering with the justice of the country.

Less hesitation was felt in turning Church preferment to good account. Archbishop Herring was not a bad specimen of Whig prelacy. George II. was naturally humane; and it has puzzled writers to reconcile his aversion to bloodshed with the numerous executions which followed the rising of '45. The explanation may be found in the course which Divines like Herring thought it consistent with their Christian profession to adopt. When the King's intention of pardoning Cromartie was announced, this worthy metropolitan was in an agony of alarm. 'The reprieve of a noble Earl,' he writes to the Chancellor, 'gives prodigious uneasiness;' and he exerts all his powers of persuasion to keep the axe in full play. 'Here,' he writes from York, 'are great and general apprehensions expressed that the King's mercy may give spirit to his enemies, and dishearten his true friends.'—*Harris's Hard.*, ii. 269.

At a later period we find this consistent Whig expressing alarm lest the youthful Princes should be tainted by their preceptors with the Jacobite principle of Bolingbroke, that 'a King of England is a King of his people, not a King of Whigs and Tories.' It is true he admits that this principle in itself is unobjectionable; but then, he dolefully adds, that, if made the vehicle of Jacobitism, it must tend to overturn a government which began and can only be supported on Whig principles.—*Ib.* ii. 473.

Unfortunately, England was not wide enough for the profusion of Walpole. The Irish establishment groaned under his jobs, and that resistance to our rule which subsequently broke forth may be traced to the vile abuses of the system he founded. Our transatlantic possessions fared still worse. General Huske, writing towards the close of George II.'s reign, notes with sorrow that—

'Most of the places in the gift of the Crown have been filled with broken members of parliament, of bad, if any principles, pimps, valets-de-chambre, electioneering scoundrels, and even livery servants.

In one word, America has been for many years made the hospital of Great Britain for her decayed courtiers, and abandoned worn-out dependants. I can point you out a Chief Justice of a province appointed from home for publicly prostituting his honour and conscience at an election. A livery servant that is secretary of a province. A pimp, collector of a whole province, who got this place of a man in power, for prostituting his handsome wife to his embraces. Innumerable are the instances of this sort in places of great trust.'—*Phillimore's Lyt.*, 604.

We cannot wonder to find him winding up his complaint by dwelling on the 'weak and wicked management of our colonies, and of the weakening the authority and superintendency of the mother country.'

George II. had sense to perceive the tyranny of his ministers, but had not force to resist it. Whenever it was necessary to humble him, and make him feel himself the cipher that he was, the Chancellor Yorke was deputed to wait on him and read him a lesson of humility. The great lawyer was admirably fitted for the mission. His high office, his dignified manner, his serene temper, and his authoritative and commanding eloquence, inspired the King with greater respect than he felt for any other of his counsellors. There is preserved in Yorke's own hand an account of one of these conferences held with the King in 1745, its object being to remonstrate with him for not supporting his servants with sufficient warmth—for not wearing his bonds, that is, as if he enjoyed their restraint. This remonstrance, judging from the recorded dialogue, appears to have taken the King by surprise.

*King.* I have done all you asked of me. *I have put all power into your hands.*

*Chancellor.* *This disposition of places is not enough, if your Majesty takes pains to show the world that you disapprove of your own work.*

*King.* My work! I was forced—I was threatened.

*Chancellor.* I am sorry to hear your Majesty use those words. I know of no force—I know of no threats. . . .

*King.* Yes, I was told that I should be opposed.

*Chancellor.* Never by me, sir, nor by any of my friends. . . . Your ministers, sir, are only your instruments of government.

*King. (smiles.) Ministers are the King in this country.'*

The extent of the influence of 'the great Whig families' at that time may be seen by a glance at the constitution of the Cabinet. Of the fourteen persons who composed it eight were of ducal rank—Newcastle, Argyll, Bedford, Devonshire, Grafton, Richmond,

Richmond, Montague, and Dorset. Mr Pelham, the brother of Newcastle, was the only commoner in this Cabinet. Its other members were Lords Harrington, Sandwich, and Gower—all born in the purple—with the Earl of Bath (who had no office), and Hardwicke himself, the one man risen from the people. Can it be doubted that, under this system, our government was degenerating into an oligarchy of the worst kind?

The first acts of the King were decisive of his intention not only to reign but to govern. In the draft of the royal speech for the opening of Parliament he inserted, in his own hand, those memorable words, 'I glory in the name of Briton,' which afterwards excited so great a clamour. There was nothing in the paragraph for any faithful servant of the Crown to object to, but it roused the jealousy of Newcastle. For his sovereign to think for himself seemed to him most revolutionary and dangerous. 'This method of proceeding can't last,' he wrote to Hardwicke, 'though we must now, I suppose, submit.' It is probable that from this hour the Duke worked hard in the cause of faction. His enmity to Bute was returned with interest. The Earl wrote to George Grenville of Newcastle, as a 'crazy old man,' and, particularizing the conduct which rendered him odious, dwelt on 'his pusillanimity in the closet, foreign system, foreign ideas, sole access, power of calling people rascals and Jacobites'—(*Gren. P.*, i. 396)—traits sufficiently characteristic of the veteran Whig.

The first serious business for the Cabinet was the question of peace. It has generally been supposed that Bute was at this time for peace on any terms, and that he was opposed by Pitt. The Grenville Papers do not bear out that view. Mr. Jenkinson, then private secretary to Bute, writing to George Grenville (July 14, 1761), says—

'Lord Bute has written a very fine letter to the Duke of Bedford, and has declared in it that he will not consent to a peace which shall leave to the French any, even *civil possession*, on the shores of Newfoundland.'—*Gren. P.*, i. 375.

The letter here referred to is printed in the Bedford Correspondence (iii. 29). Bute very decidedly objects to granting the French any station in Newfoundland; as he says it would 'soon grow into another Louisbourg, and be the loadstone to attract all our French subjects in Canada.'—Later (July 28) Jenkinson writes—'Mr. Pitt thinks that the peace is made, but Lord Bute is of a very different opinion.' And again (Aug. 6), 'The Duke of Newcastle has already been with Lord Bute to beg that we may  
not

not lose sight of peace ; ' and, take my word for it, that Mr Pitt is almost as unwilling, though he is too wise to show it. If on this occasion we act firmly and reject these proposals, it will be owing to Lord Bute.'—So in the end it turned out. Bute was 'heartily for a peace ;' but 'a peace such as the bulk of the nation have a right to expect from such a triumphant war.' (*Bedford Cor.* iii. 33.) And he carried his policy against Newcastle and Bedford.

The British Plenipotentiary was recalled from Paris ; and at the same time Pitt and Temple, who had received intelligence of the Family Compact between France and Spain, laid before the King a proposal in writing for declaring war on the latter power. After long debates in the Cabinet, all the Ministers, save its authors, decided against it, and the brothers resigned.—This proposal seems to have originated with Temple. The paper in his hand has been found among the Stowe MSS., and the project bears the stamp of his imperious temper. It is likely that he was already tired of Lord Bute's ascendancy in the Cabinet ; and eager either to expel 'the Favourite' from the King's councils, or to head the opposition against him.

The character of Temple was made up of singular contradictions. Most amiable in his private life, he was most factious in his political career ; ambitious of distinction, he was indifferent to office, and would almost contemptuously reject the power which, to judge by his conduct, he eagerly coveted ; aristocratic in all his tastes, he loved the shout of the rabble ; and though scrupulously careful of his honour, he mixed himself up in the dirty politics of the city, and in the disgraceful brawls of Wilkes. But in his nature there was no taint of the perfidy which alloyed the higher genius of Chatham. He never licked the hand of a minister one day to bite at it the next ; nor did he grovel at the feet of his sovereign, and make professions of life-long devotion, while in his heart meditating the bitterest attacks on his policy and even his person.

His name is rarely mentioned in connexion with the glories of Pitt's ministry ; yet it is probable that to him a share of them is fairly due. To the masterly disposition of the navy, during the five months he was at the head of the Admiralty, must be in part attributed the great successes of the war. Under the timid and feeble rule of Newcastle our ships were crowded round our coast to guard it from invasion. With Temple's appointment there came a total change of system. Our ships were despatched in squadrons to different parts of the globe, and preparation made for those great victories which were soon after achieved.

But

But not even office could abate the propensity to faction, or soothe the pride, of this impracticable man. His conduct to George II. was so haughty, that the blood of Brunswick was at last roused, and he declared he would rather resign his Crown than submit to it. From his resignation in 1761 to the death of his brother Grenville in 1769, Temple was the soul of the Opposition : never more dangerous, not to the Court only but to the Throne, than during those eight years. The popular triumphs of that period are due mainly to him. While Pitt, Rockingham, the Yorkes, and the other leaders of opposition, prudently stood aloof, fearing to compromise themselves by any encouragement of Wilkes, Temple took him by the hand, and provided funds not only for his private expenditure, but for all those costly law proceedings in which he was engaged. In reality, it was he who procured the decision against General Warrants.

At the same time that he supported Wilkes he strongly remonstrated against the scurrility of the North Briton and against 'attacking at once the whole nation of Scotland by wholesale and retail, in so very invidious a manner' (*Gren. P.*, i. 457);—moreover, 'the sooner this scene of indiscriminate and excessive *personality* is closed the better.'

He was undoubtedly very violent in his resentments, yet that arose not from any native malignity, but from the warmth of his temper, and was balanced by the zeal of his friendships. In early life he had assisted Pitt by his influence, and had freely opened his purse to him. His liberality was boundless. When Pitt was dismissed from his post of Paymaster, Temple in the most delicate manner, and as the greatest obligation that could be conferred upon himself, entreated his sister Lady Hester, then the wife of Pitt, to accept a thousand a-year till better times (*Gren. Papers*, i. 149). When his brother, James Grenville, followed the example of Pitt and himself in 1761, and resigned his office of cofferer, Temple charged his estate with a bond of 5000*l.*, to be paid to his two sons at his death, and in the mean time settled on them annuities of 100*l.* a-year each (*ib.* i. 408). The numerous applications of Wilkes for pecuniary assistance were always liberally met. In June, 1763, he is asked for 'a last sum of 400*l.* or 500*l.*,' and in the October following for a loan of 500*l.* more. He instantly sends a promissory note for the latter sum, as he 'had not sixpence at his banker's.' He entertained a passionate affection for his brother George, and, though he had grounds of resentment against him, he could not bring himself to oppose his ministry. With Grenville's death his interest in political affairs almost subsided; no persuasion could afterwards induce

induce him to take part against the general principles of his brother's policy.

In private life he seems to have been easy and unaffected. His correspondence with his wife, though scarcely fit for publication, shows the playfulness of good temper. She is his 'little woman,' and he is her 'dear long man.' But for his inveterate prejudices against the power, if not the form, of monarchy, he might have played a much more considerable part in political history. Less honest men of his party had the art to decently veil their jealousy of the throne; but he scorned disguise, and he is now, as we see, contemptuously remembered, even by Whig writers, only for his skill in the 'most ignoble arts of faction.'

Newcastle hoped to rise on the fall of Pitt. He could not forgive the lofty contempt of the Great Commoner. His faith in the power of corruption was unabated. Never in his experience had the King been able to contend with his minister. Believing himself secure in his Parliamentary influence, he confidently demanded a subsidy of two millions for Prussia; the alternative was his resignation. The King took him at his word, and with him there tumbled down in confusion, like a house of cards, the system he had been so careful to sustain. The bishops were his; the judges were his; the majorities in both Houses were his; all the departments in the state were filled with his creatures. The young King would not allow the devotion which was due to the Crown to be paid to a subject. Some adherents of the Duke were dismissed, as an intelligible hint that his favour was no longer the road to preferment. The signal was understood; the great house in Lincoln's Inn Fields was deserted; and the parliamentary majorities quietly went over to the side of Lord Bute.

The consternation of his Grace was intense. Some actors excel in the delineation of ludicrous distress, and have the art of exciting opposite feelings so equally as to maintain a continual struggle between pity and merriment. The Duke's misery was of this kind; and, had he been a master of drollery, he could not with a face of more comic gravity have claimed sympathy for sufferings only calculated to excite derision. Sometimes he pretended to weep for his friends, sometimes for the dear Duchess, sometimes for the ingratitude of the human race; but the 'contemptible figure' he made himself is always in the foreground. 'Never was man,' he writes, 'who had it in his power to make, to choose, so great a part of the members of both Houses, so abandoned as I am at present.' He called on Lord Mansfield and the bench, he called on the bishops and the church, to rise in  
his

his behalf, and stop these villanies. But his great theme was the corruption which prevailed. He, the grossest jobber and corrupter of his day, affected astonishment at witnessing his adherents drop off when he was no longer in a condition to bribe and serve them. This was too much for the philosophy of Lord Hardwicke. He gravely reprov'd his Grace for the violence of his grief—reminding him with exemplary candour that one who had been so conversant with parties these fifty years should not affect surprise at finding that *interest* (*i. e.*, cash *in esse* or *in fore*) was the grand hinge on which the conduct of politicians turned.—*Life of Hard.* iii. 326.

The first ministry of the reign may be considered as ending with the retirement of Newcastle. Lord Bute succeeded to the Treasury, deeming the government of a kingdom an easier task than he found it. Pompous but prudent, he had little taste for the fierce warfare of public life. He was proud of his credit with the King, yet fearful of the consequences. Equally vain and timid, the opposition of those qualities gives us the key to all his inconsistency. He resigned power to secure his safety, and he desired the reputation of it to gratify his pride. Hence his flirtations with parties, when he had no longer any real influence. It is probable that the King felt for him at one time, as he afterwards did for North, the affection of a friend. But timidity was a fault he was not likely to forgive, and his regard once forfeited was lost for ever.

Newcastle first fell sick under his troubles; and then, to divert his grief, got up an active opposition to the Government. Elements of hostility were not wanting. When Lord Hardwicke was solicited to join Bute's ministry, he declined on the ground that 'the great Whig lords with whom and their families he had acted for forty years were now displaced;'—as if the forty years' prescription had given to these great Whig lords and their families an indefeasible right to the government of the country for ever. These men were not of a character to bear their exclusion patiently. They were accustomed to consider the honours and emoluments of office as part of their patrimony;—they resented the idea of the personal independence of their sovereign as an injury to themselves, and as a violation of the compact which had seated the House of Hanover on the throne. As a party they have never been remarkable for the moderation of either their language or their measures. Their great minister, fearing that the death of George II. and the accession of Prince Frederick would result in a loss of his power, concocted a scheme for changing the succession, and bringing in the Pretender on  
Whig

Whig principles. To do them justice, they have never, when in opposition, wanted courage to menace the throne, nor art to cajole the people. The mob has always been a favourite weapon in their hands. 'What a cunning man might do with these mobs!' said the first Lord Holland, when the weavers attacked the house of the Duke of Bedford in Bloomsbury. Lord Royston, when the mob gathered round Wilkes, shrewdly asks Dr. Birch whether 'it was thought that any art of management was used to bring down such great crowds to Westminster Hall?' (*Rock.* i. 148), and relates a current saying of Wilkes, that, though the opposition would not admit him to their dinners, they encouraged him to blow the coals. Lord Bute seemed a fit object to excite popular hatred, and the storm was first directed against him. Countess Temple gleefully relates to her lord a good story of the mob, and anticipates that 'a great flame will rise soon.' If we read the first Lord Hardwicke's language correctly, even he, the discreetest partisan of his time, looked for some violent explosion of vulgar animosity against the Northern Earl, as an aid to opposition:—

'The unpopularity of the Scotchman,' he writes September 9, 1762, 'could not in form be taken up till it broke out and was exemplified in material instances of conduct, which were not yet ripened.' — *Life* iii. 12.

The tumults at the Exchange, and the burning a *jack-boot* and *petticoat*, must have hugely delighted politicians of this order, though the violence did not, in extent and consequences, correspond to their hopes.

The treaty of peace was the sole work of Bute's ministry. It was violently assailed, and to Fox was intrusted the task of carrying it through the Commons, in opposition to Pitt. Well versed in Whig tactics, he buckled heartily to the work. The King, besides disliking him personally, had the strongest objection to the system on which he acted, but it was too deeply rooted to be overthrown in a day. Grenville has preserved in his Diary a conversation he had with the King on this subject. 'He must employ bad men, he said, to govern bad men; but he repeatedly said it was but for a time—the expedient of the moment only.' We have direct evidence that the King decidedly set his face against bribery as an engine of government. When writing to Lord North on the impolicy of securing the alliance of Sweden by a considerable subsidy, he gives his reasons against incurring the expense:—

'As there is no public mode of obtaining the money expended in that corruption, it must be taken from my civil list, and consequently  
' new



new debts incurred; and when, I apply to Parliament for them, an odium is cast upon me, as if the money had been expended in bribing Parliament.'—*Mahon* v., App.<sup>a</sup> xlii.

In fact, though the King might be forced, from the necessity of his situation, to the old Whig mode of securing majorities, he soon succeeded in establishing a purer system. Lord Mahon notices the decline of venality at general elections as the reign advanced (vi. 27), while the vile plan of purchasing majorities on particular occasions fell altogether into desuetude.

Bute had declared he would retire when the peace was made, and he kept his word. It is one of Lord Albemarle's errors that his motives for resignation still remain a mystery. The mystery has long since been cleared up by the publication of some of his letters. He dreaded the storm which was howling about him. 'I am afraid,' he wrote to one of his friends, 'not only of falling myself, but of involving my royal master in my ruin.'

Grenville was the third Premier of the reign. On the retirement of his relatives he saw a prospect of advantage to himself, and eagerly seized it. He adhered to Bute, received the Secretary's Seals, and some weeks before the Earl resigned was taken into his confidence and recommended as his successor. The King regarded him favourably; he was alert and punctual. He had great experience in public affairs—and was of unexceptionable character. He loved labour. After attending a debate in the Commons till morning, he would write out a lengthened account of it for the King before he thought of repose. Practical people had faith in him; the Commons, though not liking the man, respected his ministerial reputation. They laughed both with and at Charles Townshend; they prostrated themselves before Chatham; but they put on a considerate air and puzzled brows when Grenville rose to explain his savings, and to insist on the wonderful virtue of economy. Of the loftier qualities of statesmanship he had not one. His nature was essentially calculating. He made a calculating marriage. He calculated his income, his gains, his prospects; what he might lose if he broke with his family, what he was sure to get if he held with the Court. He brought into the highest offices of the State the spirit of the countinghouse, and inflicted on his country the consequences which almost invariably attend that unluckiest of combinations. He could not be persuaded to sanction the expenditure of a few hundred pounds for the establishment of a horse-patrol, though daring robberies and murders were of nightly occurrence in the purlieus of the town; and to grasp a petty revenue from America he laid the foundation of that quarrel which resulted in the most disastrous

disastrous war England has ever known, in an addition to her debt of seventy or eighty millions sterling, and in the loss, after all, of her most important colonies.

Not often has a man filled so high a station, of whom so little to his credit can be told. He was cold but implacable—not often fired to resentment—never warmed to generosity. To impulse—sometimes the inspiration, and sometimes the weakness of great minds—he was a stranger. To his brother Temple his conduct was singularly mean, though he had the art to disguise it. When he accepted the Treasury he owed his re-election for Aylesbury to Temple's forbearance; yet he laboured with his colleagues to fix on him some signal mark of royal displeasure for presuming to visit Wilkes in the Tower. 'We have carried the point we talked of yesterday,' writes Lord Egremont to Grenville, 'nobody is to be forbid the Court'—and over the word nobody in the original MS. is written in Grenville's hand 'Lord Temple.' (*Gren. P.* ii. 52.) As his hold of office became insecure he sought a reconciliation with his brother; Temple was always ready to forgive and forget, and from the moment of their re-union thought only of Grenville's interest.

Following the example of Walpole and Pelham, Grenville took both the Treasury and Exchequer. From this point the Stowe Papers give most full and explicit information on all public transactions; and it heightens their interest and value, that, while Grenville was at the head of the ministry and in constant communication with the King, Temple was the most active leader of Opposition, and deep in all their schemes and hopes.

The arbitrary temper of Grenville at once led him into that contest with Wilkes which a more prudent statesman would have shunned, or a more dexterous have conducted far differently. The ministry, feeble from the first, was greatly weakened by the success of the popular champion, and by the increasing compactness of the opposition. The reins of authority began to get relaxed. The riots of the populace increased in audacity. A criminal was all but rescued from the hands of justice, and his execution suspended until night. The King had a wise dread of mob violence—and saw how it was encouraged by the weakness at headquarters;—he thought it 'time a remedy should be found for those evils; if he suffered force to be put upon him by opposition, the mob would try to govern him next.' (*Gren. P.* ii. 193.) Grenville could see nothing of this—and while the ground, to every eye but his own, was crumbling beneath his feet, he learnt with surprise from the King that it was absolutely necessary the ministry should be strengthened. He remonstrated at the idea of change;  
but

but Lord Egremont died suddenly, and some new arrangements became inevitable. Bedford, summoned to the King's closet, advised that Pitt should be sent for.

Of the two interviews of Pitt with the King we have circumstantial accounts transmitted to us—though at secondhand—by both parties. Lord Hardwicke derived his information from Pitt—Mr. Grenville from the King. Lord Mahon very judiciously gives his reasons for preferring the latter account on those points wherein the two differ. The King's memory was remarkable retentive; and in the following passages, reported by him to Grenville, we can recognize, not Pitt's ideas only, but his very words:—

'Mr. Pitt told him [the King] that he was a poor infirm man, declining in years as well as in health, unable to go through a constant parliamentary attendance; that such little strength as he could bring to his Majesty was derived from the good opinion of his friends, and of such people as attributed "part of the former successes to his poor endeavours; but that, if his Majesty thought fit to make use of such a little knife, he must not blunt the edge; that he and his friends could never come into Government but as a party.' &c.—*Gren. P.*, ii. 198.

He proposed that the peace should be ameliorated, and that there should be a total change in all ministerial offices. The 'great Whig families' were to be gratified. To keep the boat afloat it was fit to break this Government, which was not founded on true Revolutionary Principles. The King occasionally interrupted him to say that his honour must be consulted; but when, after a three hours' interview, he desired time for reflection, and told Mr. Pitt he would see him again on Monday, the Great Commoner retired under an illusion—which (like Parson Adams's after the lecture on *Æschylus*) must have been produced by his own eloquence—that the arrangement would take effect;—and he accordingly despatched summonses to his friends to attend him.

Need we say that the King could never for a moment have entertained the idea of yielding to these terms? Had he done so, is it not clear that his personal independence would have been lost—that he would have been even more insignificant than his grandfather? Surely it is absurd to "suppose that the influence of Lord Bute was required to persuade him to reject such terms. When Monday came, the King calmly heard what Pitt had further to propose, and then dismissed him saying, 'My honour is concerned, and I must support it.'

Grenville was strengthened by the accession of the Bedfords—and to this government, as the best which could be formed, the King gave his confidence—till they forfeited all title to it. From  
this

this date to the close of 1764, when the second volume ends, the Papers bear ample testimony to the good faith of the King and the cordiality with which he supported Grenville against not only the attacks of opposition, but the intrigues of his own colleagues.

Grenville tells in his Diary that the King spoke to him with an openness and confidence with which he spoke to no other of his servants (ii. 217); that his Majesty talked to him with great ease and kindness (ii. 239); that he was full of the same gracious expressions which he had so often used to him (498); that he was pleased with the conduct and success of his affairs (505); that he received him with the greatest good humour, and talked with the greatest openness to him (514). That minister certainly had every reason to be satisfied with the King. He hardly made a single request which was not cheerfully granted. When, on the death of Lord Macclesfield, the reversion of the Teller's place was open to his eldest son, 'the King was happy to give him that mark of his favour;' and when he asked the grant of a lighthouse as a provision for his younger children, the 'King was graciously pleased to grant it with expressions of great kindness to Mr. Grenville' (512). We see the man in the manner of this application. He feared that 'his younger children, from various circumstances relating to the unhappy state of his family, might be left in difficulties.' Temple had no issue, and could settle the estates as he pleased; Grenville was next in succession; and he doubtless wished the King to understand that his children might be cut off from their inheritance through the devotion of their father to the will of the sovereign. Temple, we dare venture to say, never harboured a thought of such injury to the line of his own family.

Yet the minister, who expected so much for himself, was churlish to his sovereign. When Bute resigned the Privy Purse, and the King proposed to confer it on Sir William Breton, whom he had known from childhood, Grenville strongly remonstrated against the appointment, and begged he might have the disposal of it. Sir William was obnoxious, he said, as the friend of Lord Bute. The King exclaimed warmly, 'Good God! Mr. Grenville, am I to be suspected after all I have done?' 'Not by me, Sir,' replied Grenville; 'but such is the language and suspicion of the world.' Lord Mahon notices his ungracious refusal to ask Parliament for a grant to purchase some ground overlooking the gardens of Buckingham House. Though the civil list was not equal to the royal expenditure—moderate as the monarch was—Grenville insisted that the increased income which His Majesty proposed for his brothers should be eked out of it.

The principal measure of Grenville's administration was the Stamp Act. It does not appear that this scheme, so momentous

in its consequences, ever came directly before the King. From a curious note of the editor, we learn that it originated with one Mr. Henry M'Culloch, residing at Turnham Green. He not only sketched out proposals for imposing a stamp duty on vellum and paper in America, but drew up a bill embodying them. The example should be a warning to all Chancellors of the Exchequer on the danger of credulously listening to the ingenious theories of amateur financiers.

Grenville, raised to the height of his most ambitious hopes, had every reason to be satisfied with his position. But one fear continually tormented his mind. In his Diary he has recorded every rumour, whether born of calumny or badinage, which represented Lord Bute as still exercising influence over the royal mind. Beckford, the city friend of Pitt, had bought an estate near Luton, and had dined with Bute; thence arose suspicions of a new alliance between *the favourite* and the *great commoner*. On one occasion, when Grenville alluded to the former negotiation with Pitt set afoot by Bute, the King said frankly, 'Let us not look back, let us only look forward; nothing of that sort shall happen again.' Grenville could not profit by this wise counsel. Somebody had told Bedford that the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire had boasted they could come into office whenever they pleased, with Lord Bute in their hands; and down goes this idle gossip in Grenville's Diary as matter of serious import. The last entry for 1764 reveals his uneasiness:—

'Mr. Grenville feels the effects of some inferior persons who get about his Majesty, and seemingly indispose him to his principal servants.'

We shall wait with curiosity the publication of his account of those circumstances which led to his dismissal. But the leading facts are well known. Bedford had great ascendancy over Grenville. The fate of the ministry was in his hands; without him and his 'connexion' it must inevitably fall. He was an uncompromising Whig in his assertion of ministerial power over kingly prerogative. He took a leading part in excluding the name of the Princess Dowager from the Regency Bill. The progress of this shameful intrigue is related with great clearness by Lord Mahon, and he exposes with happy pleasantry the absurd position of Bedford—that the mother of the King was not one of the royal family. The Commons inserted the name of the Princess Dowager when the bill came before them; and the King, whose consent to the exclusion had been extorted under pretence that it would be insisted on by the legislature, was cruelly wounded when he discovered the deception which had been practised on him.

To get rid of a ministry now justly odious to him, he had  
recourse

recourse to his uncle the Duke of Cumberland. They had not hitherto been on very good terms. The Duke conceived that he had been slighted on the Regency question, and highly applauded the conduct of Bedford in excluding the Princess Dowager. But he honourably undertook the mission intrusted to him;—and fortunately he has left a full and circumstantial account of the negotiation in which he bore part. His narrative is published for the first time in the Rockingham Memoirs. For the reasons we have stated, it is not likely to be unduly favourable to the King.

At the commencement the Duke frankly stated to Lord Northumberland, who came to him on the King's part, that—

‘he was fully sensible of the déboires and indignities which these gentlemen in power insulted his Majesty with each day, instead of applying themselves to the good of the public in general, or to restoring to his Majesty the affections of his people.’—*Rock.* i. 188.

He sketched out a ministry to include the principal Whig families, with Lord Northumberland at the head of the Treasury, Pitt as one of the Secretaries, and Temple as President or Privy Seal. The difficulty was to obtain the consent of ‘the brothers’ to this arrangement. Their conditions were so hard, that the Duke had to abandon his mission in despair.

In the mean time the safety of the town was threatened by the weavers’ riots; and, though the Duke of Bedford was particularly obnoxious to the workmen from favouring the introduction of foreign silks, the ministerial party thought the occasion favourable for distressing the King. It was well known that he purposed to give the command of the troops to his uncle. Halifax, on the contrary, pressed for the appointment of Granby. He wrote—

‘Lord Granby is a very popular man, and might save the lives of these deluded wretches, which may be exposed and sacrificed by another commander, equally well-intentioned, but less a favourite with the people.’—*Ib.* i. 208.

The reply of the King was characterised by his usual decision. He ordered the regiment at Chatham to be advanced, and immediately wrote thus to his uncle:—

‘I must desire you to take the command to-morrow morning as Captain-General. I should think Lord Albemarle very proper to put your orders in execution. I have sent this by one who has my orders not to deliver it to any one but yourself, and to bring an immediate answer, and also your opinion where and how soon we can meet; for if any disturbance arises in the night, I should think the hour proposed for to-morrow too late.’—*Ib.* 209.

The promptitude of the King saved the blood which in all pro-

bability would have been shed by the appointment of the 'popular commander' of the Ministry. The Bristol riots have taught us that for a favourite of the mob to head troops is not the surest mode of quelling tumult.

The Duke of Bedford took the most prominent part in calling the King to account for the ministerial negotiation a-foot. He indecently charged the King with breaking his word; and as if that were not enough, communicated his violence to Mr. Rigby, that it might be spread over the town. Deeming themselves secure in the strength of their connexion, the ministers arbitrarily insisted on five concessions as the condition of their remaining—the chief of them being that the King should hold no intercourse of any kind with Lord Bute, and that his Lordship's brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, should be dismissed from the Privy Seal in Scotland. In vain the King pleaded that he had passed his royal word that Mackenzie's appointment should be for life. Grenville was inexorable. 'I will not throw my kingdom into confusion,' said George III.: 'you force me to break my word, and must be responsible for the consequences.' For some days after the King, in great indignation, kept himself secluded; he complained to his servants of the force put upon him; and the next Sunday it was remarked that he declined to take the Sacrament—no doubt from the continued agitation of his mind. This humiliation was not thought enough. Other conditions were demanded, and the King again called on his uncle for aid. A new application was made to Pitt and Temple. The Duke says that Pitt actually accepted. He declared that he would not displace the King's friends, and that Mr. Mackenzie should be restored to his office. But Temple positively refused to come in on such terms.

Again the Bedford party was in an ecstasy of delight. The Duke, in a letter to Grenville, acting probably on the hint of Mr. Rigby, proposed an alliance with Pitt and Temple, and, to guard against the 'folly and iniquity of Lord Bute,' and 'the weakness' of the King, to insist on the total exclusion of Lord Bute from the royal counsels and presence for ever, 'and a total removal of his friends from employments either about the King's person or elsewhere.' The King was spared the indignity of receiving these new conditions. His uncle thought his own honour engaged to free the throne from the audacious violence which threatened it; and, to the infinite mortification of Grenville and of the Bedfords, he succeeded in forming the Rockingham ministry.

Grenville, in resigning the seals, could not forbear an unusual trespass on the royal patience. We learn, on the authority of Lord Sandwich, that he had a very long audience, and that, as if he

he had been addressing a public assembly, 'he asked his Majesty several times what complaint he had against him?'—Before he withdrew, he gave the King to understand pretty plainly that he meant to lose no opportunity of exposing the misconduct of the new ministry—and this before the ministry had been formed. The King took a resolution never more to admit him to his councils, and two years later we find Grenville speaking of his exclusion as finally determined on. Lord Albemarle says that 'the Bedford administration experienced no better treatment than its predecessors;—but he overlooks the statement of his grandfather to the Duke of Cumberland, surely worth something, that 'the King's ministers had taken such possession of the closet, that they scarcely acted with decency to their master' (i. 193).

Standers-by soon formed an opinion adverse to the stability of the Rockingham administration. It was certainly wanting in parliamentary influence and official character. But the most fatal objection to it, in general opinion, was the absence of Pitt. So great was his ascendancy at this time, that it was thought no administration could be lasting which did not include his name. 'The whole must necessarily centre,' wrote Chesterfield, 'before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co.'

Rockingham himself had few merits to inspire confidence in his name. He had a good estate, and he was a stanch Whig, and here ended his qualifications for Premiership. He could rarely be prevailed on to speak, except when some direct attack excited his indignation. 'I am glad,' wrote the King to him on one occasion, 'that opposition has forced you to hear again your own voice.' He had previously filled no higher post than a Lordship of the Bedchamber, and then the King thought he had no one about him of less mark or likelihood. His proper patronymic was *Watson*, but he was descended in the female line from the great Wentworth, whose head the Puritans brought to the block, and that higher name had been assumed together with much property. The father of the Marquis began life as a plain country gentleman, but, perceiving which way the wind blew, he attached himself to Walpole, and received an ample share of the patronage which that illustrious Whig so liberally showered on his adherents.

'In the course of nineteen years Mr. Wentworth became a Knight of the Bath, member for the West Riding of York, Lord-lieutenant of the same county, Baron Haith, Viscount Higham, Earl of Malton, Baron Rockingham, Marquis of Rockingham. So rapidly had some of these honours descended upon him, that Sir Robert Walpole said jokingly, soon after his being created an Earl, "I suppose we shall soon see our friend Malton in opposition, for he has had no promotion in the peerage for the last fortnight." '—*Ib.* i. 137.



*Friend Malton's* son, educated in the principles of his father, was so zealous for them, that he ran away from home in '45 to join the royal camp. He made common cause with the great Whig families by resigning his Bedchamber appointment during the ministry of Lord Bute. In an interview with the King he somewhat presumptuously said that 'he saw with concern that those persons who had hitherto *deservedly had the greatest weight* in this country were now driven out of any share in the government.' The King replied calmly that he did not desire any person should continue in his service any longer than it was agreeable to him. It is doubtful whether the Marquis ever forgave the serenity with which his resignation was received.

Parliament met earlier than usual, owing to the disturbances which the reception of the Stamp Act caused in America. The King clearly discerned the importance of the intelligence, and wrote thus to Conway—

'I am more and more grieved at the accounts of America. Where this spirit will end is not to be said. It is undoubtedly the most serious matter that ever came before Parliament; it requires more deliberation, candour, and temper than I fear it will meet with.'—*Ib.* i. 256.

His fears were justified by the event. The 'small factions' of the day only considered how they could best turn those disturbances to their own advantage, and Pitt—in this instance far less principled than Temple—exerted all the force of his eloquence to foment the disaffection, that it might aid his own return to power.

Much is said here, in Lord Albemarle's usual loose and reckless style, of the insincerity of the King upon the American question. Thus he asserts (i. 250),—

'*The King would fain have brought the refractory colonists to obedience by measures of coercion*, but the Rockingham administration, desirous of restoring the loyalty of the Americans by the removal of the cause of their disaffection, early announced their intention to stand or fall by the repeal of the obnoxious law.'

Some pages further on (301), are printed three papers in the King's hand, obtained by Lord Rockingham as explicit declarations of his Majesty's opinion on this point. When the choice lay between enforcing the Stamp Act and the repeal of it, '*the King was clear that repeal was preferable to enforcing*,' but he adds that he should have preferred *modification* to either. So far from these papers showing 'the treacherous conduct of the King,' as Lord Albemarle holds, they prove his perfect consistency and good faith.

Of all the courses open to the ministry that which they chose was perhaps the worst. The authority of Parliament is too important

portant to be sacrificed to partial clamour or party views. In losing stability it loses strength; and plainly its enactments can possess little force if they are represented as mere temporary provisions which may be repealed the next session or by the next ministry. In this instance the concession rather encouraged the Americans to further resistance than disarmed their hostility. The sting of the Act was left behind. The Rockinghams decided on its repeal, but with a distinct declaration of the legislative right of taxing the colonists. In every point of view this was unwise. Nothing can be more unstatesmanlike than to maintain an abstract right, for purposes of irritation, when all substantial benefits to be derived from its exercise are given up. Had the idea of the King been acted on, and the Act been maintained, but with such modifications as would have removed all reasonable objection to it, the result would probably have been less disastrous and certainly less dishonourable. But beyond this expression of his opinion the King made no attempt to control the deliberations of his Cabinet. When their decision was made known to him he seems to have felt himself bound by it, and he exerted his influence to give it effect. He congratulated Rockingham on the first division in the Commons:—

‘The great majority must be reckoned a very favourable appearance for the repeal of the Stamp Act in that House.’—i. 276.

And to Conway he writes—

‘Nothing can in my eyes be more advantageous than the debate in the House of Commons this day. I shall not fail, when I see you this day, to ask you for a list of speakers, that I may more fully hear the colour of the language of those that spoke; it will give some kind of rule to judge of their future conduct this session.’—i. 277.

This was the King’s language from first to last. In obedience to his wishes several of those persons commonly included among his friends, who had voted for the Stamp Act on its first introduction by Grenville, now supported its repeal. The Lord Steward was amongst the number:—

‘Talbot,’ writes the King, ‘is as right as I can desire—strong for our declaring our right, but willing to repeal—and has handsomely offered to attend the House daily, and answer the very indecent conduct of those who oppose with so little manners or candour.’—i. 277.

Others were less complying: they chose to hold opinions of their own, and to conceive that the repeal of an Act so recently passed, merely because it was angrily opposed, would be derogatory not only to the King’s honour, but to the dignity of Parliament. Lord Rockingham was highly offended at their presumption, and, urged on by Newcastle, pressed the King to take extreme measures against them; but he should, as Lord

Mahon

Mahon observes, have been the last to prefer a complaint against them, as he—

‘had suffered Lord Barrington to become Secretary-at-War, with the express understanding that he might oppose the course recommended by the Government on such questions as the Stamp Act and General Warrants.’—*Mahon*, v. 216.

There was another reason for the reluctance of the King. No act of the late Ministry had excited so much clamour as the dismissal of Conway, and more especially from the side of the Rockinghams. It had given the Opposition, in the words of one of its leaders, ‘a good meal’s meat.’ In all the late ministerial negotiations the restoration to offices of the persons dismissed had been prominently and offensively pressed on the King. Conway was now Secretary and leader of the Commons. The King had dismissed him only for systematic opposition. Was he now to discharge persons for whom he felt a personal regard, on account of a single vote? He made the most open declaration of his wishes—going in this respect quite as far as a constitutional monarch should. Newcastle, while clamouring for examples, said for himself and others, that ‘they had not the least doubt of his Majesty’s inclinations;’ and when Rockingham stated that he would stand or fall by the American question, the King wrote in answer, ‘Your resolution will certainly direct my language to the Chancellor’ (i. 297). The majorities by which the Stamp Act was repealed must have been influenced by the known sentiments of the King. What more could have been reasonably expected or desired?

Of the violent lengths to which these Whigs, who so loudly denounced any exercise of the King’s prerogative when *out* of power, would have abused the King’s authority when *in*, a single example will suffice. A Scotch election petition came before the House. The case, one would have thought, should have been tried upon its merits; not so thought the Ministry. With supreme indifference to the right on one side or the other, they adopted the cause of their man; and because some members of the household voted the other way, they made a formal grievance of it to the King. His answer to Conway shows the real spirit of their complaint:—

‘By what Lord Rockingham dropped to me, that both were *good men*, I did not know that Administration, as such, meant to be active on the occasion.’—i. 295.

Yet, because the King did not personally interest himself to secure a majority for the ministerial candidate on every election petition, Lord Albemarle avers that the King led the opposition to that Government.

Government. The greatest foe to the Government was, in truth, Lord Rockingham himself. Scarcely had he been installed in office when he became nervously anxious to secure the support of the Great Commoner. He laid his wishes before the King. His Majesty well understood the character of Pitt, and wrote an admirable reply:—

‘I have revolved most coolly and attentively the business now before me, and am of opinion that so loose a conversation as that of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Townshend is not sufficient to risk either my dignity or the continuance of my administration by a fresh treaty with that gentleman, for, if it should miscarry, all public opinion of this Ministry would be destroyed by such an attempt. I shall, therefore, undoubtedly to-morrow decline authorising the Duke of Grafton to say anything to Mr. Pitt, and don’t doubt that, when I set the example of steadiness, most of you will see the propriety of that conduct, and will follow it also.’—i. 266.

Later the King wrote,—

‘You have very properly put an end to the idea of writing to Mr. Pitt. I don’t doubt of success, but, if you in the least seem to hesitate, inferiors will fly off.’—i. 267.

Rockingham wanted spirit to follow this wise and manly advice. When Pitt came down to Parliament, it was to deliver his famous ‘no confidence’ speech. This should have taught Rockingham, if anything could, how vain must be any endeavour to enlist Pitt under *his* banner—but he was only the more anxious to secure his alliance, and conceived hopes of detaching him from his family connexion, on account of his disputes with Grenville. The King no longer opposed his wishes, but gave him some excellent counsel, and recommended him to persevere. ‘*A steady perseverance, unattended by heat,*’ wrote the King, ‘*will overturn all oppositions—even in Parliament.*’ It is curious to observe with what scorn Pitt treated all the sneaking overtures which the Marquis made to him through different channels. He wrote to Shelburne (February 24th, 1766):—

‘Lord Rockingham’s plan appears to me to be such as can never bring things to a satisfactory conclusion, his tone being that of a Minister, master of the Court and the public, making offers to men who are seekers of offices and candidates for ministry. . . . The King’s pleasure and gracious commands shall alone be a call to me. I am deaf to every other thing.’—*Chat. Cor.*, iii. 11, 12.

It must not be concluded that Rockingham exposed himself to all this mortification on public grounds alone. He desired to secure Pitt, that the King might be completely at the mercy of his cabinet. Lord Shelburne relates a long conversation which he had with the marquis, in which the latter disclosed his policy:—

‘If

‘If nothing previous was settled, it would give his Majesty such advantage that everything would be given up, without anything certain, and a convulsion might follow which might bring in the late ministry, or no one knew what ; while, if they went in united, and in good humour with each other, the King was so hampered by many things that had passed, that, without entering into any consideration of the interior of the court, he must certainly agree to it.’—*Ib.* iii. 9.

This, be it observed, was at the very time when the King was giving Rockingham signal marks of his confidence and support.—He is indignant at the opposition of Grenville and Bedford :—

‘From that quarter,’ he writes, ‘I have no doubt but that every art will be used to hamper administration during every debate ; but that is so poor a conduct that it must turn against its own author.’—*Rock.* i. 259.

And again to Conway :—

‘I thank you for your attention in sending me the account of the very ungentlemanlike conduct of Mr. Grenville on this day ; for others of the opposition undoubtedly act in the House of Commons by his advice. I hope people will be on their guard to-morrow, if he should try to give some pain.’—*Ib.*

It is impossible to read these papers without feeling how infinitely superior was the King, not in wisdom and abilities only, but in honesty, to the people who surrounded him.

Though Lord Bute had retired from political life, Rockingham and his colleagues were devoured by secret jealousy of his influence. And the strangest part of their conduct was, that, while they insisted on his exclusion, they were urgent for the support of his friends. Thus their suspicions kept the King between two fires. If he desired for his government the support of the Bute connexion, there was an explosion of wrath against the *Favourite’s* reviving influence, and the King was charged with violation of his royal word. If he refrained from all interference, and suffered the Butists to take what part they pleased, he was denounced as disingenuous on system, and accused of undermining the ministry he pretended to support.

This folly meets with the entire approval of Lord Albemarle. All well-informed writers on the Whig side have long since repudiated the idea of a secret intelligence between the King and Lord Bute, but he still clings to it as an indispensable article of the orthodox creed. He is so thorough a partisan that, were he writing a life of Judge Hales, he would most likely avow his absolute belief in witchcraft. Lord Bute is his *loup-garou*. He laments over Bedford and Grenville as the victims of his malignant agency. They had insisted on his retirement from London ; to gratify them he remained for some months at Luton-Hoo, but at last he got  
weary

weary of his confinement, as well he might, and Lady Bute endeavoured to make interest with Bedford through Lord Gower, to get her lord's proscription removed. He had his daughters to settle in the world, and other affairs to arrange in town. Would his Grace amiably allow him to come to London?—Bedford was inflexible, and Grenville commended the temper of his answer.—(*Gren. Pap.* ii. 433-4.) At length—perhaps urged forward by her ladyship—for how were her girls to get husbands at Luton?—Bute went to town in defiance of the ministerial interdict, and, more, had the audacity to go publicly to court, and to appear in the House of Lords.—(*Rock.* i. 176.) Here is the whole of Lord Albemarle's case against the Court. We make no appeal to him—it would be in vain. But we ask any reader of ordinary candour whether it is not monstrous that an indictment for treachery and falsehood should be laid against the King, on the ground that one of his nobles refused to be cut off—not from the privileges of his rank and station merely, but from the freedom which is the right of the meanest subject—because his presence at court or in town might displease a jealous minister? •

It is not possible for evidence to be clearer on any historical point, than that Bute had no intelligence with the King after Lord Rockingham took office. We have Lord Bute's own 'solemn word of honour,' given in 1778, that from the date when the Duke of Cumberland was called in he never saw his Majesty but openly at court, and never presumed to speak to him one syllable on any political matter. We have the King's word to the same effect, and a mass of corroborative testimony sufficient to bring conviction to any mind not hermetically sealed by inveterate prejudice.

Of the depth of baseness into which their jealousy betrayed the Rockinghams we were ignorant until we read these volumes. Incredible as it may seem, these ministers, sworn to serve their King with fidelity, actually bribed some of his personal attendants to watch his movements, to report every arrival and departure at his palace, and to furnish an exact detail of everything that occurred. A report from one of these spies is printed at page 369 of the first volume. 'It is,' says Lord Albemarle, 'apparently in the handwriting of an uneducated person'—and it is evident that he must have been in the service of the King, from such expressions as this:—'I went afterwards into the closet, to ask when Monsieur Durand [the French ambassador] might have an audience.' If this detestable treachery has any parallel, we must confess to ignorance of it. In giving this spy's report, Lord Albemarle does *not* express disapproval of the practice, but adds almost immediately afterwards Burke's character  
of

of the administration:—‘They treated their Sovereign with decency—with reverence!’ We sincerely hope that Burke was ignorant of the infamous acts of his superiors.

As the King had foreseen, the ministry lost all credit by their applications to Pitt, and his scornful rejection of them. Thenceforth politicians of every shade regarded the advent of Pitt as inevitable. Grafton and Conway threw up their offices, the former openly declaring in the Lords that the Government wanted authority, dignity, and extension. Newcastle had anticipated these resignations, and had truly described what the effect of them would be:—

‘If the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway should resign their offices, I do not know how you will be able to fill them. The strength of the administration will be much lessened by the loss of those two very able and material men in both houses, and the weight of opposition so much increased by Mr. Pitt setting himself at the head of it, that I really do not know how you will be able to go on.’—*Rock.* i. 265.

The Marquis was further weakened by divisions in his cabinet, which broke out in Parliament. Even at the eleventh hour the King endeavoured to save the ministers from themselves. The second Lord Hardwicke (though his mind was warped by the prejudices of his party) relates how earnestly the King pressed him to join the cabinet, and how greatly he deplored its divisions. ‘I could not help,’ he relates, ‘heartily pitying his situation and that of the public.’ (i. 333.) In their extremity the Duke of Richmond, who had joined the ministry on the retirement of Grafton, was for ‘offering handsomely to take in several of Lord Bute’s friends’ (i. 350), while Rockingham was for trying ‘to get the Bedfords without the Grenvilles.’ (i. 349.) Their schemes were cut short by the Chancellor’s expressing his contempt for them, and carrying his resignation to the King.

As every one had foreseen, Pitt was sent for. The Duke of Richmond announced the event to Rockingham, but begged him to keep it secret; ‘for,’ he said, ‘if it is known, and that Mr. Conway’s sentiments get among our friends, it will be a race among them who shall go to Mr. Pitt first.’ This sentence sufficiently shows how untenable the position of the ministry had become. Lord Rockingham would have better consulted his character had he resigned earlier.

He had not, even at last, the grace to fall with dignity. No sooner was his successor appointed than he entered into a discreditable negotiation with the Bedfords, Grenville, and Temple, to form a party strong enough to force themselves on the King. Horace Walpole, hating the King as he did, was yet provoked by

by the pretension of the marquis, into asking whether 'every man should depend on King Rockingham, and nobody on King George?' \*

We are the less concerned to vindicate the character of the King from Lord Albemarle's aspersions, as the papers he prints—and particularly the noble high-principled letters of the monarch—tell their own story. The factious blindness which can misunderstand or misrepresent them is to be pitied, not reasoned with. When we are assured that the earnestness of Lord Rockingham was all for his country, and the earnestness of the King all for his prerogative; that the one was all honesty, the other all insincerity; that the King sought to govern a kingdom as an attorney manages an election; that the King was at the head of the unscrupulous opposition to the ministry; that he was disingenuous on system—and so on—we smile at the folly which defeats its end by such glaring perversion, and turn from it as we should from a caricature in which malignant intention is defeated by inability to draw with the slightest resemblance to nature.

Chatham, though he took the office of Privy Seal only, may be considered the fifth Premier of the reign. Freed from his connexion with Temple, he was not indisposed to consult his sovereign's honourable personal feelings. Mr. Mackenzie was restored. This was an important point, as indicating that the King was no longer in utter subjection to his Cabinet. He could now breathe more freely. That revolution in the Government which he had projected when he ascended the throne was already advancing towards success.

To Chatham the King gave his confidence from the instant he summoned him to his councils, as he had at first done to Grenville and Rockingham. With what sincerity he fulfilled and even anticipated his wishes—with what earnestness he supported him with the whole weight of his influence—with what patience he bore with his infirmities—with what kindness he considered his health, and endeavoured to avert the inconvenience of his long retirement—all this is well known since the publication of the Chatham Correspondence. Never did a monarch so gracious meet with so graceless a return. With all honour for Chatham's genius, it is impossible to regard his conduct from this date without feeling that it was opposed to every principle of honour and duty that should animate a public man.

We notice but one incident of his Ministry, and that as it bears on the personal character of the King. It has been a

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\* Lord Albemarle says that Walpole was in practice a 'thorough-going King's friend!' He takes care, however, to avail himself liberally of Walpole's libels on the Sovereign.



favourite assertion with Whig writers that America was lost through the obstinacy of George III. We might reply to this, that the King seldom attempted to control the general policy or measures of his Government. He was jealous of his executive power, as that fell legitimately within his kingly province; but he left to his Ministers the part which constitutionally belonged to them, of originating and carrying forward all legislative business. We have now before us his correspondence with Grenville, with Rockingham, with Chatham, and with North—all written in entire confidence and unrestrained freedom. We find him paying the minutest attention to the disposal of offices, both civil and military—to the maintenance of order and the repression of tumult—to the ascendancy of the law, so that ‘no man should act against it’—to negotiations with foreign states—to the movement of troops—to the proceedings in Parliament, so far as they affected the stability of Government; but we do *not* find—and this is remarkable in a person of his energetic and decided character—that he attempted to control the discretion of his Ministers, by dictating to them any line of policy. He left to them the responsibility of their acts and the management of the Legislature, confining himself to the exercise of his duties as chief magistrate of the State. We do not know any single statute of his reign, with the exception of those which immediately concerned his person and family, which can justly be ascribed to his suggestion or influence.

This would be a sufficient reply to those who persist in attributing to him the legislative faults or misfortunes of his reign, but in this instance we have a more particular answer to return. Chatham was not the choice of the King but of the country. He came into office without conditions. It is notorious that the King gave him *carte blanche*; that he was less minister than dictator. He was free to choose his colleagues as he pleased, and no nomination was more emphatically his own than that of Charles Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Townshend, we know, was unwilling to exchange the Paymaster’s place he had filled in the late Ministry with 7000*l.* a-year, for the post offered to him with 2700*l.* He hesitated, refused, repented, and finally accepted. He was a favourite with the Commons—and on that ground, at least, was as fit a person as could be selected to lead them. But the choice on Chatham’s part was made without the slightest regard to principle. Townshend had favoured the Stamp Act: he was opposed to its repeal; he declared openly that his opinions were unchanged, and within six months of his accepting office under Chatham he applauded the principle of the Stamp Act in the House, and threw out no  
obscure

obscure hints that he intended to follow out its policy. At the commencement of 1767 his intention to impose port charges on America was well known. Lord Shelburne informed Chatham (Feb. 1, 1767)—

‘that Mr. Townshend has a plan for establishing a Board of Customs in America, and by a new regulation of the tea duty here, and some other alterations, to produce a revenue on imports there.’—*Chat. Cor.*, iii. 185.

At this time Chatham was as well as usual, and in full possession of his faculties; but the announcement called forth from him only some ambiguous bombast: ‘When the proposal shall be before the House, the ways to ulterior and final proceedings upon this transcendent object will open themselves naturally and obviously enough.’—Some months later both Grafton and Shelburne earnestly remonstrated with Chatham against Townshend’s continuance in office. They spoke of his intention to resign unless he was allowed to lay a tax on the American ports, and said his conduct was such as no Cabinet could submit to. Even the King distinctly suggested the expediency of his dismissal. But he was Chatham’s minister, and no one could act if Chatham did not. A word from him would have been sufficient, but that word was never spoken. As against his colleagues Townshend was strong in the support of the Commons. When Conway was appealed to by Grafton, he acknowledged that the House indicated, in a very decided manner, its resolve of obtaining a revenue of some sort from the colonies. (*Mahon*, v. App. xviii.) The Cabinet, in Chatham’s absence, had not strength to withstand him, and the darling of the Commons carried his acts ‘without opposition,’ says Lord Mahon, ‘and almost without remark.’

That the House, which had so recently repealed the Stamp Act, should now take an almost directly contrary course, is no doubt strange. It was influenced mainly, we believe, by the sophistry of Franklin. When examined at the bar of the Commons, he drew a specious distinction between internal and external taxation:—

‘An excise,’ he said, ‘the Americans think you have no right to levy within their country. But the sea is yours; you maintain by your fleets the safety of navigation in it, and keep it clear of pirates. You may, therefore, have a natural and equitable right to some toll or duty on merchandise carried through that part of your dominions, towards defraying the expense you are at in ships to maintain the safety of that carriage.’

It is marvellous that this flimsy reasoning should have had the slightest weight with a practical body. The real objection of the colonists was not to the mode of taxation but to the substance  
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of it. They had resolved to contribute nothing to the Imperial Exchequer, and they must secretly have scoffed at the distinction attempted to be drawn between excise and import duties.

There was another reason which indisposed the House to treat America with tenderness. The repeal of the Stamp Act had not produced its anticipated effect in quieting the colonists. They had received it merely as a concession to their own strength. It rather encouraged than disarmed their hostility. The Assembly of New York set aside the Mutiny Act; and generally so much factious opposition was manifested by the Americans to the Imperial Legislature, that their best friends could say little in their behalf. Chatham himself was extremely indignant at their conduct. He writes to Shelburne (Feb. 3, 1767)—

‘America affords a gloomy prospect. A spirit of infatuation has taken possession of New York; their disobedience to the Mutiny Act will justly create a great ferment here, open a fair field to the arraigners of America, and leave no room to any to say a word in their defence. I foresee confusion will ensue. The petition of the merchants of New York is most improper; in point of time most absurd; in the extent of their pretensions most excessive; and in the reasoning most grossly fallacious and offensive.—I foresee that, determined not to listen to their *real* friends, a little more frenzy and a little more time will put them into the hands of their enemies.’

With such elements of discord at work there was little probability of any cordial reconciliation. Some months subsequently, Sir George Savile, one of the best and wisest of the Rockingham party, frankly expressed his opinion, ‘that these same colonists are above our hands,’ and that ‘Grenville’s Act only brought on a crisis twenty or possibly fifty years sooner than was necessary.’—*Rock.* ii. 76.

It was when the contest had commenced that the efforts of Opposition to encourage the colonists told with such fatal effect against the measures of Government. The name of Chatham, when he again appeared in public, was truly a tower of strength. The declarations of Ministry were borne down by the weight of his eloquence. He was still regarded as the master of the Government, and as sure to succeed to it at no distant date. The Americans had reason to raise statues to him. Not only did he champion their cause, but he recalled his son from the British ranks as a protest against our arms. With Chatham and his partisans to animate the colonists by exclaiming against the tyranny which would oppress them, the contest could have but one result. In emphatic phrase the King styled Chatham ‘a trumpet of sedition.’ The epithet will assuredly cling to his name as long as any title he ever acquired to public honour.

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Through him America was doubly lost. He stands answerable for the rashness of Townshend, which provoked the colonists to arms, and for the encouragement given to their resistance in this country. The main cause of the rebellion, he was also the chief promoter of its success. When the sword was once drawn, the continuance of the war was approved not only by great majorities in both Houses of Parliament but by the general voice of the country. Had the King been ever so well disposed to concede the independence which America demanded, he would have found no ministry to carry out his wishes while a chance remained of a more honourable termination to the contest. Inconsistent to the last, Chatham died in opposing the only terms of arrangement which the acts of his ministry first, and of his opposition afterwards, had left practicable.

The direction of affairs had devolved on Grafton during that retirement of his chief which, after all that can be said in its defence or excuse, remains an indelible blot on his name. As Chatham had sufficient bodily strength and mental composure to see and converse with Grafton, he must have had strength to resign a post he felt himself incompetent to fill. The explanation of his conduct may perhaps be found in the words he used on a previous occasion—‘My plan continues fixed not to quit employments; merely quitting is annihilation.’ His heart indeed must have been dead within him when that noble appeal of the King to the glory he had achieved in war, and to the glories reserved for his government in peace—‘Such ends to be attained would almost awaken the great men of this country of former ages’—could call forth no better response than an alike false as slavish profession of Oriental homage.

Grafton’s premiership, the sixth in succession, was but brief. At the commencement of 1770, the Opposition was warmed by hopes of success. Never had it appeared more formidable. Chatham, reconciled to his kinsmen—Temple, Grenville, and Lyttelton—appeared on the first day of the Session to disown the ministry he had formed. He scoffed at the moderate counsels of Rockingham, spoke like one possessed by devils of ‘the treachery of the Court,’ declared that he had been duped and deceived, and that the influence behind the throne was more powerful than the throne itself, and prevented the formation of any independent ministry. The Duke of Grafton rightly attributed these words to ‘the effects of a distempered mind brooding over its own discontent;’ but that voice, however unworthily prompted, at once combined the scattered elements of opposition. The Chancellor, Camden, declared he could no longer sanction the measures of a ministry he distrusted; yet, refusing to resign  
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the seals, he threw on the King the odium of dismissing him for what seemed an expression of honest opinion;—a piece of treachery to all duty the suggestion of which came directly from Chatham! Granby yielded to the same influence, and, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of the King, quitted all his employments. Temple induced his friend Coventry to retire from the bedchamber; the Duke of Beaufort gave up his key; Charles Yorke, who had yielded to the commands of his Sovereign, and had accepted the seals, died to avoid the reproaches of his friends; Sir Percy Brett and Sir George Yonge threw up their places for ‘the honour of Lord Chatham and the quiet of their country;’ the City of London sent up remonstrances to the throne; and Beckford stood forth to rebuke the King for withstanding the popular demands. The Duke of Grafton, believing that in these desertions and this general commotion the knell of the Government was sounded, resigned. The numbers of Opposition in both Houses increased, and George Grenville, as an independent member, succeeded in carrying his bill for the trial of controverted elections, and thus seemed to snatch the business of legislation from the feeble hands of the ministry.

On Grafton’s retirement, Lord North, who had succeeded Townshend as Chancellor of the Exchequer, took the Treasury also. Though deficient in administrative power, he was admirably adapted to soothe the asperity of faction. Like the citizen rulers of troubled governments in olden time, he wore for defence a quilted doublet, instead of a shirt of mail. While threats of impeachment were thundering in his ears, he sank into a quiet doze, or answered the most violent invectives only by a sally of humour.

Throughout the spring of 1770 the fall of his government seemed inevitable. ‘The ministry live upon moments,’ wrote Temple; ‘heaven and earth are in motion.’ Chatham was to the full as confident. The ‘counterfeited firmness of the ministry’ he pronounced to be ‘real despair, convicted guilt, and conscious weakness and incapacity.’ ‘The alarm at Court,’ wrote Calcraft, ‘is beyond imagination. If our friends stand firm, they own all is over with them.’ And a few days later he said that the ministers were divided, and that the ‘greatest person required cordials.’ Junius shared in the exultation of his party. ‘For God’s sake let this appear to-morrow,’ he wrote to Woodfall—enclosing a letter of bitter comment on the King’s answer to the City remonstrance—‘Now is the crisis. I have no doubt we shall conquer them at last.’

This was the *experimentum crucis* of the King’s character. If he yielded now, his past struggles would have been in vain. Like  
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the Opposition he perceived the importance of the hour, and his masculine spirit defeated all the forces arrayed against him. Notwithstanding all the apparent heat and ferment, the temper of the country was changing—and that of the Legislature with it. The advances of trade and commerce, which brought more practical business before Parliament, indisposed it to the extreme violence of party warfare. Allusions to the Tarpeian rock and the axe became ridiculous. While the King set the example of respecting the law, people felt that their liberties could be in no real danger.

North, acting on the *laissez-faire* policy which best suited his temper, allayed the Wilkes ferment by abandoning the prosecution against him, and quieted the City by raising no new questions of privilege. Wilkes and Horne fell into disrepute when they turned their talents for libel against each other, and Guildhall, ashamed of them both, indicated its returning good sense by electing a ministerial alderman to the mayoralty.

Death sorely thinned the ranks of the Opposition at the moment of its highest pride. Beckford died of a fever brought on, as was supposed, by the agitation attendant on his memorable address to the King. Grenville, to the last the favourite of business men in the Commons, died while yet the fate of the ministry was trembling in the balance. Lord Granby expired nearly at the same time. Temple, deeply wounded by the death of his brother, partially retired from public life, and was reproached by Chatham with his 'no plan' of action. Rockingham irritated the great Earl by still counselling moderation, and by refusing to co-operate in his factious and revengeful warfare. Politicians of all ranks began to understand that the King's closet was not to be forced; and those who were most impatient for place, and least accessible to shame, hastened to make the best terms they could for themselves by unconditional submission. Wedderburn, 'The wary,' who had raised himself into importance as a popular champion, gave the signal by accepting the post of Solicitor-General. The Duke of Grafton, convinced of the fallacy of his apprehensions, sought and obtained office as Privy Seal; and Suffolk, one of the chiefs of the Grenville party, became Secretary of State.

In the political as in the natural world, a period of violent agitation is usually followed by a state of profound repose. The strength of 'the great Whig families' had been much impaired by the changes of the last ten years; the most powerful 'connexion'—that of the Bedfords—had been purchased; and the defeat of the Opposition in their last attempt to storm the Cabinet, and the absence of any great question to stir the public mind, contributed to produce, as Lord Mahon has justly observed, a calm in

the political atmosphere, which not even the momentous events of the American war could greatly disturb.

‘Then,’ he says, ‘it was that Burke wrote to one of his friends, “After the violent ferment in the nation, as remarkable a deadness and rapidity had succeeded.” Then it was that Junius in despair flung down his pen.’—v. 454.

Here, then, the fixed design of the King, kept steadily in sight from the hour he mounted the throne, to dissolve that ‘evil called connexion,’ was achieved. Thenceforth new principles were introduced into the conduct of Government; and public men, to use the expression of Lord John Russell, began to move in ‘a larger and purer atmosphere.’ The Walpolean system of management was at an end. Political motives changed, and legislators no longer looked into their dinner-napkins for directions as to their votes.

The price which the Government was required to pay ‘connexions’ for their support may be seen even in the days of their decline. When Grafton succeeded in enlisting the Bedfords, the Duke stipulated that Lord Gower (his father-in-law) should be President of the Council; that Lord Weymouth and Lord Sandwich (two of his adherents) should be, one Secretary of State, the other Postmaster-General; that Mr. Rigby (his creature) should be Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, with the promise of Paymaster; that the Duke of Marlborough (his son-in-law) should have a Garter; that Mr. Brand (one of his friends) should be made a Peer, ‘with some other less considerable places for others of the connexion.’ The statement is Lord John Russell’s own; and he adds, to show the Duke’s magnanimity, that ‘he would accept no place himself.’—(*Bed. Cor.* iii. 399 n).

The change wrought by the resolution of the King in these ten years was signal and lasting. The offices of government were no longer to be the patrimony of a few overgrown families, nor was the Exchequer again to be at the mercy of an unprincipled and rapacious minister. With juster ideas of public duty we find a gradual improvement in private conduct. The King was at first compelled to take for his ministers those men whom he found in the possession of official experience, but he soon gave it to be understood that he considered purity of life a recommendation for office. Grenville notes in his Diary—

‘The King sometimes observes to Mr. Grenville that there are not among his servants too many people of decent and orderly characters; that Lord Hertford is respectable in that light, and therefore not lightly to be cast aside.’—*Gren. Pap.* ii. 514.

To rightly appreciate the benefits conferred by George III. on the country, we must carry our view twenty years beyond the period

period we have surveyed. Had he been of the same character as his predecessor, and content to rule by the same means, what, with a political system utterly and foully corrupt, with public men chiefly intent on the plunder of the national exchequer, with the Throne and the Court setting an example of scandalous immorality, would have been the position of England when the revolutionary tempest of 1789 broke forth? Would the tactics of Walpole have saved us then?

To the firmness and virtue of the King are due that purification of our political system, and that higher standard of public and private morality, which so remarkably renovated the whole structure of English society soon after his accession to the throne. He not only made monarchy respected, but he rooted a love of it in the hearts of the people, by exhibiting it as the protector of public liberty and the guardian of social order. To him, under God, may we attribute our escape from that terrible trial which France had to encounter—a trial which is yet racking every fibre and nerve of her frame—and the preservation of that Constitution under which (though since damaged) it is still our happiness to live.

We leave it for our readers to consider the many points of our own present situation as to which important instruction may and should be drawn from the period embraced in this review. They cannot fail to see how many of the old difficulties and scandals have revived—after a long lapse of years—under new shapes; and, above all, they will be set on their guard against the resuscitated mischief of jobbing *connexions*—Lord John Russell's 'small factions'—the worst foes of the Monarchy and the Nation.

ART. X.—*Histoire de la Restauration*. Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes III. and IV. Paris, 1852.

THE eight or ten pages of our September number which we spared to a notice of the two first volumes of this work, will have apprized our readers how little was to be expected from its continuation. As literature, it is nothing—as history, worse than nothing—and we might content ourselves on this occasion with a general reference to our former judgment. And we should have done so, but that the new volumes exhibit a considerable aggravation of the most prominent defects of the former—affectation, verbosity, extravagant mistakes—almost incredible inaccuracies. The leading features of the writer's story may be believed—to wit—that Buonaparte escaped from Elba—made a



rapid march to Paris—fought the battle of Waterloo—made another still more rapid journey back to Paris and La Rochelle—and was finally, after having tried many schemes and shifts for escaping, conducted as a prisoner to St. Helena;—but in all the observations, assertions, explanations, conversations, anecdotes, and amplifications with which M. Lamartine fills up the interstices of these facts, we fairly confess that—except where we happen to know them already on better authority—we have neither trust nor faith.

It would be an idle waste of space and time to attempt to track all his apocrypha through their details. It is quite as much as the subject is worth to exhibit a few samples.

At the very outset we are met by one of those still unexplained cases which, after such a lapse of time, we might have hoped that an historian of M. Lamartine's opportunities might have the means and the *courage* to develop, and to his account of which we therefore looked with more than ordinary curiosity—the secret history of Buonaparte's return from Elba. No one, we suppose, gives any credit to his statement at St. Helena—that he undertook that enterprise on no other grounds than his own conviction of the unpopularity of the Bourbons, and the wishes of France for his restoration—and that he had, up to the moment of his landing, neither confederates nor accomplices. The only real question can be as to the extent of the conspiracy—the number, character, and identity of his accomplices—and, especially, how close to the person and how deep in the counsels of the betrayed King they had insinuated themselves. M. Lamartine, of course, does not literally adopt Buonaparte's impudent story that he had *no communication with France*; but he is inclined to mitigate the falsehood of that assertion by supposing that the communication was of a very trivial and dubious character; and, true to his general system of *taking off his hat* to every one towards whom or whose friends he has any prudential motives of reserve, he selects either some obscure agent or some notorious delinquent, whom he may safely make the scapegoat of whatever offences he finds himself under the necessity of admitting. So, after stating that, no doubt, the Princess Pauline, who had joined her brother in Elba, must have had communications with his partizans in France—as she certainly had with Murat, who was trembling for himself at Naples—M. Lamartine takes no further notice of the intrigues or intriguers of that higher order and influence, but discovers the pivot of this great revolution in an obscure *quidam*—a mere fly on the chariot-wheel:—

‘Napoleon awaited only a signal from Paris. He received it. M. Fleury de Chaboulon, *one of those young auditors of the Council of State,*

*State, whom he had been training up and moulding into the future instruments of his despotism, animated by the zeal which devoured in those days all the ambition of that impatient youth, arrived by night, and under a specious pretext, at Elba, and was immediately introduced to the Emperor. It is not known whether this emissary had received instructions from Savary, Lavalette, or Maret, or whether he derived them from his own zeal. However that may be, he opened himself fully to the Emperor, and the Emperor made him a half-confidence in return.*—vol. iii. p. 18.

This is substantially the whole of what our historian tells us, upon what we really think the most important, as it certainly is the most mysterious, point of the history of that period; and it happens unluckily that, either through the grossest ignorance or the most extravagant blunder which any *historian* ever made, there is not one syllable of truth in the whole statement, nor, of course, in all the consequences with which our practised rhetorician embroiders it.

We pause for a moment to notice, as a test of M. de Lamartine's sagacity and judgment, the vagueness and futility of his premises, were they ever so true. If it be *doubtful* that Fleury had any authority except from *his own zeal*, why is he designated as an *agent* and an *emissary*? If it be *not known* whether he had had any communications with *Savary, Lavalette, and Maret*, why are their names introduced—for what imaginable purpose, unless perhaps to take the place of others which it less suited M. de Lamartine's private views to bring into notice? We shall see more of this by and by; at present we must pursue his Fleury fable.

We cannot, indeed, deny that there was a person who latterly called himself Fleury de Chaboulon, nor that he was an *auditeur* of the Council of State; but that he was a person specially selected, trained, and modelled by Buonaparte for posts of confidence is a gratuitous invention of Lamartine's own, introduced to give weight and consequence to the rest of his romance.

This Fleury, so far from being in any place of close confidence or special favour, was one of nearly 200 *auditeurs* who happened to be scattered through the provinces in the subordinate offices of *sous-préfets*, and he was personally so undistinguished from the crowd that even the almanack-makers were not agreed as to his name. Sometimes he was Fleury Chaboulon (*Alm. Imp.* 1811); sometimes Chaboulon de Fleury (*Alm. Imp.* 1813). After the latter date he seems to have called himself *Fleury de Chaboulon*—under which name he published his *Memoirs*.

The circumstances of the *sous-préfecture* of Château-Salins—which he filled for the four or five last years of the Empire and  
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the best of his life—negative the probability of his having been in any favour or even communication with the Emperor. It is an obscure little town near the north-eastern frontier of France, above 200 miles from Paris, not having even the advantage of a daily post, nor half the inhabitants of some English towns which Lord John Russell would disfranchise as insignificant:—altogether a rather remote and humble position for a gentleman whom, as M. Lamartine would have us believe, Buonaparte had been specially training for the higher functions of government. But what cares M. Lamartine for such trifles? He wanted to make his emissary look respectable, and bedizened him in a suit of the imperial livery to which he had no pretence. From Château-Salins, Fleury was driven by the advance of the Allied Armies in 1814—but was immediately employed in the civil department of that army with which Buonaparte was manœuvring—so cleverly as a soldier and so unluckily as a statesman—in the plains of Champagne,—while the main body of the Allies took possession of Paris. In this short campaign Fleury, or as he then called himself Chaboulon, showed so much zeal and activity that Buonaparte took notice of him and appointed him to the temporary *Prefecture* of the city of Rheims, where, however, his proceedings appear to have been of so violent and unjustifiable a character, that, on the evacuation of the town, M. Chaboulon was forced to conceal himself ‘*pour échapper au supplice qui lui préparait l’ennemi.*’ During the Restoration he made a journey into Italy, from which he returned the very day that Buonaparte landed from Elba—and found himself opportunely at Lyons to present himself to the Emperor, and to be named as one of his secretaries. Such is the account given in an article of the *Biographie des Contemporains*, so absurdly panegyric that we have little doubt that it was furnished by M. Fleury’s own pen; as to the modesty and veracity of which, our readers may be satisfied by one of its assertions—that—‘so early did he take a part in public affairs’—he in his *thirteenth* year actually commanded a battalion (regiment in our phrase) of National Guards in the famous fight of the 13 Vendémiaire! The rest of the *Biographie* is so much in the same strain that the only particulars of its whole story to which we can venture to give any credit—and they are indeed all that concern our present purpose—are that he accompanied Buonaparte from Lyons to Paris, to Waterloo, and back again to Malmaison, but refused to accompany him in his exile, alleging for excuse *his filial piety to an aged mother*. He seems to have remained unmolested in France, where he wrote *Memoirs* of the period from his joining Buonaparte at Lyons

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to the second abdication. These he published in London, in two volumes, in 1819; and of them, as of M. Lamartine's own History, the broad facts may be true enough—but the details are so frequently and so grossly incorrect that Buonaparte himself thought it worth while to disclaim his over-zealous apologist—while, on the other hand, M. Lamartine chooses not only to adopt all that M. Fleury has said, but to attribute to him much that he never said, and that happens even to be the very opposite of what he did actually say. This brings us to the astonishing blunder or deception on which the foregoing extract from M. Lamartine's account of M. Fleury's mission to Elba appears to have been founded.

In the first volume of his *Memoirs* Fleury relates that an anonymous friend of his, whom he designates as 'M. Z.,' was the emissary who proceeded to Elba, to decide Buonaparte to the attempt on France. He was, says Fleury, a military officer, who arrived at Elba in a sailor's disguise, and who was afterwards killed at Waterloo—but it is added that, in the interval, he had written and confided to Fleury a *memoir* of his mission, to be published if the *Secrétaire du Cabinet* should happen to survive him. This *memoir* is evidently on the face of it a *conte bleu*. Fleury's anonymous (and, we doubt not, imaginary) missionary of course makes the most of what he says he told the Emperor—but it is all mere bavardage and commonplaces, about how much the Bourbons were detested and Napoleon regretted:—not a syllable of any substantial information or practical directions that could either encourage or guide the grand enterprise; and what M. Lamartine calls the *half-confidence* with which the Emperor dismissed the real hero, Fleury, is evidently a clumsy invention, which, if true, would have been no confidence at all, but, on the contrary, evident proof of his mistrust of the intruder, for it sent him back a roundabout way on a sleeveless errand, which prevented his return to France till the blow was struck. In short, the whole is a mere *fanfaronnade*, which, nevertheless, Fleury thought proper, in honour of his chivalrous friend killed at Waterloo, to insert *boldly* in his own *Memoirs*. But by some neglect or misunderstanding with his English printer, it bore no marks of quotation nor exhibited any typographical distinction from the ordinary current of the main narrative, and M. Lamartine, who probably *reads* history in the same *dégagée* fashion that he *writes* it, appears to have read, as he certainly has quoted, the adventures of the defunct M. Z. as an original and integral portion of Fleury's own narrative—and consequently represents *him*—Fleury—as in his own proper person the missionary to Elba.

Such is the miraculous blunder of which, on the face of the two publications, it would seem that M. Lamartine has been guilty;

guilty; but upon looking a little deeper, we are disposed to give him the benefit of another possible solution of this enigma. He may have thought Fleury de Chaboulon such a liar and *charlatan* as to have endeavoured to conceal a real voyage of his own to Elba under the *pseudonyme* of M. Z. killed at Waterloo; and we ourselves should not be at all surprised if, in spite of the solemn denegation of his book, Fleury's vanity might have induced him to countenance such a version—which, indeed, seems to be obscurely hinted at in the *Biographie* before mentioned; but if he ever did so, the knowledge of it has not reached us, nor can we see what motive of either policy or personal prudence could have prevented his originally attributing that mission to himself, as he did somewhat vain-gloriously all his other devotions to the cause of Buonaparte. If M. Lamartine meant to accept this new mystification as true history, he ought at least to have apprised us of the variance, and to have assigned some motive for adopting a version of the story directly contrary to the printed narrative of his authority.

But—even if Fleury himself had given this new colour to the affair, and claimed for himself the dignity of this mysterious mission—this would not justify M. Lamartine's adoption of it;—for it turns out curiously enough that amongst the books which reached Buonaparte at St. Helena were those same 'Memoirs,' upon which Buonaparte thought it worth while to make—in no hostile spirit—a few notes—correcting some, and denying others, of Fleury's statements about himself, and especially this whole story of M. Z.—whose visit to Elba, his *memoir*, his death at Waterloo, and all Fleury's assertions and commentaries about it, he pronounced to be, from beginning to end, an *absolute romance*! To this assertion, notwithstanding our general suspicion of Buonaparte's dictations at St. Helena, we give entire credit—because, in the first place, we do not see what possible motive he could have had in denying the fact of *that* visit (as he states that he received hundreds of similar ones), even if he had seen occasion to correct the details; but secondly, because, long before we ever read those dictations, we had arrived, as we think every reader of Fleury, except M. Lamartine, must have done, at the same conclusion.

M. Lamartine's studied caution not to give us any reference to his authorities induced us to follow the clue which the name of Fleury de Chaboulon afforded, and our readers will judge with what effect on his credit as an historian.

The next step of his narrative brings us to what was going on in the army quartered at Lille and the other northern fortresses, while another army was, as it seems, selected and distributed in the

the south so as to favour the invasion. The chiefs of this northern army, Lamartine says, had *some weeks* before the landing entered into a plot for the release and restoration of Buonaparte—but, finding this thwarted by a considerable division of opinion amongst their own body, the conspirators, they suddenly turned it into a project for throwing Buonaparte quite overboard, and for marching with their army direct upon Paris—there to expel Louis XVIII. and to place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne.

‘The principal leaders of this *Orleanist* conspiracy were Drouet d’Erlon, commander of the garrison of Lille and of that important military division; General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, colonel of the mounted chasseurs of the imperial guard; the two Generals Lallemands—all commanding corps disseminated from Paris to Lille. Foché—not only informed, but a silent accomplice of this conspiracy—could not but see that a military insurrection to which the popular and *sol-datesque* name of *Napoleon* should be wanting, and the object of which was only to substitute one Bourbon for another, would be a mere juggle, which—whatever politicians might think—the common sense of the people and the army would never understand. It was therefore agreed, that the Guard, the Line, and the population of the north and centre of France should be called into revolt *in the name of the Emperor*, and should march under that *nominal* banner to Paris, but that in the meanwhile the captive of Elba should be more closely guarded and watched than ever, and that, when the insurrection had dethroned and expelled the elder Bourbons, a revolutionary crown, *liberal and military*, should be placed on the head of the Duke of Orleans. This was the state of things, and the generals awaited but the signal from Paris to take the field, when the Emperor, who had discovered their intentions, and who feared that he might be cheated of the imperial throne—which he never for a moment lost sight of—resolved to anticipate this new rival, and accordingly *accelerated* his departure from the island of Elba.’—iii. 69.

This strange story is not all of M. Lamartine’s invention, but he has rendered it still more enigmatical by the addition of circumstances new to us. He found no doubt in the *Histoire de la Restauration par un Homme d’Etat* (Capefigue) that—

‘In the month of February, while the Government were grouping an army about Lyons and Grenoble, the two Lallemands, Drouet d’Erlon, and Lefebvre-Desnouettes were preparing a military movement in the North, of which the projected result was to get hold of the royal family, reserving for further consideration what ultimate arrangement of the Government should be then adopted.’—ii. 202.

He would also read in Lacratelle’s *History of the Restoration* a slight allusion to the same story—with the addition that *another name*—(other than Buonaparte’s)—was to be brought forward; which M. Lamartine, on the authority, it seems, of  
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some phrase in the dictations of St. Helena, has interpreted as meaning the Duke of Orleans. We know not, however, where either Capefigue or Lacratelle could have found any authority for this story, unless in some vague passages of that notorious imposition called the 'Mémoires de Fouché,' or some similar fabrication. We ourselves can discover no authentic trace of it—and believe that it is a fable got up to negative the idea of any conspiracy or even disposition in the army for Napoleon's return, and especially to persuade us that the insurrection in the North was not only not connected with that event, but absolutely hostile to him and his imperial pretensions.

Such a coincidence of movements with such a contrariety of purposes seems already sufficiently improbable; but M. Lamartine makes it still more so, for he states that Fouché, the head of this plot, hearing in Paris on the evening of the 5th of March of the landing of Buonaparte, dispatched instantly one of the Lallemands, who happened to be in Paris, to D'Erlon and the other Generals to urge them to take the field immediately and march upon Paris with all expedition—Fouché, however, concealing from his emissary and all the rest the actual landing at Cannes, and intending to obtain by this sudden movement military possession of the capital *before and against* Buonaparte. Lallemand arrived, says Lamartine, at Lille *that same night*, and Drouet immediately put his troops in motion, on a pretence that an insurrection had broken out in Paris and that the Minister of War had ordered up this army. Lallemand, pursuing his mission, set the corps of Lefebvre, of his brother and himself also, in motion. These advanced rapidly to Cambray, and thence pushed their light troops so near to Paris as Compiègne, but, being resisted by General Aboville and the garrison of *La Fère* in an attempt to seize that strong and important arsenal, the three Generals endeavoured to make their escape out of France—Lefebvre only succeeding. On the other wing of the movement, Marshal Mortier, who was proceeding from Paris to take the command of the northern departments for the King, happened to fall in with Drouet's army, and, seeing at once that there was some mischief intended, caused Drouet to be arrested by his own officers, and conducted a prisoner to the citadel of Lille; and the whole of the troops, who, it is said, had to that hour had no idea of the treasonable object of the movement, were marched back to their original quarters. Of these latter facts there can be no doubt; but that Fouché, with a knowledge of Buonaparte's debarkation, could have for a moment entertained so wild an idea as occupying Paris against both the King and the Usurper seems to us incredible—

credible—and not less so the other statement that the Northern Generals and the messenger, himself a General, should have been kept in ignorance of the landing at Cannes so long as to have time to commit themselves and their armies so deeply. We ourselves have little doubt that the whole movement was in concert with Buonaparte, and was interrupted by the unexpected resistance of La Fère, and the accidental interposition of Marshal Mortier.

But there is a circumstance which none of these historians allude to, and which throws something of additional mystery over the affair. There was a certain General Quesnel, known to be a strong republican, and who, it seems, was supposed to be intimately connected with Drouet, Lefebvre, the Lallemands, and whatever they had of accomplices in Paris—to be, in short, the central agent and, according to the French phrase, to hold in his hand all the threads of the great plot. Buonaparte arrived at the Tuileries on the 20th of March—and in the night between the 22nd and 23rd General Quesnel disappeared. He was soon after found drowned in the Seine in his usual dress, with his money, watch, rings, and shirt-pins still about him. His acquaintances asserted that there was no reason whatever for imputing to him an act of suicide—and the opinion which they seemed inclined to spread was that there really had been an *anti-Buonapartist* conspiracy, and that the parties who now found it expedient to affect devotion to the Emperor consulted their own safety by waylaying their fellow-conspirator as he was crossing the Pont des Arts late at night, and burying him and their secret at the bottom of the Seine; and this suspicion, it was added, was much confirmed by the utter indifference, or at least silence, with which the whole affair was treated both by the Government and the most confidential friends of Quesnel. For our own part, recollecting that this same Quesnel had been, when governor of Oporto in 1809, one of the officers most implicated in the conspiracy in the French army against Marshal Soult—(see *Wellington Despatches*, vol. iv. pp. 252, 288), we think it more probable that he might have some *personal* reasons for suicide than that his associates could imagine that the murder of a single man could erase all traces of so extensive a plot. But however that may be, we still find no justification for M. Lamartine's calling this an *Orleanist* plot. He dilutes a little indeed the odium of such an imputation by adding that it was '*à l'insu de ce Prince* :—but presently he goes so far as to say that—

'The Duke of Orleans, in his last interview with the King, had, *it is said*, revealed to his Majesty the culpable project which the military conspirators



conspirators of the North had entertained in his favour, and the propositions which had been made to him to induce him to countenance these intrigues at least by his silence'—iii. 72.

And on the next page, after relating the failure of Drouet's attempt, he adds—

'This conspiracy, thus arrested half way to Paris, made a great impression throughout France. It at first alarmed, and afterwards reassured the capital, but it remained an enigma for everybody. The King, who knew from the Duke of Orleans the real object, affected to be deceived, and to think it only a Buonapartist audacity.' &c. &c.—iii. 73.

This statement of the Duke of Orleans' perfect knowledge, and frank confession of the ultimate object of the conspiracy, would not be altogether consistent with the previous assertion that all this was *à l'insu de ce Prince*—but we have the best reasons for believing that there is no truth whatsoever in the story. It is well known that Louis Philippe kept an accurate journal of many, if not all, the principal epochs of his life, and we know that he did of this period, when he was particularly anxious to put all his communications with the King on record, and took extraordinary trouble to communicate the circumstances of their conversation and correspondence to all their common friends. He went so far as to print by a private press, in his villa at Twickenham,\* the portion of his journal that relates to this period, where he minutely details all his conversations with the King. This little work, though not published, was freely given by Louis Philippe to his private friends, and it has since the February Revolution been published in Paris. Now in all the correspondence and conversations with the King thus recorded by the Duke of Orleans, there is not only no trace whatsoever of any such confession as M. Lamartine attributes to him, but every word and line that he speaks and writes is positively irreconcilable with any such idea. And we may be quite sure that, as the communications were of an *aigre-doux*, and indeed rather polemic character, Louis Philippe would have taken care not to have given the King the advantage of complaining that there had been any misrepresentations or concealments on so very essential a point. We, therefore, can have no hesitation in totally discrediting this, the most important part of M. Lamartine's statement—and with that additional reason, we are confirmed in the disbelief of the whole story from beginning to end.

We can well understand that there should exist a natural and national repugnance in Frenchmen to acknowledge so infamous a

\* See Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxvii., p. 568.

system of treachery as, we believe, pervaded every movement, from first to last, of Buonaparte's invasion; and, we must admit, after what we have since seen of the weathercock and disgraceful subserviency of the whole country to the audacity of any handful of knaves who choose to make a revolution, that there seems no great necessity for a long and complicated conspiracy to bring about such an event: but the matter was not quite so easy before the Hundred Days, which constituted in truth the unhappy precedent and cause of all the extemporized revolutions that have followed—of Monsieur Lafitte's Revolution in 1830; of M. Lamartine's in 1848; of M. Louis Buonaparte's in 1851. These have been all generated by the corruption, the prostration, the prostitution of the public mind consequent on the experiment of 1815. It is with nations as with individuals—faith once broken, honour once sullied, and shame once braved, never can be retrieved—and the precedent of the 20th March, 1815, has been, as the present Buonaparte candidly confesses, the natural prologue and incentive of the 2nd December, 1851—with this difference, natural and inevitable, but still remarkable, that a breach once made in order and legality is widened by every new revolution that passes through it, and that, as we believe, if Napoleon had ventured to treat Paris in 1815 as Louis Buonaparte has treated it in 1851, the re-installed Emperor would have been exterminated in as many days as it may take months to get rid of his would-be successor. With these opinions, we arrive at the conclusion that the Hundred Days were the result of an extensive conspiracy; the July Revolution the work of a deliberate but narrow faction; that in 1848 of a mere mob, excited the day before by a dozen short-sighted place-hunters, who became its victims next morning; and that in 1851 of a single madman, of whose probable fate we have already sufficiently expressed our anticipation.

M. Lamartine—whose impartiality is of this convenient character that he admits whatever cannot be decently denied, but who endeavours to slip into all the interstices of admitted fact such a slice of deception as alters very essentially the truth of his narrative—M. Lamartine, as we have seen, allows that there was a conspiracy for the re-establishment of Napoleon; but he designates as the most important conspirators Queen Hortense, and half a dozen other ladies, and—dubiously withal—MM. Lavallette, Savary, and Mallet. Now, nobody doubts that all these persons were zealous partisans of Buonaparte, probably in the secret of his designs, and working by the various influences of their *salons* and circles for the subversion of the Bourbons. But if ever the whole truth shall be told, it will, we are satisfied, appear that it was neither men nor women of this class, and still

less such creatures as Fleury, who had the higher and more effectual direction of the master-strokes in treason and treachery which prompted the return of Buonaparte and ensured his success. These people were in no confidence, and could therefore betray no trust: they were suspected by the Government and watched by the police, and had therefore no power of active mischief. It was not *they* who could have managed that Elba should be left unwatched by the French marine; it was not *they* who gave the command of the large body of troops sagaciously *disseminated*, as M. Lamartine phrases it, from Paris to Lille, and along the northern frontier, to Drouet, Lefebvre, and the Lallemands; it was not *they* who had the power of assembling at Chambéry another army of 30,000 men, with an advanced guard thrown out, as if to wait on Buonaparte, at Grenoble, in which Labedoyère's regiment, and others notoriously infected with the same spirit, *happened* to be included. On this last point Lamartine admits that appearances were so strong as to create a general impression that the King's own Minister of War had made those arrangements in preparatory aid of the invader; but he adds, that

'the fidelity of the garrison of Antibes, the loyalty of Masséna, the *unforeseen* resistance to Buonaparte of General Marchand, and, finally, the fact that this army was assembled in consequence of a secret treaty at Vienna for the ultimate object of dethroning Murat, sufficiently cleared (*lavaient assez*) Marshal Soult of all culpability in this matter.'—iii. 66.

This is but a poor defence—M. Lamartine produces it evidently in the tone of one who does not himself give it much weight; and assuredly the fidelity of the little stationary garrison of Antibes, which formed no part of the army at Chambéry—the individual fidelity of Masséna, who had no connexion with that army—and the personal resistance of General Marchand—which M. Lamartine, strangely enough, confesses to have been *imprévue*—would go but a little in whitewashing King Louis's Minister-at-War. It is not for us strangers, and of course imperfectly acquainted with all the various details that may be produced on both sides of the question, to pronounce any decisive judgment on the possible share of Marshal Soult in the return of Buonaparte—though we are entitled to observe that the exculpatory statement of M. Lamartine seems not very conclusive. As to the assertion that the army of 30,000 men assembled in the South was intended to dethrone Murat, it is obvious that no minister could have ventured on such a concentration of troops without *some* pretext; and it seems possible that it may have been represented to Louis XVIII. as a measure of precaution against the turbulence and treachery of Murat, while, in truth, the

*arrière*

*arrière pensée* of the Minister-at-War might be co-operation with Buonaparte—for which latter purpose nothing could be better calculated than the location and composition of that force. But even this meagre defence M. Lamartine does not extend to the other circumstances of suspicion, and especially to the appointment of notoriously disaffected generals to the army of the North, which, even if Buonaparte had been checked in the South, was ready to make—and, as we believe, actually did make—an insurrectionary diversion in his favour.

As we are on this subject, we think it worth while to place on record some extracts from the order-book of the 28th regiment of Infantry, quartered at Lille and St. Omer's, picked up on the field of Waterloo, and now under our eyes, which seem to us to afford reason to suspect that the Minister of War contemplated some *unusual* military movements about the time when Napoléon's invasion did actually take place. We read in the work of Lacratelle already mentioned, and from which M. Lamartine has largely and silently borrowed, that the army was particularly offended at the discharge of the old soldiers, and that—

‘ this disaffection was so strong as to become ingratitude ; for even the prisoners who arrived from Russia—*those veterans who owed their deliverance from that cruel exile to the Bourbons*—still regretted their eagles and their Emperor.’—*Lacr.* ii. 202.

We need hardly stop to observe the absurdity of reproaching the Government with selecting the oldest soldiers for retirement ; if France was obliged to reduce her armies from the enormous scale at which, after all his disasters, Napoléon left them, how could it be more fairly and usefully accomplished than by releasing the seniors, and afterwards, when the regiments were complete, by not receiving as supernumeraries the veterans returned from captivity ? In short, was it not clear that policy, economy, and the efficiency of the army required that it should be as much as possible *rajeunie* ? This principle, so unreasonably complained of, seems to have been acted upon during the whole of the year 1814 ; but—about a month before the invasion of Buonaparte we find, in our Waterloo Order-book, the Minister of War taking a directly opposite course. The following *ordre du jour*, addressed to the General Commanding the 16th Division, is dated Paris, 31st Jan., 1815, and signed by Marshal Soult:—

‘ Général,—Vous m’avez demandé si, dans les régimens qui se trouvent portés *par suite de la rentrée des prisonniers de guerre* au delà du complet déterminé par les ordonnances du 12 Mai 1814, on pouvait continuer à envoyer en congé illimité les sous-officiers. Mes ordres précédents, qui suspendent la délivrance de *tout congé*, s’étendent à *toutes les hypothèses* ; et dans aucune les militaires, *quelques soient leurs*

*leurs grades, ne peuvent quitter le corps où ils se trouvent pour rentrer dans leurs foyers, tant que je n'aurai pas autorisé la délivrance des nouveaux congés de semestre.*

A second missive of the same date carries these precautions a step further, by directing that even men regularly surveyed and found *unfit for service* shall not be discharged till further orders:—

‘Général,—J’ai reçu la lettre que vous m’avez fait l’honneur de m’envoyer le 12 de ce mois, et qui contient des observations sur les militaires *reconnus hors d’état de service*. Messieurs les Inspecteurs généraux désignés pour l’année 1815 sont autorisés à statuer à leur égard et à régulariser ce qui a été fait d’après les premiers ordres. Il convient de *suspendre, jusqu’à leur arrivée, toutes les mesures ayant pour base de débarrasser les corps des hommes inutiles.*’

For what loyal purpose—at that moment of recent but apparently permanent peace—could such severe and exceptional orders for suspending the regular furloughs and burdening the regiments with invalids and supernumeraries have been given—with what design at all, except to keep at hand, and ready for some projected scheme, *toutes les vieilles moustaches de l’Empire*?

Again, under date of the 21st of February, we find:—

‘D’après des nouveaux ordres, Messieurs les officiers qui devaient partir *demain* pour se rendre au semestre sont prévenus que *toute disposition à cet égard est suspendue indéfiniment.*’

Here we have a sudden departure from the routine of service to prevent the absence of a single officer at a moment when there was no apparent reason for any such irregular strictness. About the same time another general order was issued to the garrison of St. Omer’s, which, coupled with the others we have quoted, seems to indicate the expectation of an early, sudden, and unusual call for the services of the troops. The alleged object of this order is the disposal of the garrison in the event of an accidental fire. It is singular that it should be so close upon the enterprise of Buonaparte that the chance of an accidental fire in the town of St. Omer came to be so very alarming—but still more so that the portion of the order which relates to a *fire* is very short, and that much the greater part of it seems to be rather directed to the assemblage and disposition of the troops in some other and more serious emergency. It is of too great length to be given *in extenso*, but we shall select a few passages:—

‘St. Omer.

ORDRE DE LA PLACE.

13 Fév. 1815.

*En cas d’incendie.*

‘Lorsqu’on entendra les cloches d’alarme annonçant un incendie, les troupes prendront les armes et se tiendront dans leurs quartiers respectifs prêts à exécuter les ordres qu’elles recevront. Messieurs les officiers auront soin de se rendre à leurs quartiers, *sans se permettre,*

ainsi que les sous-officiers et soldats, de se porter de leur personne sur le point de l'incendie'—

A wise precaution; because in the case really (as we suspect) contemplated there would be no fire to be seen;—but the Order then proceeds:—

'*En cas de Générale* [when the 'general' is beaten], les troupes du grand quartier d'infanterie se porteront promptement sur la Grande Place, se placeront vers les maisons au nord, et, s'il n'était pas possible qu'elles puissent toutes s'y développer, elles placeraient le surplus devant celles de l'orient. Messieurs les chefs feront faire l'appel, et enverront chercher les officiers qui ne se seraient pas encore rendus à leurs compagnies.'

The Order directs detachments of infantry to be sent to each of the four gates, and provides special instructions how the rest of the garrison shall be placed in different quarters of the town. It goes on:—

'Messieurs les commandants de la cavalerie enverront de suite un brigadier et trois cavaliers à chacune des quatre portes de la ville, pour entretenir la correspondance avec l'Etat Major de la Place, et donner avis de ce qui pourrait survenir.'

All this may have been usual and proper; and of course every garrison town must have standing-orders to meet certain or possible cases; but *here* our suspicions are excited by the critical date of the document—by the special position assigned to the various corps in particular streets and squares—which could only apply to the amount and disposition of the garrison *at that moment*; and, finally, by the somewhat lame conclusion, that this elaborate arrangement and display of troops should seem to have no more distinct purpose than to watch *ce qui pourrait survenir*. We have little doubt that the fire-bell was rung, and the *Générale* beat, on the arrival of General Lallemand with Fouché's message; and indeed these preparations seem to account for the incredibly short space of time within which the garrisons of the North were in full march on Paris.

We do not pretend to say that these entries in the regimental-order book may not be capable of an innocent interpretation; but they seem to us worth recording, as circumstances—*valeant quantum*—in a case which is in itself already so doubtful, that, when Buonaparte heard at St. Helena that Soult was about to be tried for his supposed co-operation in the invasion of 1815, he said

'that he, Napoleon, knew individually *how far* (*jusqu'à quel point*) Soult was innocent; and yet, if he, Napoleon, were a private man, and on his jury, there was no doubt whatsoever that he must pronounce him guilty—*so strong was the concurrence of appearances against him*.

Ney, in his defence, from some motive which it is hard to understand, had falsely attributed to the Emperor a declaration that Soult had been in concert (*d'accord*) with him. All the circumstances, indeed, of the conduct of Soult, and the confidence which the Emperor reposed in him on his return, *et cetera*, confirm that supposition. Who, then, would have hesitated to find him guilty?—And yet,' added the Emperor, '*Soult is innocent.*'—*Journal de Las Cases*, tom. i. p. 364.

Whether this acquittal on the part of Buonaparte—*motivé* on a phrase that seems to us either very awkward or very ambiguous—*qu'il savait jusqu'à quel point Soult était innocent*—how far Soult was innocent—whether this should satisfy public opinion, we shall not decide; but we may observe that if the statement of the three historians we have quoted be true, that the conspiracy in the North was entirely independent of Buonaparte, we might account for the St. Helena verdict of acquittal, *as far as he was concerned*. The evidence of our order-book, at least, applies only to the forces of Drouet d'Erlon and Lefebvre-Desnouettes. We wish we happened to possess the order-book of some regiment of the army of Grenoble.

The other events of the Hundred Days, which occupy the entire of these two volumes, are told in a style so confused and puzzling—with such unauthorised variations, such gross inconsistencies, such frequent self-contradictions—that the historian, it seems to us, can hardly have revised his own pages.

We have said that we will not waste time or space on the details of a work which we now consider as a mere specimen of bookmaking for hire. There are, however, one or two passages which tempt us to reproduce them. Our readers know that M. Lamartine is a native of Macon, and has been two or three times its representative. He seizes, therefore, the occasion of Buonaparte's having passed through that town, on his way to Paris in 1815, to give to its inhabitants a character of republican independence and dignity, in unison with M. Lamartine's own lately assumed republican character. Buonaparte, he says, arrived

'on the evening of March 14th at Macon, a town where he *hoped for an enthusiastical reception*—he was deceived. The spirit of republicanism, betrayed and persecuted by Napoleon, pervaded all classes who were not either nobles or emigrants. Between those royalists and those republicans there was no room for imperial enthusiasm. Plebeians, but not servile, Macon and its neighbourhood had openly rejoiced at the fall of the despot. Napoleon remembered it, and was *afraid of this proud and jealous people*. [He had told us just before that Napoleon had reckoned on an *enthusiastic reception*.] He was struck with the solitude and silence in which he was left by the population. A few groups of children brought together by a distribution of halfpence, men in rags, and infamous women, were hired to raise  
under

under his balcony the usual flattering cries, which found no echo in the town. He opened his windows, looked at the wretched assemblage below with disdain, sent for the mayor, and said, "Have you nothing to show me but that populace?" then passing from disdain to rage, he violently reproached the magistrate.' &c. &c.—iii. 100.

All this—at least all of it that is not self-contradiction—is, no doubt, very honourable to the high spirit of Macon and its inhabitants, and of course of M. Lamartine as their *representative*; but let us see how M. Lamartine's favourite authority, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who was an eye-witness of the scene, represents it in his *Memoirs*:—

'We slept at Macon. The Emperor would not alight at the Préfecture (for the prefect had retired), but alighted at the inn. There was no longer, as there had been at Grenoble and Lyons, any impediment or delay at the gates of the town. *The people and the magistrates ran forth to meet him, and disputed amongst themselves the honour of being the first to offer him their homage and devotion.* The next morning he received the *congratulations* of the National Guard, the municipal body,' &c. &c. &c.—*Fleury*, tom. i. p. 288.

Which of these stories is the true one we cannot venture to decide, and can only say that, notwithstanding his fable about M. Z., we incline rather to give credit to Fleury who witnessed the scene, than to the *representative* of Macon, who is too apt to give even to indifferent things the colour of his fancy.

About sixty chapters—making the greater part of the fourth volume—are taken up with the three days' campaign that ended in Waterloo. Nothing can be at once more trite and more stilted. He affects to follow every detail, as if in a *procès verbal*, and he endeavours by a profusion of apocryphal incidents, exaggerated epithets, empty excuses, laboured apologies, and pompous declamations, to prove that the French ought to have won the battle—and, but for a few circumstances not possible to be foreseen, must have done so. *If* Grouchy had done one thing, *if* Girard had done another, *if* Drouet had done anything, *if* Ney had not alternately done and undone the very contrary of what Napoleon expected, and *if* Napoleon had not blundered all the morning and hesitated all the evening, it would have been the most glorious of victories. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*—though we feel some little difficulty in guessing how or why all these great officers should have shown less of either skill or courage on that critical day than they had in all the foregoing part of their lives. We cannot, however, but smile at the confidence with which M. Lamartine decides these strategic questions between Buonaparte and his unlucky generals, and supports his theories on the most minute circumstances of the inequalities and accidents of the



field, when it must be evident to any one who has studied a good map, and still more so to any who ever saw the ground, that he knows nothing whatever of the localities—that he happens to be under the most extraordinary mistake as to the site of Waterloo itself.

He opens the ball with an event with which Buonaparte would have been too happy to conclude it; he represents that on the evening of the 17th General Subervie was closely following, and sometimes charging the rear-guard of the English as they were retreating to their position—but where that position was M. Lamartine has not the slightest idea.

The Emperor overtaking Subervie arrived with him up to the edges of the immense forest of Soignies, in which were disappearing the last columns of the retreating army. There he halted—it was WATERLOO! —iv. 136. „

It was no more Waterloo than it was Wagram! No portion of the retreating army either reached Waterloo or entered the forest of Soignies. The last collision of that day was the brilliant affair of cavalry in front of Genappe, about nine miles from Waterloo—brilliant on both sides—but which ended in Lord Anglesey, by a gallant and decisive charge of heavy cavalry, driving the French back over the bridge and through the town; after which our cavalry retired, *at a walk*, to the position which the main body of the army already occupied—the identical ground the Duke of Wellington had selected for it some days before, and in which it remained till the conclusion of the fight next day. This position was on an open plateau totally clear of wood, nearly three miles south of Waterloo,\* having in front, about a furlong nearer the French, a farmhouse called La Haye Sainte, close to the roadside, which we had garrisoned and in a hasty way fortified, and which assuredly Subervie never could have approached, much less passed. We guess that M. Lamartine's blunder may have arisen thus:—This Subervie was, after the February revolution, appointed Minister at War in the Government of which Lamartine was the real head. He was soon dismissed for utter incapacity; but Lamartine may have talked to him of the transactions of that day, and Subervie, who probably never heard the name of *Waterloo* till he read it in the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, gave in a loose way that name to the spot where his skirmish of the 17th took place, which no doubt was at Genappe,

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\* The appearance of the whole field has been changed, and especially all the distinctive features of the English position have been obliterated, by the removal of the surface-earth for the purpose of erecting the gigantic mound on which has been modestly placed the *Belgic Lion*—a monument which stands to remind us that, in the battle it commemorates, nothing *Belgian* could be induced, either by persuasion or even force, to stand its ground.

and certainly very short of the English position. This is a charitable construction in favour of poor old Subervie—but it is no justification of M. Lamartine's repeated blunders on this point. For instance, proceeding in the next page to give us a general view of the field of battle from the French side, he says:—

‘The undulating plain rose gradually, and at first imperceptibly, *from* [*à partir de*] the little village of Waterloo, shaded by the great trees much injured in the battle, and since cut down. It *then* rose by a pretty sharp acclivity, over which the Nivelles road passed, until it reached at last the long edges of the forest of Soignies.’—iv. 137.

From this and several other passages it is clear that M. Lamartine imagined that the village of Waterloo was in the valley, ‘whence the ground began gradually to rise,’ but where there neither is nor ever was either village or grove. So that a profusion of strategical commentaries with which M. Lamartine treats us, as to the dispositions made by the Emperor that evening, are mere ignorant nonsense; and, if we gave them any credit, would make one believe that Buonaparte knew as little about the matter as M. Lamartine. Buonaparte, he says, halted his army on the French slope *opposite to Waterloo*—and having but two hours of daylight left, and not being able to pierce

‘all the mysteries of the forest of Soignies, and not knowing whether that screen of wood [*rideau d’arbres*] sheltered a mere rear-guard or the whole of the English army, the Emperor was forced to restrain his impatience and to employ the rest of the day and night in preparations for the great trial of the morrow.’

All this, and a dozen similar passages, belong to the same mistake: the Emperor could see nothing of Waterloo—no part of the English army was hidden in the forest of Soignies. But, in any case, M. Lamartine would have to explain why, if the Emperor had any doubts of the position of the English army, he did not push out a reconnaissance, by which he would have easily ascertained that, instead of being two or three miles off in the forest, they were actually on the open plateau, within half a mile of him. We have heretofore (Q. R., vol. lxxvi. p. 212) made some remarks on Buonaparte's habitual negligence to *reconnoître* his antagonists, but it seems never to have been pushed so far as in this case.

It seemed to us as well, once for all, to extinguish, as we think our extracts will have done, the historical and strategic authority of which our *docent* (to use old Müffling's favourite term) seems to be so ambitious. But before we part with him, we are glad to say, as we did of the two former volumes, that, inaccurate, vainglorious, and

and partial as he is, he shows on many occasions the influence of a certain gentlemanlike spirit; he is at once more candid and more wise than to refuse to the victorious army the merit of endurance, discipline, and courage; he does not pretend, as so many other French writers have done, that the General and the troops that beat them were totally unworthy of that 'accidental' honour; and M. Lamartine censures, with the regret which a French *Gentleman* must feel, the absurd, unfounded, and to himself only disgraceful calumnies in which Buonaparte's blind rage used to vent itself at St. Helena on him whom he could not deny to have been his conqueror.

As this subject is thus presented to us, we think it not out of season to remind our readers that before the Duke of Wellington had had an opportunity of measuring himself with Buonaparte in person he had beaten in succession *all* his most eminent Marshals and Lieutenants;—JUNOT at *Roliça* and *Vimiera*—VICTOR at *Talavera*—MASSÉNA at *Busaco* and *Fuentes d'Onor*—NEY during the whole pursuit after *Torres Vedras* and at *Quatre Bras*—MARMONT at *Salamanca*—JOURDAIN at *Vittoria*—SOULT everywhere—through *Portugal, Spain, France, Flanders*—from *Oporto* to *Waterloo*. If we had the slightest respect for any part of Buonaparte's character, we should regret for his sake the poor crazy spite that can attribute to nothing but the mistakes of adversaries and the blind caprice of accident, the uninterrupted triumphs of one who alone, we believe, of all Generals, ancient or modern, had won so many great battles without ever having lost one! Marlborough indeed, like him, won all his fights, but they were not quite so many.

We shall conclude by extracting M. Lamartine's sketches of the attitude and feelings of the two Commanders towards the close of the day. That of the Duke of Wellington is sufficiently known to all the world, and upon better authority. M. Lamartine's account is, as usual, full of inaccuracies, and of what he means for embellishment; but it is worth quoting, not only to pick off some misplaced and absurd *embroidery*, but, still more, because it affords, in its broader and more authentic features, a remarkable contrast with the accompanying picture of Buonaparte, of whose bearing towards the close of the day M. Lamartine speaks more freely than we are accustomed to hear—although it was very well known that, audacious as he was in prosperity, he had always shown a want of presence of mind and of personal resolution in difficult circumstances.

Of the Duke of Wellington M. Lamartine tells us that—

'About six o'clock in the evening he had been almost forced in the  
last

last line of his position, stormed by Ney and the terrible Imperial Guard—his troops already decimated—thousands of dead left behind on the forward slopes of his position, *twelve generals dead* at his feet—and amongst them his friend and right arm, General Picton—eight of his aides-de-camp killed or wounded round him—Blücher beaten and lost in the plains of Namur—and Bulow, whose appearance he had watched for in vain the whole livelong day, still out of sight. But the fortune of Wellington, vanished and irretrievably lost to all appearance, was still alive in himself, and in the immutable resolution to die or to conquer which he had communicated to his army. Having had *seven horses killed or tired out* under him, he mounted an *eighth*, and galloped from brigade to brigade to inspire them with the spirit of discipline, of energy, of confidence, of intrepidity, of contempt of death, in short, of *duty*—the cold and calm, but invincible heroism of a free people; and he returned immediately to resume his station under the lofty *oak* of Waterloo, that his officers might have no difficulty in finding him if any new turn of the battle should seem to require a reinforcement here or an order there. It was there that he stood exposed to the bullets and balls that showered down on the tree, as immovable as he, expecting no longer victory, but night—for in the night alone did he expect that the Prussians could make their way through the darkness and defiles of St. Lambert.—iv. 168.

We here beg leave to correct some matters of fact; there were but two generals and eleven aides-de-camp and staff officers of all ranks killed in the whole battle; and the Duke rode through the whole day no other horse but his celebrated favourite *Copenhagen*, who for many years after might be seen recognizing his master in the park of Strathfieldsaye. The tree, if it be worth while to note such a trifle, was an *elm*. A little later the prospects of the English, M. Lamartine tells us, grew still more desperate:—

‘Death showered down around Wellington: his last companions of the day, Vincent, Alava, Hill, gave up all as lost. He alone still hoped. “What orders do you give us?”—inquired his chief of the staff, with a hesitating voice, which seemed to intimate the necessity of a retreat. “None,” replied the General. “But you might be killed, and you should communicate your designs to him who will have to take your place.” “I have no other design,” replied the General, but to stand on this ground till the last man.”—iv. 168.

Here, as usual, M. Lamartine embroiders what ~~was~~ much finer without his tinsel additions. It is but half the merit of a great soul to *feel* confidence; the other, and the higher, is to *inspire* it. Neither Baron Vincent nor General Alava nor Lord Hill despaired of the day any more than the Duke himself, as we ourselves have heard from the mouths of two of them. Nor is it true that any chief of the staff was so silly as to ask him for a *legacy* of his opinions: it is only true that, in a conversation,

sation, he expressed, in simple, and energetic terms, his resolution to stand to the last extremity on the ground he occupied.

There is a small, but not trivial, anecdote, which shows how the Duke's *sang froid* and resolution were communicated to all around him. His cook, an *Englishman* we are glad to say, and by name Thornton, who we believe is still alive, was employed all day in the little inn at Waterloo in preparing the Duke's dinner, and was frequently advised, and even importuned, by the wounded and the runaways to make his escape with the plate and *batterie de cuisine*, but, worthy in his way of such a master, he answered quietly, 'I have had the honour of serving his Grace these six years, and I never yet knew him to miss a dinner he had ordered, and I don't think he will to-day.' And this leads us to complain a little of M. Lamartine, who, though he has the moral courage to repudiate and disprove the bombastic phrase attributed to General Cambronne of '*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*,' leaves us in his narrative under the impression that the gallant Cambronne was killed in the last moment of the action—whereas the truth is, that when the Duke of Wellington returned to eat the dinner which his confiding cook had prepared for him, the first person he saw in the room was the illustrious Cambronne, who had very quietly surrendered himself to a drummer, and had the modesty to think that he might *invite himself* to the conqueror's table, who, however, declined that honour (with others not less courteously suggested) on the plea of not knowing how far it might be agreeable to his Sovereign's ally, the King of France.\*

Let us now see how M. Lamartine describes the conduct of Napoleon, even before his circumstances appeared so desperate as the Duke's have just been described to be. At the repulse of 6000 of the grenadiers of the Old Guard—

'Napoleon *turns pale*, and begins to doubt of the victory. He collects all that he has of cavalry, infantry, guards, line, and artillery, and puts himself at the head of this new army for a fresh assault. When it was formed, *he drew his sword, placed himself at the head of the column* of the Guard, waved with his hand that the staff which surrounded him should fall back right and left, crying out—"Everybody to the rear;" and he marched the first, and alone, as if to climb the sharpest and most murderous acclivities"—[*pentcs les plus escarpées et foudroyantes*. There happened to be no acclivity, in the chaussée at least, steeper than we have trotted up in a limonière with three post-horses.]—'A melan-

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\* This Paladin lived for many years afterwards. In his native town, Nantes, a fine new *Place* is called in his honour *Place Cambronne*, and in the centre is a furious bronze statue of him as wrapped round with the Imperial Flag, brandishing his sabre, and uttering the immortal *La Garde Meurt*, &c.

choly silence surrounds him—every one feels that he is about to seek his fate, and that, if it does not give him a victory, it will at least afford him the asylum of death . . . every one is silent behind him—they leave him to his thoughts—they feel that he is measuring himself with fate. He proceeded in this manner for a few moments within reach of two hundred pieces of English cannon, which did not yet open their fire, reserving it for the attack. At this moment, *turning his own movement back* to his army, and *sheltering himself* in a little hollow on the left of the road, which covered him from fire, he addressed each of the battalions as they passed him, with his eye, his hand, and his voice, crying “Forward, Forward!” while the generals, officers, and soldiers, under a tremendous fire, rushed on with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” They were followed by the battalions of the Old Guard and the artillery, which were to give the finishing stroke to the day. His old soldiers, calm, grave, severe, and silent, passed successively by the hollow where the Emperor stood sheltered (*abrité*) with his brother Jerome, his aide-de-camp Drouot, Bernard, Labedoyère, Bertrand, &c.

‘Napoleon encouraged these old soldiers as they passed with a motion of his hand and a smile: they responded by raising their hairy caps into the air and brandishing their arms, with cries of “Vive l’Empereur!” But they could *not conceal their surprise* that in such an extremity Napoleon should have placed himself *so far* from the field of battle, and in *shelter* from the chance of that death which so many thousand men were braving for his sake. They expected that he would have joined their ranks. Hundreds of wounded, saturating the road with their blood, passed by him in their retreat. The din of the battle was heard all around him. Jerome, his brother, *blushing at such an ignoble safety* whilst so many lives were sacrificed for him, murmured, in a subdued tone, at the Emperor’s inaction—“When,” said he to Labedoyère, “does he mean to show himself?” The Emperor soon sent him away at the head of a column, where he braved fire and death with the intrepidity of a grenadier.’—iv. 187.

A *coup de chapeau* for Jerome, who is now a great man in Paris; and M. Lamartine is, we know, in the habit of preferring a living dog to a dead lion—not that we would call poor Jerome a *dog*, any more than his brother a *lion*, but the homely proverb conveys our feeling of the convenient courtesy which M. Lamartine is so ready to deal about where he either hopes for reciprocations or fears the reverse. He proceeds:—

‘Napoleon, who did not believe that the battle was yet lost, might with justice think that he ought not, at the last moments of a *victory*, to risk the fortunes of France, the empire, and himself against a bullet; but others said that *both his mind and body, worn out with cares and fatigues, were, towards the close of the day, reduced to a state of languor and insensibility* that seemed disposed rather to await his fate passively than to retrieve it by his energy. . . . While Buonaparte remained in this hollow the Old Guard was beaten back in horrible disorder. Cries of despair and treason were heard. At this sight

sight Buonaparte could not subdue his impatience; three times he attempted to join the Old Guard in person & three times Bertrand and Drouot seized the bridle of the horse and backed him into the place of shelter. "What are you about to do, Sire?" said these brave officers; "remember that the safety of the army is in you alone; if you were lost, all is lost." The Emperor yielded, and reassumed his position, where he *neither saw anything nor could himself be seen till the end of the struggle.*

We consider these remarks on Napoleon's over-care of his person as on the whole hypercritical, and agree with those who then and since have thought that he ought not to have rashly risked his life, and—what depended upon it—the safety of his army. The blame and the ridicule that justly attach to his behaviour were for the bravado of affecting to lead his columns *sword in hand*, and then slinking aside when he came to the point of danger.

'In the mean while, Wellington, now mounted on his eighth horse, sword in hand, charged the repulsed Guard at the head of his invincible cavalry like a common trooper.'

Very coarse embroidery. We need hardly say that the Duke was not a man, and that this was not a moment, to forget that a Commander-in-Chief is not a trooper. Lord Anglesey indeed was conspicuous, *sword in hand*, in every cavalry movement in the three days, as became the general of cavalry; but the duty of a General-in-chief is of a very different order; and it so happened, we believe, that the Duke of Wellington never once drew his sword that whole day.

'The French viewed each other with anxious eyes, and said—looking back to the place where they had left the Emperor—*But where is HE? What is THAT MAN about? is his genius gone? has he lost his head?* When an army arrives at that state there is nothing but the personal presence, the voice, the heroism of the chief which can restore confidence. *Napoleon appeared no more!*'—iv. 188.

By-and-by—when he had escaped to the rear and saw the wreck of his army rolling in—

'he cried out,—*Then all is lost!*—He contemplated for a moment the disastrous scene, *turned pale, began to stammer and shed tears*—the first that he had ever shed on a field of battle.'—iv. 190.

He made some efforts to rally enough of the fugitives to protect his own escape;—

'But they hurried him off like a torrent; night fell upon them and covered him from the eyes and from the *reproaches* of his soldiers. . . . Men who *die* even at the summit of their reverses leave behind them a pity which enhances their glory. Buonaparte proved, three times

times over—at Moscow, at Fontainebleau, and at Waterloo—that he was not of these men. He clung to life and to hope when it ought to have been his glory to despair. St. Helena, and the littlenesses he there practised, and the annoyances he suffered, punished him for having mistaken the kind of death that became him.’—iv. 190–193.

This sounds mighty fine ; but may we not ask M. Lamartine, who turned out Louis Philippe, and was himself turned out in three months by Louis Blanc—who was elected to one Assembly by nine departments, and proclaimed himself ‘greater than Alexander or Caesar’—but who at the next election had not a single vote in all France, and is now scribbling for the booksellers—may we not ask *why M. Lamartine is still alive* ?

The epilogue to these discreditable scenes of Waterloo was of the same character. The great Emperor soon outran all the fugitives and reached Philippeville, where he stopped for a few moments to leave orders for the retreating troops to endeavour at all risks to protect *his* retreat.

‘In this short halt he was rejoined by Maret and his private secretaries, who had escaped with difficulty ; but his carriages, his portfolios, and his imperial wardrobe had fallen into the hands of Blücher. At the sight of Maret—this old witness of his prosperity and now of his distress—he again *could not retain his tears*.’—(ib. 204):—

—which pathetic incident M. de Lamartine improves by the appropriate observation—wherewithal we close our review of these two heroes—military and literary—*C’étaient les larmes d’ACHILLE* !

ART. XI.—*Two Speeches delivered by the Right Honourable the Earl of Derby, First Lord of the Treasury, in the House of Lords, on the 27th February and 15th March, 1852.*

TO understand the true causes of Lord John Russell’s resignation—the motives and prospects of Lord Derby’s administration—and the real state in which these two parties stand before the country, it is necessary to take an historical review of the system or rather the no-system of Government which has prevailed amongst us since the passing of the Reform Bill.

- I. On the 29th of January, 1833, the first Reform Parliament assembled, under the auspices of the Ministers who had carried that measure, and who appeared to be permanently established in popularity and power beyond perhaps any administration that had ever existed. Not only had they already had in the last unreformed Parliament a powerful majority, but the Reform Bill itself had



had removed from the House above one hundred and forty members of disfranchised boroughs, and had introduced about seventy for newly enfranchised boroughs;—both the disfranchisement and the enfranchisement having been astutely calculated and carved for the exclusion of Tory and the promotion of Whig influences. The ministry was powerful also in its official capacities, by having united with the old Whig interest the most prominent of the Tory adherents of Mr. Canning—who contributed to that Cabinet the three Secretaries of State and the President of the Board of Trade. It had moreover all the *prestige* and influence, both in Parliament and with the public, naturally commanded by its foremost leaders—Lord Grey and Lord Brougham—the most brilliant orators, and (excepting only the Duke of Wellington) the most popular statesmen of the day:—in short, it was reared on so broad a basis—of a construction apparently so solid—towering to so lofty an eminence over every other party or combination of parties, and so deeply rooted in the grateful hearts of the new constituencies which it had called into life, that assuredly no administration had ever offered a more flattering prospect of success and stability. But there was a quicksand at the foundation of the edifice—there was a canker in the heart of the tree. The Reform Bill had disturbed the old and prescriptive Constitution; its promoters had exposed the authority, which the people had so long not only obeyed but respected, to ridicule and contempt; they had degraded, first by their calumnies and then by their measures, the legitimate weight of Parliament, and even of the House of Commons itself. By lowering the scale both as to intellect and property of the members of that Assembly they had diminished its influence for any good purpose, and increased it formidably in a revolutionary direction—in short, they hoped to be able to ride in a snaffle that democracy for which the old *practice* of the Constitution had provided a powerful and necessary curb.

It was then that the sagacious mind of the Duke of Wellington inquired ‘how,’ with such elements, ‘the Royal Government was to be carried on?’ What followed answers that question.

II. In July, 1834, within eighteen months from the coming into operation of that Reform Bill by which, we were told, Lord Grey had insured the gratitude of present and future ages, his Lordship was expelled contemptuously from the Cabinet constructed by himself—which had already (June, 1834) lost Lord Ripon, Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Richmond; and he was succeeded on July 18th—by whom?—Lord Melbourne, the latest, the most reluctant, and the *stingiest* Reformer of the whole Cabinet or party.

Lord

Lord Melbourne, with considerable talents, elegant accomplishments, high personal honour, a bold and yet pliable and accommodating spirit, and—notwithstanding his tardy conversion, or rather, all the more on that account—a sincere inclination to give Reform not merely fair play, but all possible countenance and support—this amiable and admired minister *lasted just four months*:—and then his Government fell to pieces, not by reason of any pressure from without, not from any Tory opposition, but from some interior difficulty, which neither we nor the public ever understood, about the choice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer after Lord Althorpe.

III. This disruption (November, 1834) took the country and the Tory party so much by surprise, that the King was forced to throw himself on the patriotism of the Duke of Wellington to provide, by a kind of dictatorship, for the ordinary functions of Government, until Sir Robert Peel, then travelling in the south of Italy, should return to England, and decide whether he would take up the slippery reins that had escaped from the hands of Lord Melbourne.

IV. Sir Robert Peel consented, and on the 26th of December, 1834, was gazetted First Lord of the Treasury—the fourth within six months. He, too, like Lord Melbourne, lasted just *four months*; and though he attempted to break the force of the factions that were banded against him by a dissolution, the very first act of the new Parliament exhibited the intractable and implacable spirit of the Whigs in a remarkable way. Mr. Mannors Sutton had filled the chair of the House of Commons with universal approbation *for eighteen years and seven Parliaments*,—for the two last at the request of Lord Grey, who very wisely desired his experienced assistance in managing such a disorderly body as even its creators expected the Reformed House to be. But notwithstanding this claim upon the Whigs, when Sir Robert Peel proposed him for re-election the *eighth* time, the combined factions set up against him another person so notoriously inadequate for that situation, that after a three years' painful exhibition of incapacity they were forced to put him aside—*rewarding* with a pension and a peerage the shortest and smallest amount of public service that had ever led to such comfortable results.

Sir Robert Peel, we say, lasted but four months. He might, perhaps, have struggled with the divided and eddying streams of the factions for some time longer;—but it was not his nature to struggle with anything—*nitor in adversum* was not his motto, and he never showed what passed for courage but when he had a secret understanding with his adversary. On this occasion the

adversaries

adversaries had no measures to keep with him, and they formed that celebrated coalition known by the name of the *Lichfield House Compact*, in which (strange inconsistency!) the Irish brigade was taken into Whig counsels and pay.

V. The result was that Sir Robert Peel, with the full confidence of the Crown and the House of Lords, and even of the people at large, was forced to give way before this Lichfield House Conspiracy—and on the 18th of April, 1835, Lord Melbourne became again nominally First Minister. We say *nominally*, because the coalition of factions which had recalled him to office deprived him at the same time of independent power. He was from the first, and every hour more and more, forced to submit to their dictation in matters repugnant to his own principles and feelings;—but even his condescension to those exigencies would not have kept him in office, if Sir Robert Peel, warned by the signal failure of his own recent experiment, had not abstained from any attempt to displace one weak ministry for another that might be weaker. So it went on for four uneasy years. Then Lord Melbourne's position became, notwithstanding his systematic abuse of his official influence and the wholesale abandonment of his patronage to his Radical and Irish followers, so untenable, that he took the opportunity of—not even the loss of a sugar question, but—the carrying it by too small a majority, to throw up the Government—May 7th, 1839. Nothing could be more frivolous than the actual pretext: few Governments have existed in England,—not even Mr. Pitt's,—which have not been occasionally beaten on tax bills, and, we believe, in two or three special instances, on sugar duties. Lord Melbourne's real motive was probably combined of a feeling of personal vexation with his mutinous followers and a hope of frightening them into better discipline for the future.

VI. Sir Robert Peel was now again invited to form a ministry, and was prepared with one in every way unexceptionable; but some misunderstanding intervened about certain ladies of the Household, and on this small hitch Lord Melbourne slid back into the government so quietly and smoothly as to confirm the original suspicion that the resignation might only have been a menace *in terrorem* to his refractory auxiliaries.

VII. In this precarious state Lord Melbourne's government continued for eighteen months longer. They forfeited all their pledges, they ventured to produce little of what they promised, and half of what they produced was stifled as fast as it was announced; and Lord Melbourne himself, as a man of the world, used to acknowledge with a bitter smile his impotence as a minister. At last, on the 4th of June, 1841, a direct vote of want  
of

of confidence, 312 to 311, afforded, to his own great personal satisfaction, we believe, a decisive signal of retreat. His colleagues however were not so willing to give up the contest, and with an extraordinary inconsistency, considering how slight was the pretext for the resignation of 1839, they persisted to hold their offices, and to perpetrate an unusual number of jobs both personal and political; and they finally resolved to die so hard as to try a dissolution of Parliament. Of an appeal to the country no constitutional statesman could have complained, if it had not been obvious that those who were so over-ready to resign in 1839, on the most futile pretext, could have no honest excuse for holding out in 1841 against the express censure of Parliament.

It was on the occasion of this dissolution that the Whigs, and particularly Lord John Russell, connected themselves—not with the entire abolition of the corn laws—they did not yet venture on a full apostacy, but—with a modification of the existing forms which they hoped would satisfy the immediate clamour, without essentially damaging the landed interest in which the Whig aristocracy have so large a share. They began by proposing a *fixed duty* against the existing policy of a *sliding* or, to speak more correctly, *self-adjusting* scale; but as the agitation waxed warmer they joined in the full cry of ‘*free trade, cheap bread, no monopoly*,’ and so forth. Then the *Peel loaf* of the size of a penny roll, and the ‘*Russell loaf*’ as big as a bushel, were paraded through the streets. Then the ministerial candidates promised in the words of JACK CADE, the reformer of four hundred years ago—‘*that henceforth seven halfpenny loaves should be sold in England for a penny.*’

VIII. But the Whigs, instead of rousing, as they had hoped, the turbulence of the country, awakened its common sense. Even amongst the working population the moderate-sized loaf with good wages outweighed the pretended big loaf with consequent low wages;—and a Parliament was returned which speedily called Sir Robert Peel to Downing Street as the *pledged* as well as the chosen champion of agricultural protection. Of all the apostacies that disgrace the political history of mankind, that which Sir Robert exhibited in the fourth year of his second government is at once the most personally disgraceful and the most nationally deplorable. This unhappy defection was no doubt partly caused by the individual temperament of the man; but also by what in our present view is still more important, his deep-seated doubts whether the ancient constitution of the country could be maintained with such a House of Commons as—*notwithstanding* his own recent success—he thought futurity was threatened with.

with. He therefore conceived the plan of amalgamating the discordant elements by sacrificing his own friends, who he fancied would not resist, and by adopting the measures of his enemies, whom he hoped to conciliate. He accomplished the mischief; but was miserably disappointed in his own expectations. The most important members of his Cabinet dissented; and on the 10th December, 1845, all resigned. And thus this administration, which—in the hands of any man of half Sir Robert Peel's talents, with an ordinary portion of honour and courage—might perhaps have existed to this hour, committed suicide before its fourth year was accomplished.

IX. Lord John Russell was now invited to form a new Ministry; but after a ten days' endeavour to reconcile the discordant elements of his own party, he was forced to abandon the attempt; and,

X. On the 20th December, Sir Robert Peel was intrusted with the reconstruction of his Cabinet, and under the apprehension with which he inspired his colleagues, that the Queen might be driven to the *derrière ressort* of a *Cobden Ministry*, he for the moment succeeded. We doubt indeed whether there were four men in that Cabinet that cordially adopted their leader's new opinions, but one only had ultimately the firmness to resist his persuasions or his alarm—that was Lord Derby—around whom almost every member of the Conservative party immediately rallied: and the dislocated and discredited administration only lingered on for a portion of the session of 1846 by the sour yet strenuous co-operation of the Whig and Radical parties, who saw in Sir Robert Peel's treachery to his own friends and principles the certain prelude of their success. They judged rightly.

XI. On the 6th July, 1846, Lord John Russell was gazetted as First Lord of the Treasury, having reconciled, it seems, those who, six months before, had declined his proposals. We will not attempt to recapitulate all the expedients with which he has ever since endeavoured to manage his unmanageable House of Commons. His history may be reduced to two categories—abortion in most of his designs and mortification in most of his attempts. He lived precariously through four sessions from hand to mouth—that is, by what the Treasury *hand* puts into the *mouth* of the hungry member.

On the 21st of *February*, '50, on a motion favourable to agriculture, the ministers had in a House of 530 members a majority of only 21, including Peel and Peelites, so that in a *party* view the Government was in a decided minority—but they had their usual remedy at hand—another concession to democracy,—another extension of the franchise; and their Irish organs suggested something

something like a new *Lichfield House Compact* on the basis of the new Irish Franchise Bill.

Lord John took the hint—the Irish Franchise Bill was urged on with an activity and an obstinacy that was thought, even amongst Whig jobs, violent and indecent. And by arts and shifts like these that session was tided over.

XII. But insolvent Governments, like needy individuals, find their difficulties come round with the new year. On the 13th February, '51, the Government had, on another agricultural motion of Mr. Disraeli, in a House of 548 members, a majority of only 11; and on the 20th was actually defeated—two to one—by a section of its own habitual supporters, on Mr. Locke King's motion for a still more extensive parliamentary reform. This blow Lord John Russell endeavoured, after his usual fashion, to avert by promising a reform of his own; but on this occasion it came too late, and we shall see by and by some reason to suspect that Lord John was not very sorry for the result. At all events, he played on that occasion just the same game that he has done this year—resignation on little or no provocation. Next day, Friday the 21st, he apprized the Queen of his inability to carry on the business of the country, and on Saturday the 22nd formally resigned.

XIII. After an ineffectual attempt on his part to reconstruct the Government with the aid of Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, and a declaration from Lord Stanley of his inability to do so—the Ministry, which three days before had recorded its inability to carry on the business of the country, resumed the places which they were confessedly unable to fill; and having quieted their mutinous radicals by promising a further extension of parliamentary franchise, they continued, with the help of the anti-Popish excitement and the contemptuous sufferance of the Conservatives, to misconduct, or non-conduct, the affairs of the country, till—

XIV.—at the opening of the present session of 1852, at the same, as it were, fated epoch of the 19th of *February*, they found themselves exposed to a similar series of mortifications and defeats, from which they again saw no chance of escape but in another resignation, of which, as of the former, the alleged pretext was absolutely futile, and (such as it was) arose from one who had been, a few days before, the most influential member of their Cabinet. Lord Derby, though he had as little share in creating this crisis as the last, and probably as strong a personal reluctance to take a part in its solution, could no longer hesitate, under the circumstances in which the country was placed, in making Lord John Russell's resignation, on this

occasion, *conclusive*, by accepting, and in four-and-twenty hours executing, the duty—high and honourable, but wholly unexpected—of presenting the *Queen and the Country* with a new Ministry, which we know is able and honest, but which it depends upon the *Queen and the Country* to make powerful and stable.

From this historical summary it will be seen that in the eighteen years of what has been, by 'the courtesy of England,' called *Government* under the Reform Bill, no less than *fourteen* ministerial convulsions have in a 'greater or less degree shaken the State—not the mere shifts and changes of individual and subordinate Ministers (which also have been numerous beyond all precedent), but twelve resignations, appointments, and re-appointments of the Prime Minister himself:—and in every case (except those in which Sir Robert Peel was concerned) the changes were made upon what seemed on the surface the most inadequate pretexts—changes which, whether the alleged motives were sincere or sham, it must at least be admitted were not occasioned by those who are usually called the Opposition, nor by any Court intrigue, nor (to any serious extent) by differences in the Cabinet; but substantially, if not solely, by the intrinsic jealousies, cupidities, and pretensions of interested individuals or turbulent factions, which, when united against their common enemy the Conservatives, constituted the strength of the Ministers, and—when that pressure was off—their plague and their weakness. What was called *governing* the country came to be nothing else than the art of keeping this heterogeneous and discordant body together and in any kind of discipline—which could only be accomplished by a constant subterraneous traffic of patronage with private jobbers, and by frequent sacrifices of the Church and the Constitution to Dissenters and Radicals. This was the real difficulty of the case, and the cause of every ministerial crisis.

Surely, then, it is high time to try whether the Government of this great empire cannot be carried on—even under the Reform Bill—by more open, more respectable, and more legitimate means,—whether it be not possible to get together a majority with such a community of principle, such confidence in their leader, such loyalty to the Constitution, and such a stake in the country, as may render them independent of such miserable intrigues with individuals, and impolitic capitulations with factions, as exhausted even the *poco curante* patience of Lord Melbourne and the liberal propensities of Lord John Russell.

This consideration, if it stood alone, would more than justify Lord Derby's resolution to endeavour to put an end to a state of things

things not only so unconstitutional, but so morally disgraceful; and he is of all men the fittest, and, indeed, the most pledged, to do so, because, having in his early political life concurred in the Reform Bill, he has a private as well as a public motive for wishing that it may be possible to harmonize it with the other institutions of the country. If this cannot be done, farewell to the Peerage and the Throne!

We had long looked with dissatisfaction and suspicion at the measures of Lord John Russell's administration, but our readers will remember the reluctance we so often expressed to his being displaced or even embarrassed by a Conservative Opposition. We hoped—we almost believed—that it was his poverty, and not his will, that consented to the measures we most disapproved. We were disposed to anticipate that a man of his talents, rank, station, and above all *experience*, would, when the inevitable pinch came, be found not only sincere, but firm, in deprecating another *Revolution*. But we confess that all our feelings of forbearance towards Lord John Russell vanished, when, contrary to our last charitable hope, we saw the *First Minister of the Crown*—the original mouth-piece of the Reformed Cabinet—he who justified the extreme length to which the Reform Bill had gone, on the plea of barring the possibility of ever going further—he that, in a moment of sober revision, called it a 'Revolution,' and deprecated any more of them—he who, in short, obtained from his disappointed partisans the significant sobriquet of '*Finality John*'—when, we say, we saw *Him* announcing last year, and introducing at the opening of this session with an alacrity so unlike the character of his lazy and evasive administration, a bill for rendering still more democratic an assembly which in *February* '50 he had found, and in *February* '51 had confessed, to be unmanageable, and which he well knew in *February* '52 to be still more so—a bill which, whatever might be its detail, could be considered no otherwise than a compromise with Mr. Locke King and his clique of reformers, and a *precedent and a pledge* for every future concession in the same direction, out of which any fraction of his supporters might combine to *bully* him. The phrase, we confess, is not dignified, but it is suitable to the occasion.

We say nothing here of Lord John's personal conduct with regard to this Bill, nor of its absurd and mischievous details. We are now looking at it in a larger view, as a measure which, under whatever secret motives it may have been concocted, is of that indelible revolutionary character which cannot be mistaken.

*Here* then is another and still more important—indeed we may say all-important reason why Lord Derby could not for a moment hesitate to come to the rescue of the Constitution. Even if Lord



John had not anticipated the Conservative Party by a resignation, it would have been now their imperative duty to take every possible means to disable him from carrying out this incendiary project, and of affording the Country a fair opportunity of deciding whether *It is inclined to check or to accelerate the march of Democratic Revolution.* This is the clear, broad, vital question, to which all others (important as they individually may be) are subordinate and ancillary. Before we can hope to have a stable government or a stable policy we must decide whether or no the Constitution itself is to be stable!

We have thus stated the two grand reasons why, in our opinion, and in that, we believe, of the vast majority of sober-minded people, Whigs as well as Tories, the time had arrived when a change of ministry and of measures was—whoever might be the successors—not only expedient, as Lord John Russell himself bears witness, but imperiously necessary. We shall now venture to call our readers' attention to the circumstances which directed the Queen's choice to Lord Derby—to his Lordship's own selection of his colleagues—to the principles which he announces—and to the prospects of his ultimate success.

In the first place, Lord John Russell himself has stated that he recommended Her Majesty to commit the government to Lord Derby; advice which could surprise nobody; though the factious proceedings with which he followed up that advice surprised everybody. It must be confessed that her Majesty's option was not very wide. The combination of parties, by which Lord John had contrived to keep his head above water, was—as his Lordship proclaimed—dissolved, and none of its separate elements could pretend to anything like the numbers, consistency, and weight required for even the semblance of a government. Lord John had found the year before that a junction with the Peelites was impossible; and so had Lord Stanley. The Peelites, thus incompatible with both parties, could do nothing alone. Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham, who, it appears, had been applied to by the Queen in '51, then declined to attempt forming a government, probably from feeling that their forces were not sufficient to garrison the posts. The Radicals and the Manchester School were out of the question. We do not pretend to be perfectly informed as to either their numbers or their aptitude for public business, but it is certain that their *principles* are wholly incompatible with what has been hitherto considered the duty of *Ministers of the Crown*. And there may have been, as we shall see hereafter, another and more personal reason why Lord John might not have been desirous of seeing an attempt at a Cobden ministry. In short, the only distinct and well-defined party in a condition

a condition to form a Government was—as Lord John Russell stated to the Queen—Lord Derby and his Conservatives. It is the most numerous, as well as of the greatest station and weight, in the country—the main body of that victorious and, if it had not been betrayed, invincible army which the Peelites had deserted.

It was said at the outset of the French revolution that the army of the Emigrants at Coblenz were all officers and no soldiers, while the Republican army on the other side of the Rhine were all soldiers and no officers. This has been recently applied to the Peelites and Conservatives, as if the former were officers without an army, and the latter an army without officers. There seemed something of truth in the pleasantry, though neither branch of the antithesis is quite exact. There are but two or three gentlemen amongst those commonly called Peelites whom we could rank in the higher class of *officers*; and if we chose to enter into a personal comparison, we should not be afraid to parade the Conservative staff with any and every rank of theirs. But even if we admitted that the French joke was perfectly applicable, we should console ourselves by recollecting that that army of Coblenz dwindled into nothing, and that the army that was called upon *à l'improviste* to find officers for itself, produced Moreaus and Hoches, Soult and Massenas, Neys and Macdonalds, in abundance. But the sober truth is, that, as her Majesty had no option but to send for Lord Derby, so Lord Derby, in the existing state of parties, had no great range in the choice of his colleagues. But he had under his eyes a salutary warning, and in history more than one great example—he saw before him a numerically powerful Government dissolved by the want of unity; and prudence and honour equally forbade his attempting to construct another from incongruous elements; he would neither make any sacrifice of his own principles nor suggest any unworthy compliances to others. The negotiations of last year left no doubt of both the indecorum and inutility of any attempt to renew them, and he boldly and wisely resolved to depend altogether on his own great Party, as the leader and representative of which he was aware that the Queen had been pleased to select him; and that Party, we trust, will justify her Majesty's confidence.

It may be frankly admitted that a large proportion of Lord Derby's administration consists of gentlemen new to office, but they are not so to public and parliamentary duties. We know not in what other school of political education any members of the late cabinet have fitted themselves for office than *that* in which their successors have been their at least equally distinguished schoolfellows. The House of Commons is at once the  
*Academy*

*Academy* and the *Agora* of political business amongst us ; and we feel that we should be doing a great injustice to the least experienced of Lord Derby's colleagues to compare him with several of the late administration. The country, we believe, is very far from having any objection to the trial of a proportion of new hands in the work of government, and it certainly was very much dissatisfied that the late administration had so much the character of a family party. We do not think the breeding *in and in* gives strength to political any more than to animal races ; and we are sincerely glad that a combination of choice and circumstances placed Lord Derby in the condition of doing what Mr. Pitt and Mr. Perceval had done in their somewhat analogous cases.

In 1784 Mr. Pitt was placed by the unnatural coalition of Fox and North in much the same personal circumstances as Lord Derby was by the no less unnatural alliance of the Whigs and Peelites. So was Mr. Perceval when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1807, and still more so by the subsequent secession of Castlereagh and Canning. They were both in minorities, from which there was no extrication but by a dissolution, and Mr. Pitt was harassed by every kind of factious pressure to force him to a declaration on that point. In the House of Commons both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Perceval stood alone—irremediably separated from almost every man of official experience. But their spirit was equal to the emergency. They never hesitated as to their duty, nor doubted as to the result. They called to their assistance the untried capacities of their party, and then first introduced into public life a number of eminent and many of them illustrious men, who for the fifty years preceding the Reform Bill were prominent in every successive cabinet, and are now historically ranked as the ablest statesmen of their times. Even the Reform cabinets have been glad to borrow from that source ; and it was but the other day that three or four of the more considerable leaders of parties in the House of Commons—Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Goulburn, and Mr. Herries—were of Mr. Perceval's promotion. We are but too well aware that the constitution of the reformed House of Commons affords little hope of a similar result for the future. Except in a few nomination boroughs carefully preserved by the Whigs for their own ends, we have no more opportunities of introducing into public life a Fox and a Wellington\* *before they*

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\* He was elected to the Irish Parliament of 1790 before he came of age, but took his seat a little after. His first speech appears to have been at the opening of the session in 1793, when he seconded the address to the Crown, approving the first concession to the Roman Catholics.

were of age—a Pitt, a Peel, and a Liverpool at *twenty-one*—a North, a Grenville, a Lansdowne, and a Palmerston at *twenty-two*—a Shelburne, a Wellesley, and a Canning at *twenty-three*! We must needs be content for the future to take our ministers at a riper age, and without the same degree of political training. And in these circumstances we repeat our deliberate opinion that Lord Derby's administration is better manned and more entitled to support on the combined merits of capacity and character, not only than the last, but than *any* that could be brought together without such serious sacrifices of consistency and principle as we hope the public would not have submitted to.

Having thus stated the great public principle of Lord Derby's acceptance of the Government—namely, the rescuing the Crown from revolutionary advisers—and the considerations that led to its personal arrangements, we proceed to notice his promised measures and his probable success. As to the first of these, our task is easy. We have only to refer to the two admirable speeches—admirable equally for their frankness and their discretion, by their tone of conciliation and their high spirit of truth—which Lord Derby delivered in the House of Lords on Friday the 27th, in announcing his administration, and again on the 15th of March, in reply to what Lord Beaumont was pleased to call a question, but which seemed much more like an accusatory declamation of an hour and a quarter long, founded on a petition, so ridiculous as to deserve the notice that Lord Derby condescended to take of it, as a sample of the factious absurdities by which already the new administration is assailed.

The petition purported to be from '*Occupiers of land in the County of York*,' complaining of the great anxiety they are suffering because of the uncertainty of the policy intended to be pursued by her Majesty's Government in respect to the importation of foreign corn; their agricultural and commercial undertakings being paralysed by this uncertainty. Our readers will see how serious this looks: a body of *agriculturists* from the *great county of York*, whom one might expect to be volunteers for the Protectionist leader's body-guard, declare against him! No wonder that his Lordship should examine with some curiosity this formidable document. His mind must have been somewhat relieved on finding that it only came from the parochial district of *Snaith*; and that of the said parish, comprising about 12,000 souls and 35,000 acres, the petition was only signed by 13 persons, occupying 1841 acres—whereof 500 were in the hands of one farmer, and the rest were divided amongst such great landed proprietors as *Mr. Jonathan Wright, auctioneer*, who, with his lawn, his garden, and his paddock for two cows, occupies twelve acres;

acres; and *Mr. Thomas Perkins, surgeon*, who has a broader estate of not less than twenty acres, including, no doubt, a similar proportion of ornament and agriculture; and these were the men who from the uncertainty of Lord Derby's opinion of the price (within a few shillings) of wheat (wheat!) next October are paralyzed in all their farming and commercial enterprises! The three tailors of *Tooley Street*, who headed their manifesto '*We, the people of England*,' are well nigh rivalled by Lord Beaumont's thirteen agriculturists of *Snaith*. Lord Grey wondered that Lord Derby should descend to criticise such a piece, but he chose to forget that this contemptible piece was the theme on which Lord Beaumont and himself had chosen to get up a long and angry debate. It was no fault of Lord Derby's if their selected text turned out to be as ridiculous as it was false.\*

In the first of his speeches Lord Derby offered, and in the second repeated, a full and fearless explanation of his position, his immediate objects, and his ultimate policy. He stated that he had not *sought* the responsibility of office, but had *accepted* it; that it was with him a matter of duty, not of choice; and that the country having been unexpectedly left without a Government, he obeyed the call which had been made upon him, because, in fact, he did not see in the present state of parties where any other government was to be found. He acknowledged that he was in a minority in the present House of Commons; he meant, therefore, to carry forward the current and necessary business of the session, public and private, with all reasonable despatch, and to endeavour to execute two measures announced by his predecessors:—one already before Parliament, '*the military defences of the country*'—and the other, not less desirable, which, though solemnly promised, the late ministers had shown no great alacrity

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\* Since the above was printed there has appeared a letter, which, in justice to Mr. Perkins, and as a further explanation why Lord Grey disliked criticisms on the petition, we think it right to reproduce, though we know nothing of the writer:—

*'To the Editor of the Standard.'*

*'SIR,—Though Lord Derby so ably displayed to the country the paltry petition presented by Lord Beaumont the other night, and also of whom the principal part of the petitioners consisted, it is but justice to some of the latter that the country should know a little more about the matter. It was the solicitor and agent for Lord Beaumont who called upon the parties for their signatures, and I am told by Mr. Perkins, to whom Lord Derby so strongly referred, that he signed the petition thinking it was one to Lord Derby to support a protective duty on corn; and he states, and I am told, that many other parties signed it labouring under the same mistake. Mr. Jonathan Wright, the auctioneer, also strongly alluded to, is not, I am informed, even a voter for the county, and Mr. Marmaduke Langdale, another of the 13 petitioners, lives in a cottage of 10*l.* rental, and does not own or rent an acre of land in the kingdom. The petition has called forth general derision and disgust throughout his lordship's (Beaumont's) district.*

*'Yours faithfully, ROBT. JOHN PARKER.'*

*'Selby, March 22, 1852.'*

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in promoting—‘*Law, and especially Chancery, Reform.*’ He added, that the present parliament was of necessity approaching its dissolution, and therefore that this would be a very unfit season to raise questions of disputed or experimental policy, which could not be satisfactorily disposed of, or even fairly discussed, without having been submitted to the previous opinion of the constituencies. He particularly alluded to the question, which, for party purposes, would be forced forward into exaggerated as well as untimely prominence—the various interests which were involved in the general term *Protection*. He avowed that he remained firmly convinced of the impolicy as well of the general principles adopted in 1846, as of their unnecessary and injurious application to some special subjects; but he did not feel himself called upon to anticipate those questions at this moment. They had been sanctioned by the legislature, and had been for five years under trial with the country; for the result of that trial on public opinion he meant to appeal to the national constituencies as soon as the state of business would allow of a dissolution, but that in the mean time it was not for him nor any minister, whatever might be their individual opinions, to preconcert any alteration of a whole existing *system*, before the judgment of the country on it should have been pronounced through a future Parliament. In his first speech Lord Derby said—

‘I have that confidence in the good sense and judgment of the House of Commons, that I do not believe they will unnecessarily introduce questions of a controversial and party character, for the mere purpose of interrupting the course of sound and useful legislation, and of driving the Government out of that moderate and temperate course which it is prepared to take.’—*Speech*, Feb. 27.

We hope that Lord Derby’s reliance on the good sense and patriotism of the *House of Commons* at large may be justified; but since this speech was delivered it has become but too notorious that the proceedings of the ex-ministers and their immediate supporters had assumed that deliberately factious and obstructive character which Lord Derby deprecated; having, it seems, no ground of complaint of what Lord Derby has done, or proposes to do, they endeavoured to raise a clamour against him for not doing that which they, his antagonists, would in their enmity wish that he had done. ‘*Protection*,’ they say, ‘is your principle; and you do not deny that you hope at a convenient time to bring it about. Why, then, not have the honesty to tell us the whole extent of your project, and to set about your work openly and immediately? Why do you not at once boldly place the whole edifice of your administration on that *its real basis*?’

To this the plain answer is, first—that the *Protection* question was

was not, and is not, the sole, nor even the first, nor yet the second of Lord Derby's objects in complying with his Sovereign's invitation. His first object was, to provide, in an unexpected and undesired emergency, her Majesty with a Government—with *the* Government admitted by all to be the only one then possible. His next object, one of still greater prospective importance, was to endeavour to construct a new administration untainted by revolutionary principles, independent of revolutionary influence, and affording such a hope of unity and stability as might permanently rally round it all the real friends of our Constitution in Church and State. *These* were the *immediate and imperious* objects; others of great, but as we have before said of subordinate importance, were in prospect;—amongst which Protection, though no doubt the most prominent, so far from being the *basis* of the Government, could only, even by its most sanguine friends, be looked up to as a more or less distant pinnacle. And would it not have been an inexcusable and insane impolicy in men pretending to be statesmen to anticipate and drag forward by a kind of Cæsarean operation this difficult and dangerous question—not with the purpose or possibility of carrying it, or any part of it, but, on the contrary—to ensure its mortal defeat, and to have irremediably lost the earlier and more urgent objects for which the Government was formed? This, indeed, would have been to follow not only the advice of the modern Whigs, but also the celebrated example of *All the Talents* in building up a wall to run their own heads against.

These are no new opinions of ours got up for this occasion. We have frequently had occasion to express our reluctance to a premature struggle in a cause which we believed would grow stronger by a fuller experience. A year ago, when Lord Stanley had declined to form a Government, and Lord John Russell's administration seemed to have acquired by that refusal something more of stability—even then we thus announced our views on this point:—

'We need not repeat our devotion to the principle of *protection* to all classes of national industry, nor the arguments by which we have so strenuously supported it. It is, however, more of a practical question—more a matter as it were of mere *account*—than those [of more general policy] we have been discussing, and one in which the *constituencies* themselves are more immediately concerned and of course more competent judges. *We pause to see what the result of a future election may be on this point. . . .* It is a question which, though a Government may and ought to bring it before the people, the *people themselves must answer at the next general election.*'—*Q.R.* vol. 88, p. 579.

Some of the Whig orators are so kind as to regret the disappointment

pointment that the Protectionists must feel at Lord Derby's not having made an immediate assault on the existing Corn Laws; but they cannot deny that those of the Protectionist party whose opinions we, in our humble sphere, endeavour to represent, were perfectly prepared for the line of policy and for the style of argument which their more powerful and authoritative organ, Lord Derby, has now by his own voice announced. And we can now, on the authority of our agricultural friends throughout the country, assert that the great majority of landlords and tenants approve the principles and the purposes of their noble leader. They feel that the first *protection* they have to look to is *protection against Revolution!*

There is an old maxim of the civil law which is still more applicable to politics—*fieri non debuit, factum valet*—a thing which it was not originally right to do is not therefore necessarily to be undone. For instance, Sir Robert Peel was called to office two years after the Reform Bill. Nobody knew better than he the fraud and the violence by which the measure had been concocted and carried; nobody, we know, was more alarmed at its effects; yet we don't remember to have ever heard him blamed for not opening his Government in 1834 by an attempt to repeal the Act of 1832, or charged with a want of candour or consistency for not having, the first day of the session, brought in a bill for placing—as the precedent and principle of that very Act required—Calne in Schedule A, and Tavistock in Schedule B—a measure of such obvious and now acknowledged justice, that these two boroughs make a figure more prominent than respectable in Lord John's new Reform Bill—but, such as they are, we should be sorry to see them the victims of a new experiment.

But since Lord Derby has not been mad enough spontaneously to play his enemies' game for them, he and his friends must be questioned and cross-questioned as to the exact time and extent of the measures which he may hereafter produce. His Lordship very properly declines to answer an hypothetical case where the solution of the hypothesis will be, not in his own hands, but in those of the people at large at a future election. But, in addition to this answer, founded on common sense, Lord Derby has *estopped*, as the lawyers say, Lord John Russell by an argument not only *ad hominem*, but almost *in rem* :—

'In 1846,' says Lord Derby, 'the late Sir Robert Peel's Government was rejected from office, and Lord John Russell appeared in the House of Commons as first minister of the Crown. On that occasion Lord John Russell was taunted by one of those honourable members who is now supporting him (Mr. T. S. Duncombe, of Finsbury), and called upon to state the principles on which he intended to construct



struct his Government, and the course which he intended to pursue with regard to particular and important measures. To the attention of the noble Lord (Beaumont) I recommend the very detailed and elaborate answer made by Lord John Russell, standing in the position of First Minister of the Crown. "He denied the right of Parliament to put such questions (*hear, hear, from the Whig benches*); he denied that it was the duty of the Government to answer such questions; he declared that to such questions he would give no answer whatsoever; he declined to pledge himself to any particular course," &c. &c.—*Times' Report*, 16th March, 1852.

This is irresistible *ad hominem*. But indeed the whole course of Lord John Russell and his allies throughout this affair is such a succession of inconsistencies and self-contradictions as seem at first sight utterly inexplicable—and it is not till by a careful combination of circumstances we discover the *word of the enigma* that the matter becomes intelligible. The *word of the enigma* in this case seems to be, that Lord John Russell wished to break up his old ministry and to compose a new one on what he calls a *broader basis*, and thus to secure by a short resignation—*reculant pour mieux sauter*—a longer as well as easier tenure of place. With this clue we invite our readers to follow us through the details of this complicated embroglio.

We must first revert to the notorious futility of the pretexts for his two resignations—the first, in '51, on a difference with a section of his own supporters; the other, last month, on a still more trivial one, raised by an ex-colleague. On this last he resigned at a moment when the Protection question was quiet if not asleep; Tariff and Free Trade were in no visible jeopardy. But no sooner had he resigned than a cry was raised that *Free Trade was in peril*, and it was announced that all other questions, however important, urgent, or even necessary, were to be drowned in that all-absorbing principle. There was even some talk of *stopping* or *limiting the supplies*. This, however, it was thought, would have been too violent even for Lord John's majority, and has been, we are told, discreetly abandoned. But enough was said and done to mark the inconsistent and factious spirit of the New Opposition.

Lord Beaumont, Mr. Villiers, Sir James Graham, and Lord John himself, are importunate with Lord Derby to relieve the feverish anxiety of the public mind by a clear declaration of his principles, while the very next sentence that they utter is an assertion—generally supported by quotations from the speeches of Lord Derby and his friends—that his principles are alarmingly notorious and obstinately fixed. Now we admit that the man of Snaith may be pardoned some degree of ignorance as to Lord Derby's principles, but Lord John Russell at least has no such  
excuse

excuse, and we are entitled to ask his Lordship why, with the intentions so plainly announced of *immediate* opposition, he, with his eyes open, and with no provocation on Lord Derby's part, *transferred the Government into Lord Derby's hands*? At that moment he was as fully aware of the extent of Lord Derby's Protectionist feelings, and must have been as prepared as he can now be for all their consequences. *Who* then, we ask, was it that placed *Free Trade in peril*?

Sir James Graham's speech on the 15th of March is hardly less inconsistent in its arguments, though, as he had no official responsibility in the transfer of the Government, we are not entitled to make the same serious complaints of him as of Lord John Russell. He took great pains and considerable time to prove, by several quotations from the speeches of Lord Derby and his colleagues, that they had been, and still were, opposed to the Free Trade policy. We really think that so logical a mind, and one who seldom throws his words away, might have taken all that for granted, particularly as he laid great stress on Lord Derby's having lately and frankly reasserted those opinions. *Cui bono* then was a long elaboration of an uncontested truism? Simply we fear *ad augendam invidiam* and to warp the truism into a fallacy—to create an idea that, because Lord Derby had disapproved the extent to which the Free Trade policy had been pushed, he was therefore pledged to *repeal* all the measures that resulted from it—an assumption not merely gratuitous but contradicted by the very speeches referred to.

But prevention is surer than remedy; and may we not therefore venture to ask Sir James Graham why, if he be so devoted to Free Trade policy that 'there is,' he says, 'nothing that he will not do, no effort that he will not attempt, no sacrifice that he is not prepared to make for it,' why he did not in February '51, and again in February '52, come forward to save it and Lord John Russell's Government together? It was notorious on both those occasions that Lord John's defeat must have brought in Lord Derby, and therefore, as they say, *perilled Free Trade*; why then did not Sir James and his Free Trade friends openly ally themselves with Lord John in face of the common danger? Why did he then hold aloof from what he now thinks his highest duty as a statesman? It seems admitted that, under our parliamentary system, a junction in *opposition* involves just the same political and conscientious consequences as a junction in *Government*, and we cannot see on the face of the cards why Sir James Graham was not as much at liberty to have joined Lord John Russell at the opening of the Session on the Speaker's right hand, as three weeks later on his left—Our own belief is, that Lord  
John

John was, even as early as '51, concocting a scheme which would be better helped by postponing an open junction with Sir James Graham.

We are confirmed in our solution of Lord John Russell's enigma by the flagrant inconsistency and undisguised faction exhibited at a meeting assembled by him on the 11th of March at his private residence in Chesham Place, and which, as Lord Derby justly said, seemed to be an attempt, at least on Lord John's part, at another *Lichfield House Compact*. But though the design was certainly much the same, the result has been widely different. This meeting was, even for its professed object, ridiculously ill-timed: it was too late to prevent, and, if there were not some secret motive behind, too soon to repair, the mischief that the Whigs had already suffered. The *Times* of the morning after this meeting asked (what at first sight appears a most natural question), why these 150 gentlemen who attended at Chesham Place did not choose to do so in the House of Commons, when their votes would have averted the catastrophe which they were there assembled to deplore and repair; but a closer analysis of the composition and proceedings of that meeting showed that the real wonder was not why they stood aloof in the House of Commons, but how they happened to come together at Chesham Place. For it appeared in that contradictory palaver that neither the spirit of revenge for their late defeat, nor the hopes of triumph by a new coalition, could operate any permanent amalgamation of the discordant elements that were thus—the Lord (John) only knows why—brought together. The same radical differences that had split the parties in the House re-produced themselves as broadly at Chesham Place; and Lord John, even in his own dining-room, could keep up a semblance of unity only by insisting that all debatable questions should be adjourned, and that they should still continue to appear, as they have done for the last six years, unanimous against the Tories, however disunited on everything else.

The most remarkable circumstance of the day was, not only the appearance of *Mr. Cobden* as a professed follower of Lord John Russell, but that, after a few words from Mr. Villiers, consenting, at Lord John Russell's request, to postpone a Free-trade motion of which he had given notice, this meeting of *Lord John Russell's* friends, thus assembled in *Lord John Russell's* dining-room, called loudly for what they seem to have thought the weightier opinion of—*Mr. Cobden*! This sounds very like a mutinous call of the *Pretorians* for a new leader, or at least for the adjunction of some *Philip*—a bold man of the people—to the highborn but feeble and unlucky *Gordian*. Mr. Cobden answered  
—but,

—but, we suspect, disappointed—the call by saying little more than ‘*ditto*’ to Lord John—a Free Trade war upon the Tories, but silence as to everything else—and this in a tone that induces us to suppose that he is destined to be a member of that future cabinet which Lord John announces his hope of erecting on a *broader basis* than his old one; and of which we shall presume to prophesy that, if erected at all, the broader its basis, the wider will be its cracks, and the speedier its fall; and so from fall to fall we shall arrive at anarchy. Mr. T. Duncombe spoke out at this strange meeting frankly and boldly, as is his wont, and Mr. Hume, after his own fashion, growled about the paramount importance of Parliamentary Reform, and (very much in the style that Lord Beaumont and Lord John Russell catechise the present Ministers as to what their Protectionist measures are to be) urged Lord John to declare explicitly his own intentions as to Parliamentary Reform. This called forward Mr. Bright, who, as the first joint of Mr. Cobden’s tail, and probably not indifferent to the coalition Lord John had hinted at, endeavoured to retrieve Mr. Cobden’s temporising and ambiguous speech by adding to a like echo of Lord John’s a few general and indefinite words in favour of Reform. But to these appeals, direct or suggestive, Lord John made no reply—and on the subject of Reform, as indeed upon every other, the meeting dispersed no wiser than it had arrived.

The truth seems to be, that it was assembled less in the hope of settling old differences than on the chance of facilitating a new coalition, which Lord John has been probably contemplating for some time past; and with that view the great object was to find in Free Trade a plausible excuse for postponing any explanation as to *Parliamentary Reform*, though everybody sees that to be the question by which any Ministry to be constructed by Lord John Russell must stand or fall. But though his Lordship declined to afford any satisfaction to his friends on this point, we think that the following observations, comparing the proceedings at Chesham Place with what has passed in Parliament, may throw some light on the subject.

It will be recollected that, rickety as all the Whig administrations have been, the most direct and serious shake that Lord John Russell’s received was the vote on Mr. Locke King’s motion for Parliamentary Reform on the 20th of February, ’51. On this vote he resigned; and though the Ministry was reinstated, and, as we have seen, lingered a year longer, that division—Ayes for Locke King 102, Noes for Lord John 54—was its death-wound. Now of the 167 gentlemen whose names have been printed in the Chesham Place list, no less than 53 voted in Mr. Locke King’s

King's majority, and 22 only supported their leader, Lord John, and about 90 others of them absented themselves altogether from a question on which the fate of the Government was at stake.

There were some other remarkable circumstances attending that division. Small as Lord John's minority was, half of them did not attend the Chesham Place Meeting; and 13 or 14 others were Conservatives, who, happening to be in the House, thought it right to support the Government against what looked like a surprise. But the Conservative body at large abstained—feeling, as they well might, very indifferent between Mr. King's and Lord John's schemes of reform, and indignant at seeing that the Ministers were obviously paltering with the question, making no adequate exertions to bring down their own friends, and contriving rather to implicate the Tories in whatever unpopularity might arise from its rejection. The Tories were not afraid of any such unpopularity, but they did not choose to be tools of the tricky ministry. The 13 or 14 Conservatives who took part in the division must have felt that their generosity was ill requited when they saw that the most favoured friends and connexions of the Ministers were allowed to consult their own election interests, some by actually voting with Mr. King, and others—several in high office—by not appearing at all.

We know not whether the Ministers wished to be beaten on that occasion as an excuse for their projected resignation. All that we can be sure of is, that there is no suspicion of their inconsistency and insincerity which is not justified by the finishing stroke of this strange affair.

In December last, Lord Palmerston's *dismissal*—the first dismissal *eo nomine* of a minister by his colleagues that we ever remember—left a vacancy in the cabinet, which Lord John Russell hastened to fill up—and by whom?—by *Mr. Vernon Smith*, a gentleman of whose very private public life the only remarkable event that anybody remembers is his having *voted for that very motion of Mr. Locke King's which had dissolved Lord John Russell's Government!*

But while we are writing these lines we learn that the private Theatricals of Chesham Place have been produced on the National Stage by nearly the same actors with a curious identity of general result, but with still less credit to the noble author. Mr. Hume's motion for Parliamentary Reform, on the 25th March, and Lord John Russell's reply were tautologous with their former sham fights on the same subject, with, however, one practical difference—that Lord John, instead of opposing to Mr. Hume, as heretofore, a vague sketch of his theories, had, while still First Minister of the Crown, placed upon the table of the House, the specific  
scheme

scheme which he recommended—so that the issue was narrowed, as regarded the Reformers, to a choice between the plans of Lord John Russell and Mr. Hume. The division compared with that on Mr. Locke King's motion and the Chesham Place muster-roll is exceedingly curious, and chiefly from its possessing so little novelty; for the following analysis will show that Lord John Russell, now aspiring to form a ministry, is, with respect to his own party, in exactly the same position that he was when he dissolved his ministry last year. We have seen that on that occasion, of the 167 Cheshamites, only 22 had supported him, 53 voted against him, and about 90 had chosen to be absent.

On the late division, we find that of the said 167 Cheshamites, only 19 would back their leader against Mr. Hume, while 50 voted for Mr. Hume against their leader, and no fewer than 98 of his visitors in Chesham Place absented themselves altogether; and what is perhaps still more remarkable and of deeper importance as to Lord John Russell's position in his party—among the absentees who thus deserted their leader, there were a majority (4 to 3) of his Cabinet colleagues—every one, we believe, who had held what is called *Privy Councillor's office*—and (with one or two exceptions) every other member of the late Government, including the Judge Advocate, the Attorney and Solicitor General—the law-officers of the Crown!

What can be added to those facts? What can more undeniably establish that, as far as the public sees, the position of Lord John Russell since the Chesham Place meeting is in no respect better than it was on the day of his first resignation, in '51, or of his second, in '52? and that any expectation of *his* being able to ride on the Reform whirlwind and direct the storm seems thoroughly dissipated.

On what principle then, or with what prospects, can he propose to reconstitute a Government? If we are to be told that his hint of a new administration on a *broadier basis* may portend a union of him and the Whigs with Sir James Graham and the Peelites, and with Mr. Cobden and the Radicals, we have only to say that such a coalition was practically exhibited whenever it was a question between the Government and the Conservative Opposition, and that an avowed and official union was just as open to all the parties on the 19th February last as it was a fortnight later. If Sir James Graham has overcome whatever difficulties held him back from Lord John Russell in '51, as from the recent and very significant accession of Mr. Frederick Peel to that Government we suppose he has, and if Mr. Cobden is prepared to accept a convenient instalment of Parliamentary Reform *en at-*

*tendant* the Ballot and Universal Suffrage, why, we ask, might not that triple alliance have been concluded as well before as after Lord John Russell's resignation?

According to our hypothesis of Lord John Russell's series of manœuvres there may have been two reasons for such a delay—the first, the difficulty, and perhaps the danger to their crazy vessel and mutinous crew, of getting rid of the superfluous hands—the other, the conviction of the contracting parties that such a heterogeneous mixture would not be very palatable to the public, unless it could be presented in a strong state of effervescence.

Coalitions of this nature are seldom popular, and are susceptible, especially when abrupt, of disagreeable criticisms. Such jumps are reluctantly taken in cold blood; but in the excitement of what is called a crisis—that is, a jumble and a scramble—*defendit numerus*—individuals are for a moment lost sight of, and the public is less nice in criticising any change of position resulting from such a *mêlée* than they would be if one, or even two great performers were to attempt it in a *pas seul* or a *pas de deux*.

This hotchpotch process disposes also of the other difficulty. If it favours the junction of the incomers, it softens, or at least facilitates, the sacrifice of the unlucky outgoers. The ex-premier might say, 'The Government is dissolved—we are all out—and all at liberty. Farewell, Lord B.! Good bye, Mr. S.! I shall always remember with pleasure our *former* connexion; but as to the future, you know that nobody—*except Lord Derby*—can be reasonably expected to answer for the future!'

If we may imagine Lord John to see this convenient principle of Cabinet-making in the same light that we do, we can at once understand his otherwise—to our minds—inexplicable proceedings; his fidgety anxiety to resign—his turbulent impatience to get back—the former on a pretext so trivial that nobody believed it; the latter by a device which, till his resignation, nobody was thinking about—a Free Trade agitation. But how was an adequate agitation to be got up on a question that seemed at rest and safely watched over by a Free Trade Ministry and a Free Trade majority? If the spirits of Machiavel or Loyola could be re-embodied in modern statesmen, we doubt whether either could have produced a deeper, yet more simple expedient, than the following:—Lord Derby is a Protectionist; and—though a wise and prudent one—so stanch, so fearless, so honourable, that, if the resignation can be so managed as to force *him* into office, the cry of 'Free Trade in peril' may be easily raised. And as to a pretext for the resignation which is to make way for Lord Derby, anything will do—indeed, the more trivial

trivial the better, as it will then compromise nobody. All that is wanting is a defeat, best, if *de lanâ caprinâ*.

So far is hypothesis—the rest, is history. A trivial question was lost—the resignation took place—the *ex-Premier recommended the Queen* to tender the Government to Lord Derby. Lord Derby *could* not decline. Then the war-whoop of *Free Trade in peril* was suddenly raised by the ex-ministers, adopted by Sir James Graham, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, and spread by the ‘*natural magic*’ of a seditious association, rich in fabulous subscriptions. Under that watch-word Lord John Russell collected and harangued—in *bitter hostility to that very Government which he had so recently suggested to his Sovereign*—an assembly of gentlemen, who were invited to merge all their innumerable differences of opinion in the single dogma of Free Trade—an invitation which seems to have been more acceptable to some aspirants to office in the new and *brouder* administration hinted at by his Lordship, than to those independent parties who had been all along, as we have before said, the alternate strength and weakness of the late Government.

Now, supposing all such intrigues and cabals to be successful—supposing Lord Derby displaced, and Lord John Russell resuscitated—where would the country find itself, after three or four months of confusion, but just where we were before the resignation—that is, with a Ministry and a majority united, or affecting to be so, on the single point of Anti-Protection, but at variance on all the other elements of government—especially on *Reform*; and equally liable to be knocked on the head, as they were last year, or driven to an inglorious suicide, as they were last month?

We do not overlook that such an administration might have two or three noodles less, and two or three men of ability more; but we doubt whether the gain on the score of ability would compensate the loss of influence and authority which these heterogeneous and interested coalitions infallibly incur. And, besides, it really was not so much from a deficiency in personal talents that the Whig ministries had so constantly failed, as from their false political position—the republican tendency of their own private opinions and the democratical principles by which their government was conducted and supported, were irreconcilably at variance with, and, of course, embarrassed and nullified, their higher duty as *ministers of the Crown*. The most constant and the most compact section of their allies are men who do not conceal their at least indifference to the Monarchy and their hostility to the Church; and it was in attempts to manage this body (itself very discordant on minor points) that the ministers



charged officially with the protection of the Crown and the Church 'reeled to and fro, and staggered like drunken men, and were at their wits' end.'

In the *broad-bottom and broad-brimmed* administration with which the New Cabal threatens us, this difficulty and danger must necessarily become more prominent and more formidable both to Church and State; and, in truth, we are by every fresh consideration confirmed in our opinion that *the first and most pressing duty of the country is to try to preserve itself from a revolutionary Government.* This is the great danger that in our view swallows up all others. The antagonism of Free Trade and Protection is but a corollary of that greater question. The zeal for Free Trade began, and in a great proportion of its advocates is kept alive, by hostility to the Landed Interest, and we are daily told that the success of any Protectionist attempt to alleviate or modify the enormous oppressions imposed on British industry will be the signal for sweeping the Aristocracy—as the landed proprietors of all degrees are called—from the face of society. The Church, however, has more cause for immediate fear than the Land—and the Crown not less than the Church. Against the Land, considered as a distinct interest, *Free Trade* can do little more;—but if the Chesham-place Assembly is to be the staple of our future Governments, it is clear beyond any possible doubt that Parliamentary Reform, pushed rapidly to Universal Suffrage, must produce either a civil war if resisted—or, if acquiesced in, a total subversion of our present Constitution—a socialist confiscation of property in general—either direct or by *graduated* taxation—the spoliation of the Church—the extinction of the Peerage—and the degradation of the Crown, first to a name, and then to nothing!

These are conclusions by us reluctantly but conscientiously deduced from premises which we believe to be as sure as any that historical experience and political science can furnish. We humbly but most earnestly submit them to the consideration of all those who—whether Protectionists or Free Traders, Manufacturers or Agriculturists, Whig or Tory—may be desirous to avert a *democratic and socialist Revolution.* From this our last chance of escape seems to be in Lord Derby's success. *He* the country may be well assured, will do—for the *protection of British industry* in its various branches—all that zeal, measured by his power from the people and guided by statesmanlike discretion, can accomplish—and for the Constitution—all that genius, eloquence, courage, and, above all, faith to man and trust in Heaven, can inspire to a Christian patriot in a righteous cause.

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NOTE—to p. 589 *ante*.

SINCE our sheets went to press, we have received the lists of the division on Mr. Berkeley's motion for the Ballot (30th March), and they confirm all we had said in page 589 about the *Cheshamites*. On this question—which we may consider as a test of *going the whole hog*—of the 167 Cheshamites there voted—

|                                |       |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| With Mr. Berkeley . . . . .    | 75!!! |
| With Lord J. Russell . . . . . | 18    |
| Absent . . . . .               | 74    |
|                                | <hr/> |
|                                | 167   |

In the 18 that adhered to Lord John there were but *three* that had been in office with him; *six* office-men voted with Mr. Berkeley;—while among the *absent* were all Lord John's Cabinet Colleagues, except *one* (Lord Seymour), and all the rest of his administration, high and low, with one other exception—viz. the Hon. Wm. Cowper, late a Lord of the Admiralty.

NOTE—to the Article on *Highland Destitution*, in No. clxxix.

SINCE the appearance of the last Annual Report of the Scotch Poor Law Commissioners, and especially since we published this Article, which included various extracts from that most able Report, the newspapers have teemed with letters from gentlemen of the Western Highlands complaining of statements in their opinion inaccurate, and tending to injure the suffering population of these regions by interrupting the course of external benevolence. Among others, several such complaints have come from Macleod of Macleod—well known to have, in the season of calamity, made most extraordinary exertions and sacrifices on behalf of the people of Skye—in which island he is a principal proprietor, the representative of a long and highly honoured line of Chiefs. We ourselves have lately received from him a letter, in reference to our late Article, the whole of which we could not, under present circumstances, publish;—but as to certain particular details we consider it our duty to afford him the earliest opportunity of contradicting the Report.

Macleod quotes the following passage from No. clxxix., p. 171:—

'The case of Skye is even more striking. In the year ending October 10, 1850, the sum paid for whisky consumed was 10,855*l.*—considerably more than double the amount expended in relief by the Destitution Fund during the same year, and more than double the consumption of the same district in 1845, the year before the distress commenced; that is, the increased consumption of whisky exactly tallies with the extraneous aid received; in other words, the whole amount of charitable assistance given went in whisky!'

Macleod then proceeds thus:—

This statement was founded on a calculation made in Sir John M'Neill's Report, p. 11—and his calculation again was supported by Returns obtained from  
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Mr. Wood, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, purporting to show (pp. 138 and 139) the number of gallons of whisky sent out for consumption in the years 1849 and 1850, respectively. The number of gallons for Skye, in 1845, is stated in these Returns at 5944, that for 1850 at no less than 14,456; and Sir John M'Neill, reckoning an addition of one-fourth for diluting, puts the whole at 12s. per gallon, and brings the value as paid for by retail to the sum of 10,855/. Notwithstanding the enormous increase in consumption, as shown in the Report—inimpossible though it seemed to all who knew the country and people—it never appears to have occurred to any one until recently to question the accuracy of the Returns. A letter, however, addressed to the Board of Inland Revenue on the 4th of March, produced the following reply :—

Inland Revenue, Broad street, 9th March, 1852.

'SIR,

'The officers' Survey Books for 1845 are no longer in existence, and there are now no means of checking the account for that year. With respect to 1850, I find that the quantities brought from the duty-free warehouse into the distiller's stock at Carboist have been inadvertently taken as representing the consumption of the part of the country comprehended in Portree Division, whereas the greater part of those spirits, having been sent by the distiller to other parts of the island, must have been taken account of a second time. The effect of this inadvertence has been to represent the consumption of Portree Division as 4896 gallons instead of 310, and the total consumption of the island as 13,273 instead of 8738. The Board exceedingly regret that this error on the part of their officers should have led to the misapprehension of which you complain

I am, Sir, &c. &c.,

(Signed) THOMAS DOBSON.'

'To Macleod of Macleod.'

'From this it appears that not only was a very great inaccuracy admitted into the return for 1850, but, from the Survey Books for 1845 being destroyed, it is impossible to institute any fair comparison between the two years.

'It would be easy to show that the greater portion of the whisky used in Skye is consumed by strangers coming to attend markets, or by herring vessels frequenting the harbours. This would, however, be travelling out of the record.

Very sincerely yours,

'London, 24th March, 1852.'

MACLEOD.'

We are happy in adding that, however pained with these consequences of blunders and neglects among our *Revenue Officials*, Macleod appears to coincide entirely in the practical conclusion of Sir J. M'Neill's Report—namely, that the great evil in the Hebrides is over-population, and that the only effective cure lies in a large extension of emigration. In his own opinion, Australia would especially suit the habits of those whom he knows so well, and in whom he is so deeply interested.









